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OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

VII.

STRAITENED as we were for time, it was impossible to return home without a glimpse, at least, of Paris. Two precious years of my early manhood were spent there under the reign of Louis Philippe, king of the French, *le Roi citoyen*. I felt that I must look once more on the places I knew so well, — once more before shutting myself up in the world of recollections. It is hardly necessary to say that a lady can always find a little shopping, and generally a good deal of it, to do in Paris. So it was not difficult to persuade my daughter that a short visit to that city was the next step to be taken.

We left London on the 5th of August to go *via* Folkestone and Boulogne. The passage across the Channel was a very smooth one, and neither of us suffered any inconvenience. Boulogne as seen from the landing did not show to great advantage. I fell to thinking of Brummel, and what a satisfaction it would have been to treat him to a good dinner, and set him talking about the days of the Regency. Boulogne was all Brummel in my associations, just as Calais was all Sterne. I find everywhere that it is a distinctive personality which makes me want to linger round a spot, more than an important historical event. There is not much worth

remembering about Brummel; but his audacity, his starched neckcloth, his assumptions and their success, make him a curious subject for the student of human nature.

Leaving London at twenty minutes before ten in the forenoon, we arrived in Paris at six in the afternoon. I could not say that the region of France through which we passed was peculiarly attractive. I saw no fine trees, no pretty cottages, like those so common in England. There was little which an artist would be tempted to sketch, or a traveller by the railroad would be like to remember.

The place where we had engaged lodgings was Hôtel d'Orient, in the Rue Daunou. The situation was convenient, very near the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. But the house was undergoing renovations which made it as unpresentable as a moulting fowl. Scrubbing, painting of blinds, and other perturbing processes did all they could to make it uncomfortable. The courtyard was always sloppy, and the whole condition of things reminded me forcibly of the state of Mr. Briggs's household while the mason was carrying out the complex operations which began with the application of "a little compo." (I hope all my readers remember Mr. Briggs, whose adventures as told by the pencil of John Leech are not unworthy of comparison with those of Mr. Pick-

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wick as related by Dickens.) Barring these unfortunate conditions, the hotel was comfortable enough, and when in order would be a desirable place of temporary residence.

It was the dead season of Paris, and everything had the air of suspended animation. The solitude of the Place Vendôme was something portentous; I felt, as I trod its lonely sidewalk, as if I were wandering through Tadmor in the Desert. We were indeed as remote, as unfriended, — I will not say as melancholy or as slow, — as Goldsmith by the side of the lazy Scheldt or the wandering Po. Not a soul did either of us know in that great city. Our most intimate relations were with the people of the hotel and with the drivers of the fiacres. These last were a singular-looking race of beings. Many of them had a dull red complexion, almost brick color, which must have some general cause. I questioned whether the red wine could have something to do with it. They wore glazed hats, and drove shabby vehicles for the most part; their horses would not compare with those of the London hansom drivers, and they themselves were not generally inviting in aspect, though we met with no incivility from any of them. One, I remember, was very voluble, and over-explained everything, so that we became afraid to ask him a question. They were fellow-creatures with whom one did not naturally enter into active sympathy, and the principal point of interest about the fiacre and its arrangements was whether the horse was fond of trotting or of walking. Of course in one of our drives we made it a point to call upon our Minister, Mr. McLane, but he was out of town. We did not bring a single letter, but set off exactly as if we were on a picnic.

While A—— and her attendant went about making their purchases, I devoted myself to the sacred and pleasing task of reviving old memories. One of the first places I visited was the house I

lived in as a student, which in my English friend's French was designated as "Noomero sankont sank Roo Monshure ler Pranse." I had been told that the whole region thereabout had been transformed by the creation of a new boulevard. I did not find it so. There was the house, the lower part turned into a shop, but there were the windows out of which I used to look along the Rue Vaugirard, — *au troisième* the first year, *au second* the second year. Why should I go mousing about the place? What would the shopkeeper know about M. Bertrand, my landlord of half a century ago; or his first wife, to whose funeral I went; or his second, to whose bridal I was bidden?

I ought next to have gone to the hospital La Pitié, where I passed much of my time during those two years. But the people there would not know me, and my old master's name, Louis, is but a dim legend in the wards where he used to teach his faithful band of almost worshipping students. Besides, I have not been among hospital beds for many a year, and my sensibilities are almost as impressible as they were before daily habit had rendered them comparatively callous.

How strange it is to look down on one's venerated teachers, after climbing with the world's progress half a century above the level where we left them! The stethoscope was almost a novelty in those days. The microscope was never mentioned by any clinical instructor I listened to while a medical student. *Nous avons changé tout cela* is true of every generation in medicine, — changed oftentimes by improvement, sometimes by fashion or the pendulum-swing from one extreme to another.

On my way back from the hospital I used to stop at the beautiful little church St. Etienne du Mont, and that was one of the first places to which I drove after looking at my student-quarters. All was just as of old. The ta-

pers were burning about the tomb of St. Genevieve. Samson, with the jawbone of the ass, still crouched and sweated, or looked as if he did, under the weight of the pulpit. One might question how well the preacher in the pulpit liked the suggestion of the figure beneath it. The sculptured screen and gallery, the exquisite spiral stairways, the carved figures about the organ, the tablets on the walls, — one in particular relating the fall of two young girls from the gallery, and their miraculous protection from injury, — all these images found their counterpart in my memory. I did not remember how very beautiful is the stained glass in the *charniers*, which must not be overlooked by visitors.

It is not far from St. Etienne du Mont to the Pantheon. I cannot say that there is any odor of sanctity about this great temple, which has been consecrated, if I remember correctly, and, I will not say desecrated, but secularized from time to time, according to the party which happened to be uppermost. I confess that I did not think of it chiefly as a sacred edifice, or as the resting-place, more or less secure, of the "*grands hommes*" to whom it is dedicated. I was thinking much more of Foucault's grand experiment, one of the most sublime visible demonstrations of a great physical fact in the records of science. The reader may not happen to remember it, and will like, perhaps, to be reminded of it. Foucault took advantage of the height of the dome, nearly three hundred feet, and had a heavy weight suspended by a wire from its loftiest point, forming an immense pendulum, — the longest, I suppose, ever constructed. Now a moving body tends to keep its original plane of movement, and so the great pendulum, being set swinging north and south, tended to keep on in the same direction. But the earth was moving under it, and as it rolled from west to east the plane running through the north and south poles was

every instant changing. Thus the pendulum appeared to change its direction, and its deviation was shown on a graduated arc, or by the marks it left in a little heap of sand which it touched as it swung. This experiment on the great scale has been since repeated on the small scale by the aid of other contrivances.

My thoughts wandered back, naturally enough, to Galileo in the Cathedral at Pisa. It was the swinging of the suspended lamp in that edifice which set his mind working on the laws which govern the action of the pendulum. While he was meditating on this physical problem, the priest may have been holding forth on the dangers of meddling with matters settled by Holy Church, who stood ready to enforce her edicts by the logic of the rack and the fagot. An inference from the above remarks is that what one brings from a church depends very much on what he carries into it.

The next place to visit could be no other than the Café Procope. This famous resort is the most ancient and the most celebrated of all the Parisian cafés. Voltaire, the poet J. B. Rousseau, Marmonetel, Sainte Foix, Saurin, were among its frequenters in the eighteenth century. It stands in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. Several American students, Bostonians and Philadelphians, myself among the number, used to breakfast at this café every morning. I have no doubt that I met various celebrities there, but I recall only one name which is likely to be known to most or many of my readers. A delicate-looking man, seated at one of the tables, was pointed out to me as Jouffroy. If I had known as much about him as I learned afterwards, I should have looked at him with more interest. He had one of those imaginative natures, tinged by constitutional melancholy and saddened by ill health, which belong to a certain class of poets and sentimental writers, of which Pascal is a

good example, and Cowper another. The world must have seemed very cruel to him. I remember that when he was a candidate for the Assembly, one of the popular cries, as reported by the newspapers of the time, was *A bas le poitrine!* His malady soon laid him low enough, for he died in 1842, at the age of forty-six. I must have been very much taken up with my medical studies to have neglected my opportunity of seeing the great statesmen, authors, artists, orators, and men of science outside of the medical profession. Poisson, Arago, and Jouffroy are all I can distinctly recall, among the Frenchmen of eminence whom I had all around me.

The Café Procope has been much altered and improved, and bears an inscription telling the date of its establishment, which was in the year 1689. I entered the café, which was nearly or quite empty, the usual breakfast hour being past.

Garçon! Une tasse de café.

If there is a river of *mnēmē* as a counterpart of the river *lêthē*, my cup of coffee must have got its water from that stream of memory. If I could borrow that eloquence of Jouffroy which made his hearers turn pale, I might bring up before my readers a long array of pallid ghosts, whom these walls knew well in their earthly habiliments. Only a single one of those I met here still survives. The rest are mostly well-nigh forgotten by all but a few friends, or remembered chiefly in their children and grandchildren.

"How much?" I said to the garçon in his native tongue, or what I supposed to be that language. "*Cinque sous*," was his answer. By the laws of sentiment, I ought to have made the ignoble sum five francs, at least. But if I had done so, the waiter would undoubtedly have thought that I had just come from Charenton. Besides, why should I violate the simple habits and traditions of the place, where generation after gen-

eration of poor students and threadbare Bohemians had taken their morning coffee and pocketed their two lumps of sugar? It was with a feeling of virile sanity and Roman self-conquest that I paid my five sous, with the small additional fraction which I supposed the waiter to expect, and no more.

So I passed for the last time over the threshold of the Café Procope, where Voltaire had matured his plays and Piron sharpened his epigrams; where Jouffroy had battled with his doubts and fears; where, since their time, — since my days of Parisian life, — the terrible storming youth, afterwards renowned as Léon Michel Gambetta, had startled the quiet guests with his noisy eloquence, till the old *habitués* spilled their coffee, and the red-capped students said to each other, "*Il ira loin, ce gaillard-là!*"

But what to me were these shadowy figures by the side of the group of my early friends and companions, that came up before me in all the freshness of their young manhood? The memory of them recalls my own youthful days, and I need not go to Florida to bathe in the fountain of Ponce de Leon.

I have sometimes thought that I love so well the accidents of this temporary terrestrial residence, its endeared localities, its precious affections, its pleasing variety of occupation, its alternations of excited and gratified curiosity, and whatever else comes nearest to the longings of the natural man, that I might be wickedly homesick in a far-off spiritual realm where such toys are done with. But there is a pretty lesson which I have often meditated, taught, not this time by the lilies of the field, but by the fruits of the garden. When, in the June honeymoon of the seasons, the strawberry shows itself among the bridal gifts, many of us exclaim for the hundredth time with Dr. Boteler, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Nature, who is God's handmaid, does not at-

tempt a rival berry. But by and by a little woolly knob, which looked and saw with wonder the strawberry reddening, and perceived the fragrance it diffused all around, begins to fill out, and grow soft and pulpy and sweet; and at last a glow comes to its cheek, and we say the peach is ripening. When Nature has done with it, and delivers it to us in its perfection, we forget all the lesser fruits which have gone before it. If the flavor of the peach and the fragrance of the rose are not found in some fruit and flower which grow by the side of the river of life, an earth-born spirit might be forgiven for missing them. The strawberry and the pink are very delightful, but we could be happy without them.

So, too, we may hope that when the fruits of our brief early season of three or four score years have given us all they can impart for our happiness; when "the love of little maids and berries," and all other earthly prettinesses, shall "soar and sing," as Mr. Emerson sweetly reminds us that they all must, we may hope that the abiding felicities of our later life-season may far more than compensate us for all that have taken their flight.

I looked forward with the greatest interest to revisiting the gallery of the Louvre, accompanied by my long-treasured recollections. I retained a vivid remembrance of many pictures, which had been kept bright by seeing great numbers of reproductions of them in photographs and engravings.

The first thing which struck me was that the pictures had been rearranged in such a way that I could find nothing in the place where I looked for it. But when I found them, they greeted me, so I fancied, like old acquaintances. The meek-looking "*Belle Jardinière*" was as lamb-like as ever; the pearly nymph of Correggio invited the stranger's eye as frankly as of old; Titian's young

man with the glove was the calm, self-contained gentleman I used to admire; the splashy Rubenses, the pallid Guidos, the sunlit Claudes, the shadowy Pousins, the moonlit Girardets, Géricault's terrible shipwreck of the *Medusa*, the exquisite home pictures of Gerard Douw and Terburg, — all these and many more have always been on exhibition in my ideal gallery, and I only mention them as the first that happen to suggest themselves.

The Museum of the Hôtel Cluny is a curious receptacle of antiquities, many of which I looked at with interest; but they made no lasting impression, and have gone into the lumber-room of memory, from which accident may, from time to time, drag out some few of them.

After the poor, unsatisfactory towers of Westminster Abbey, the two massive, noble, truly majestic towers of Notre Dame strike the traveller as a crushing contrast. It is not hard to see that one of these grand towers is somewhat larger than the other, but the difference does not interfere with the effect of the imposing front of the cathedral.

I was much pleased to find I could have entrance to the Sainte Chapelle, which was used, at the time of my earlier visit, as a storehouse of judicial archives, of which there was a vast accumulation.

With the exception of my call at the office of the American Legation, I made but a single visit to any person in Paris. That person was M. Pasteur. I might have carried a letter to him, for my friend Mrs. Priestley is well acquainted with him, but I had not thought of asking for one. So I presented myself at his headquarters, and was admitted into a courtyard, where a multitude of his patients were gathered. They were of various ages and of many different nationalities, every one of them with the vague terror hanging over him or her. Yet the young people seemed to be cheerful enough, and very much like scholars out of school. I sent my card in to M. Pas-

teur, who was busily engaged in writing, with his clerks or students about him, and presently he came out and greeted me. I told him I was an American physician, who wished to look in his face and take his hand, — nothing more. I looked in his face, which was that of a thoughtful, hard-worked student, a little past the grand climacteric, — he was born in 1822. I took his hand, which has performed some of the most delicate and daring experiments ever ventured upon, with results of almost incalculable benefit to human industries, and the promise of triumph in the treatment of human disease which prophecy would not have dared to anticipate. I will not say that I have a full belief that hydrophobia — in some respects the most terrible of all diseases — is to be extirpated or rendered tractable by his method of treatment. But of his inventive originality, his unconquerable perseverance, his devotion to the good of mankind, there can be no question. I look upon him as one of the greatest experimenters that ever lived, one of the truest benefactors of his race; and if I made my due obeisance before princes, I felt far more humble in the presence of this great explorer, to whom the God of Nature has entrusted some of her most precious secrets.

There used to be — I can hardly think it still exists — a class of persons who prided themselves on their disbelief in the reality of any such distinct disease as hydrophobia. I never thought it worth while to argue with them, for I have noticed that this disbelief is only a special manifestation of a particular habit of mind. Its advocates will be found, I think, most frequently among “the long-haired men and the short-haired women.” Many of them dispute the efficacy of vaccination. Some are disciples of Hahnemann, some have full faith in the mind-cure, some attend the *séances* where flowers (bought from the nearest florist) are materialized, and some invest their money in Mrs. Howe’s Bank

of Benevolence. Their tendency is to reject the truth which is generally accepted, and to accept the improbable; if the impossible offers itself, they deny the existence of the impossible. Argument with this class of minds is a lever without a fulcrum.

I was glad to leave that company of patients, still uncertain of their fate, — hoping, yet pursued by their terror: peasants bitten by mad wolves in Siberia; women snapped at by their sulking lap-dogs in London; children from over the water who had been turned upon by the irritable Skye terrier; innocent victims torn by ill-conditioned curs at the doors of the friends they were meaning to visit, — all haunted by the same ghastly fear, all starting from sleep in the same nightmare.

If canine rabies is a fearful subject to contemplate, there is a sadder and deeper significance in *rabies humana*; in that awful madness of the human race which is marked by a thirst for blood and a rage for destruction. The remembrance of such a distemper which has attacked mankind, especially mankind of the Parisian sub-species, came over me very strongly when I first revisited the Place Vendôme. I should have supposed that the last object upon which Parisians would, in their wildest frenzy, have laid violent hands would have been the column with the figure of Napoleon at its summit. We all know what happened in 1871. An artist, we should have thought, would be the last person to lead the iconoclasts in such an outrage. But M. Courbet has attained an immortality like that of Erostratus by the part he took in pulling down the column. It was restored in 1874. I do not question that the work of restoration was well done, but my eyes insisted on finding a fault in some of its lines which was probably in their own refracting media. Fifty years before an artist helped to overthrow the monument to the Emperor, a poet had apostrophized

him in the bitterest satire since the days of Juvenal :—

“Encor Napoléon ! encor sa grande image !
 Ah ! que ce rude et dur guerrier
 Nous a conté de sang et de pleurs et d'ou-
 trage
 Pour quelques rameaux de laurier !
 “Eh bien ! dans tous ces jours d'abaissement,
 de peine,
 Pour tous ces outrages sans nom
 Je n'ai jamais chargé qu'un être de ma
 haine, . . .
 Sois maudit, O Napoléon ! ”

After looking at the column of the Place Vendôme and recalling these lines of Barbier, I was ready for a visit to the tomb of Napoleon. The poet's curse had helped me to explain the painter's frenzy against the bronze record of his achievements and the image at its summit. But I forgot them both as I stood under the dome of the Invalides, and looked upon the massive receptacle which holds the dust of the imperial exile. Two things, at least, Napoleon accomplished : he opened the way for ability of all kinds, and he dealt the death-blow to the divine right of kings and all the abuses which clung to that superstition. If I brought nothing else away from my visit to his mausoleum, I left it impressed with what a man can be when fully equipped by nature, and placed in circumstances where his forces can have full play. “How infinite in faculty ! . . . in apprehension how like a god ! ” Such were my reflections ; very much, I suppose, like those of the average visitor, and therefore worth recording as having nothing to require contradiction or comment.

Paris as seen by the morning sun of three or four and twenty and Paris in the twilight of the superfluous decade cannot be expected to look exactly alike. I well remember my first breakfast at a Parisian café in the spring of 1833. It was in the Place de la Bourse, on a beautiful sunshiny morning. The coffee was nectar, the *flûte* was ambrosia, the

brioche was more than good enough for the Olympians. Such an experience could not repeat itself fifty years later. The first restaurant at which we dined was in the Palais Royal. The place was hot enough to cook an egg. Nothing was very excellent nor very bad ; the wine was not so good as they gave us at our hotel in London ; the enchanter had not waved his wand over our repast, as he did over my earlier one in the Place de la Bourse, and I had not the slightest desire to pay the garçon thrice his fee on the score of cherished associations. We dined at our hotel on some days, at different restaurants on others. One day we dined, and dined well, at the old Café Anglais, famous in my earlier times for its turbot. Another day we took our dinner at a very celebrated restaurant on the boulevard. One sauce which was served us was a gastronomic symphony, the harmonies of which were new to me and pleasing. But I remember little else of superior excellence. The garçon pocketed the franc I gave him with the air of having expected a napoleon.

Into the mysteries of a lady's shopping in Paris I would not venture to inquire. But A—— and I strolled together through the Palais Royal in the evening, and amused ourselves by staring at the glittering windows without being severely tempted. Bond Street had exhausted our susceptibility to the shop-window seduction, and the napoleons did not burn in the pockets where the sovereigns had had time to cool.

Nothing looked more nearly the same as of old than the bridges. The Pont Neuf did not seem to me altered, though we had a story that it was in ruins or seriously injured in consequence of a great flood. The statues had been removed from the Pont Royal, one or two new bridges had been built, but all was natural enough, and I was tempted to look for the old woman, at the end of the Pont des Arts, who used to sell me a bunch of violets for two or three sous,

— such as would cost me a quarter of a dollar in Boston. I did not see the three objects which a popular saying alleges are always to be met on the Pont Neuf: a priest, a soldier, and a white horse.

The weather was hot; we were tired, and did not care to go to the theatres, if any of them were open. The pleasantest hours were those of our afternoon drive in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, — or “the Boulogne Woods,” as our American tailor’s wife of the old time called the favorite place for driving. In passing the Place de la Concorde, two objects in especial attracted my attention, — the obelisk, which was lying, when I left it, in the great scow which brought it from the Nile, and the statue of Strasbourg, all covered with wreaths and flags. How like children these Parisians do act; crying “A Berlin! à Berlin!” and when Berlin comes to Paris, and Strasbourg goes back to her old proprietors, instead of taking it quietly, making all this parade of patriotic symbols, the display of which belongs to victory rather than to defeat!

I was surprised to find the trees in the Bois de Boulogne so well grown: I had an idea that they had been largely sacrificed in the time of the siege. Among the objects which deserve special mention are the shrieking parrots and other birds and the yelping dogs in the grounds of the Society of Acclimatization, — out of the range of which the visitor will be glad to get as soon as possible. A fountain visited by newly married couples, and their friends, with a restaurant near by, where the bridal party drink the health of the newly married pair, was an object of curiosity. An unsteadiness of gait was obvious in some of the feasters. At one point in the middle of the road a mænad was flinging her arms about and shrieking as if she were just escaped from a madhouse. But the drive in the Bois was what made Paris tolerable. There were few fine equipages, and

few distinguished-looking people in the carriages, but there were quiet groups by the wayside, seeming happy enough; and now and then a pretty face or a wonderful bonnet gave variety to the somewhat *bourgeois* character of the procession of fiacres.

I suppose I ought to form no opinion at all about the aspect of Paris, any more than I should of an oyster in a month without an *r* in it. We were neither of us in the best mood for sight-seeing, and Paris was not sitting up for company; in fact, she was “not at home.” Remembering all this, I must say that the whole appearance of the city was dull and dreary. London out of season seemed still full of life; Paris out of season looked vacuous and torpid. The recollection of the sorrow, the humiliation, the shame, and the agony she had passed through since I left her picking her way on the arm of the Citizen King, with his old *riflard* over her, rose before me sadly, ominously, as I looked upon the high board fence which surrounded the ruins of the Tuileries. I can understand the impulse which led the red caps to make a wreck of this grand old historical building. “Pull down the nest,” they said, “and the birds will not come back.” But I shudder when I think what “the red fool-fury of the Seine” has done and is believed capable of doing. I think nothing has so profoundly impressed me as the story of the precautions taken to preserve the Venus of Milo from the brutal hands of the mob. A little more violent access of fury, a little more fiery declamation, a few more bottles of *vin bleu*, and the Gallery of the Louvre, with all its treasures of art, compared with which the crown jewels just sold are but pretty pebbles, the market price of which fairly enough expresses their value, — much more, rather, than their true value, — that noble gallery, with all its masterpieces from the hands of Greek sculptors and Italian painters, would have been

changed in a single night into a heap of blackened stones and a pile of smoking cinders.

I love to think that now that the people have, or at least think they have, the power in their own hands, they will outgrow this form of madness, which is almost entitled to the name of a Parisian endemic. Everything looked peaceable and stupid enough during the week I passed in Paris. But among all the fossils which Cuvier found in the Parisian basin, nothing was more monstrous than the *poissardes* of the old Revolution, or the *pétroleuses* of the recent Commune, and I fear that the breed is not extinct. An American comes to like Paris as warmly as he comes to love England, after living in it long enough to become accustomed to its ways, and I, like the rest of my countrymen who remember that France was our friend in the hour of need, who remember all the privileges and enjoyments she has freely offered us, who feel that as a sister republic her destinies are of the deepest interest to us, can have no other wish than for her continued safety, order, and prosperity.

We returned to London on the 13th of August by the same route we had followed in going from London to Paris. Our passage was rough, as compared to the former one, and some of the passengers were seasick. We were both fortunate enough to escape that trial of comfort and self-respect.

I can hardly separate the story of the following week from that of the one before we went to Paris. We did a little more shopping and saw a few more sights. I hope that no reader of mine would suppose that I would leave London without seeing Madame Tussaud's exhibition. Our afternoon drives made us familiar with many objects which I always looked upon with pleasure. There was the obelisk, brought from Egypt at the expense of a distinguished

and successful medical practitioner, Sir Erasmus Wilson, the eminent dermatologist and author of a manual of anatomy which for many years was my favorite text-book. There was "The Monument," which characterizes itself by having no prefix to its generic name. I enjoyed looking at and driving round it, and recalling Pepys's lively account of the great fire, and speculating as to where Pudding Lane and Pie Corner stood, and recalling Pope's lines which I used to read at school, wondering what was the meaning of the second one: —

"Where London's column, pointing to the
skies

Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies" —

The week passed away rapidly enough, and we made ready for our departure. It was no easy matter to get a passage home, but we had at last settled it that we would return in the same vessel in which we had at first engaged our passage to Liverpool, the *Catalonia*. But we were fortunate enough to have found an active and efficient friend in our townsman, Mr. Montgomery Sears, who procured staterooms for us in a much swifter vessel, to sail on the 21st for New York, the *Aurania*.

Our last visitor in London was the faithful friend who had been the first to welcome us, Lady Harcourt, in whose kind attentions I felt the warmth of my old friendship with her admired and honored father and her greatly beloved mother. I had recently visited their place of rest in the Kensal Green Cemetery, recalling with tenderest emotions the many years in which I had enjoyed their companionship.

On the 19th of August we left London for Liverpool, and on our arrival took lodgings at the Adelphi Hotel.

The kindness with which I had been welcomed, when I first arrived at Liverpool, had left a deep impression upon my mind. It seemed very ungrateful to leave that noble city, which had met me

in some of its most esteemed representatives with a warm grasp of the hand even before my foot had touched English soil, without staying to thank my new friends, who would have it that they were old friends. But I was entirely unfit for meeting any company when I landed. I took care, therefore, to allow sufficient time in Liverpool, before sailing for home, to meet such friends, old and recent, as cared to make or renew acquaintance with me. In the afternoon of the 20th we held a reception, at which a hundred visitors, more or less, presented themselves, and we had a very sociable hour or two together. The Vice-Consul, Mr. Sewall, in the enforced absence of his principal, Mr. Russell, paid us every attention, and made himself very agreeable. In the evening I was entertained at a great banquet given by the Philomathean Society. This flourishing institution enrolls among its members a large proportion of the most cultivated and intelligent gentlemen of Liverpool. I enjoyed the meeting very highly, listened to pleasant things which were said about myself, and answered in the unpremeditated words which came to my lips and were cordially received. I could have wished to see more of Liverpool, but I found time only to visit the great exhibition then open. The one class of objects which captivated my attention was the magnificent series of models of steamboats and other vessels. I did not look upon them with the eye of an expert, but the great number and variety of these beautiful miniature ships and boats excited my admiration.

On the 21st of August we went on board the *Aurania*. Everything was done to make us comfortable. I had the steward's stateroom all to myself, and A—— and her maid were not far from me. A superb mound of fruit and flowers was sent to my daughter by Mr. Sewall. Our friend Mr. Sears had taken the captain's stateroom on deck, which he made free to us all. Many

old acquaintances, friends, and family connections were our fellow-passengers. As for myself, I passed through the same trying experiences as those which I have recorded as characterizing my outward passage. Our greatest trouble during the passage was from fog. The frequency of collisions, of late years, tends to make everybody nervous when they hear the fog-whistle shrieking. The sight of the boats and the sound of the fog-bell are not good for timid people. Fortunately, no one was particularly anxious, or if so, no one betrayed any special uneasiness.

On the evening of the 27th we had an entertainment, in which Miss Kellogg sung and I read several poems. A very pretty sum was realized for some charity, — I forget what, — and the affair was voted highly successful. The next day, the 28th, we were creeping towards our harbor through one of those dense fogs which are more dangerous than the old rocks of the sirens, or Scylla and Charybdis, or the much-lied-about maelstrom.

On Sunday, the 29th of August, my birthday, we arrived in New York. In these days of birthday-books our chronology is not a matter of secret history, in case we have been much before the public. I found a great cake had been made ready for me, in which the number of my summers was represented by a ring of raisins which made me feel like Methuselah. A beautiful bouquet which had been miraculously preserved for the occasion was for the first time displayed. It came from Dr. Beach, of Boston, *via* London. Such is the story, and I can only suppose that the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft had taken special charge of it, or it would have long ago withered.

We slept at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which we found fresh, sweet, bright, — it must have been recently rejuvenated, I thought. The next day we took the train for New Haven, Springfield, and Boston, and that night slept in our own beds, thankful to find ourselves safe at

home after our summer excursion, which had brought us so many experiences delightful to remember, so many friendships which have made life better worth living.

In the concluding paper of this series I shall give some of the general impressions which this excursion has left in my memory and a few suggestions derived from them.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ALONE.

STILL earth turns and pulses stir,
And each day hath its deed;
But if I be dead to her,
What is the life I lead?

Cares the cuckoo for the wood,
When the red leaves are down?
Stays the robin near the brood,
When they are fledged and flown?

Yea, we live; the common air
To both its bounty brings.
Mockery! Can the absent share
The half-forgotten things?

Barren comfort fancy doles
To him that truly sees;
Sullen Earth can sever souls,
Far as the Pleiades.

Take thy toys, step-mother Earth,—
Take force of limb and brain;
All thy gifts are little worth,
Till her I find again.

Grass may spring and buds may stir,—
Why should mine eyes take heed?
For if I be dead to her,
Then am I dead indeed.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

THE SECOND SON.

XXVIII.

A NIGHT IN THE STREETS.

IT was a long time before Lily could think at all of what had happened, of what might have happened, of what might be going to become of her now, all forlorn and alone in the London streets. She had no time for thought; the first necessity was to go away, to go as far as her trembling yet nervously strong and energetic limbs could carry her, — away, away from that dreadful place. She flew rather than ran close by the garden walls and railings, scarcely feeling her feet touch the ground, to the end of the street, and out of that into a little square, which she crossed obliquely, following the street that led out of it at the other corner in a contrary direction. Until her breath was exhausted, and the first impulse of horror and panic had to some degree worn out, she never paused, going always straight before her, out of one street into another; sometimes crossing one which was full of bustle and lights, plunging into the darkness again on the other side. The district to which she had been taken was one of those which flank great London on every side, like a series of dull towns with interminable endless little streets, leading out of each other; all alike, monotonous, featureless, overpowering in their blank nonentity. Lily had no leisure of mind to understand this, or think how it was that she found nothing but solitude round her, though it helped to oppress her soul; but now and then a chilly anguish run through her, a feeling that she had got into some terrible circle which might bring her back to the spot she had fled from, and throw her once more into the power of him from whom she had escaped; for

the streets were all so like, so horribly like, with the same dull lamps at the corners, the same line of little gardens, the same rows of windows. The light had altogether faded out of the evening sky, but it was still faintly blue overhead, showing a glittering and twinkling of innumerable stars; not bright, but mildly present in the sky, making a sort of twilight in the heavens. The sight of this pale, ineffable clearness appearing where there was a larger opening gave Lily heart to go on; it was something known in the midst of this strange wilderness through which she was wandering, something familiar where all was so dark and strange.

When the first impulse of flight and panic began to wane, and she felt her breath fail her and her limbs trembling under her, Lily slackened her pace unconsciously; and then she began to think. This was more dreadful than the other state, the wild instinct which had obliterated everything except the necessity of getting away. She began to remember, to realize what it was that had happened to her. Heaven help her, a forlorn and solitary creature, not knowing where to go nor what to do in this awful desert of houses, where there was no door open to her, but only one which led to — hell. That was where it led to. She caught her breath with an effort to repress the long, broken, convulsive sob that shook her from head to foot, and came back and back, like the sob of a child which has wept all its tears away. Yet it was not of the immediate danger she had escaped that she thought most. She did not, in fact, realize that, having an imagination free from all visions of corruption. What Lily realized with vivid horror was the picture so common in books, so continually repeated, which forms the burden of so

many a rustic tale, — the betrayed girl going home in shame and misery to die, creeping to her father's door, not daring to knock, not venturing even to look, hiding her ruined head upon the threshold. That it should have come within the most distant possibility that this could happen to her! This was the first conscious thought that took possession of her when she became able to think at all. It had flashed across her mind as she stood in the dimly lighted room, hearing from the dingy little maid what fate was preparing for her. It returned now, and filled her whole being with such a pervading force as is possible only to the simple soul. It did not seem to be a thought only, but a vision. She, Lily, the first of all belonging to her, the one exceptional creature, unlike all others; knowing and feeling to the very tips of her fingers that she was not like any one else, that she belonged to another sphere, — she whose intention and dream it had been to go in at that humble door, leaning upon the arm of the finest gentleman she knew, and justify her mother's pride and fulfill all prognostications of splendor and happiness! That to her, to Lily, that other fate might have come, the common fate of the rustic fool, the village girl betrayed! Perhaps it was a proof that no stronger passion, no self-abandonment, had ever been in Lily's thoughts. This terrible picture took possession of her; she could almost feel herself sinking before the door, covering her face, and in her heart the humiliation, the shame beyond words, the collapse of every hope. If it had not been that silence was the first necessity in her present terrible circumstances, nothing could have restrained the keen cry of imagined anguish that was on her lips, — that this might have happened to *her*!

Then she calmed, or tried to calm, herself with the thought that it never could have happened. Even if she had not ascertained her danger in time and es-

caped as she had done, Lily felt, grasping herself tight, as it were, holding herself together, that shame could never have come to her, never, never, never! It was a thing which she could not acknowledge possible, which never could have been. She clenched her hands, which were cold and trembling, until she hurt them with the pressure, and repeated *Never, never, never!* In all the world there was no power which could have brought that humiliation upon her. Oh, no, no, no! There are things which can be, and there are things which cannot be. She hurried on in her passion, flying from that thought which of itself was a degradation; for to be obliged to acknowledge even the possibility of shame approaching, shame almost within touch, was a shameful thing. She went on quicker and quicker to escape from it. It takes a long time to exhaust a thought, especially in such circumstances as those in which the girl now found herself. Was any girl ever in such a plight before? In the streets of London, without a place to go to, without a friend, not knowing where to turn, lost, altogether lost to everybody who knew her, to everything she knew! Her thoughts swept on like an accompaniment to that soft sound of her light footsteps, sometimes interrupted by a start of rising terror when she heard steps following her, or saw some figure coming into sight under the lamplight, but resuming again, going on and on. It was a long time before she came to the question what she was to do. The night had darkened, deepened, all around; the few little shops at the street corners which she passed from time to time had put up their shutters; the lights were few in the windows. It was no longer evening, but night. What was she to do?

Lily had never in her life gone anywhere or taken any important step by herself. She had gone to school, indeed, without the escort given to girls of a

higher class, but even this under limitations: put into the railway carriage at one end, and met at the other, as was thought necessary by her schoolmistress, at least. She knew that what people did, when benighted in a strange place, was to go to a hotel; but this was an idea which made the blood course through her veins more wildly than before. To go to a hotel, a girl, alone, on foot, without any luggage except the basket, which she clung to as if there might possibly be help in it! The beating of her heart seemed to choke Lily, as she thought of that expedient. How could she explain that she was in London without any place to go to? No, no, that was impossible! She could not do it; she had not the courage. Oh, if she could but see some good woman, some one with a kind face, going into one of the little houses, standing at one of the doors! In books it was so certain that a poor girl would meet her at the end, when she was perhaps in despair. But no good woman stood at any door which Lily passed, or looked at her suddenly with compassion, going along the pavement. By this time, indeed, there were no women about, nobody was in those quiet streets. The doors were all closed; from time to time some one went by, not distinguishable in the lamplight, who took no notice of Lily, — sometimes a policeman, with his heavy tread sounding all down the street in the quiet of the night. As it grew later and later, these policemen began to look at her, she observed, as if she were a strange sight; and it occurred to her that perhaps, in her ignorance, not knowing where she was going, she might be passing and repassing through the same street, meeting the same man, who would naturally wonder to see a young woman going along so late. And she began to get so tired, — oh, so tired; feeling as if she could not go further than the next corner, yet walking on mechanically without any volition of her own; her

limbs moving, moving, her feet sometimes stumbling, always going on as if they had some separate impulse of their own. If she only dared to sit down on the steps of a door, rest a little, perhaps go to sleep for a time, leaning her head upon her hand! But Lily felt hazily, in the confusion of her weariness, that if she did this the policeman or some one might speak to her, might take her perhaps to prison, or to the workhouse, or somewhere which would be a disgrace. Everything unknown seemed as if it might be a disgrace, something that would be a shame to think of, to have encountered. To be out all night was shameful, too, — in the streets all night! What would any one think to whom that was said? In London streets all night! Anybody who heard of that would think of noise and tumult, and crowds of people and blazing lights, and dreadful gayety and merry-making. But what a mistake that was! Lily said to herself. The streets of London, — what could be more quiet? Quieter than the road through the village or the country highways, where the dogs would bark, at least, at a passing footstep, and the people in the houses get up to look out and wonder who it could be. But in these streets no dog barked, no window opened, no one looked out. She remembered to have heard that no woman need fear going anywhere in London, so long as she walked steadily along, minding her own business, giving no occasion to any one to interfere. How true that was, how safe it was, nobody paying any attention! It sounded a terrible thing to be out walking about the streets all night; but it was not so dreadful, after all. There was nobody to meddle; the policeman might perhaps look surprised to see a girl alone so late; but no one said a word. It was quite, quite safe; it was the best way, so that nobody should ever know. For who could believe it possible that Lily, *Lily!* had spent a night like that, walking, walk-

ing, never resting, about the silent, silent streets. If she were not so tired, and so faint, and so ready to cry, and so like to drop down with utter fatigue and blinding, chilling weariness! But here was the policeman coming again, and he might think he had a right to speak to her if she faltered, or made any sound of crying, or showed that she was tired while he was passing. So she went on and on.

What she would have done had she not happened upon this quiet district, these innumerable little silent streets, who can tell? Had she drifted into a great thoroughfare, or the places where people live who go home late, poor Lily's adventures might have been very different. It was fortunate for her that Stephen Mitford had chosen a quarter far removed from those which he knew best, a place out of reach of any prying eyes, in the midst of the respectability of the Westbourne Park district, in the endless labyrinths of Roads and Gardens and Places, where midnight commotion never enters. More than once she passed the very corner of the street to which he had taken her, in the ignorance of her aimless wandering in the dark hours of the night; sometimes, indeed, was within the length of a street from him searching for her. But it would not have mattered had they met face to face. Lily was forever emancipated from that dream. He could as soon have moved the church in the deep shadow of which the poor girl ventured to pause a little, leaning against the railings, as have persuaded or forced her back to the false shelter he had provided. However, he never came within sight of that shadowy little figure, which passed like a ghost, going close to the houses, brushing past the garden walls.

She was still going on in her circuit, her head more and more confused, her thoughts more broken, all lucidity gone from her mind, nothing left but the mechanical power of movement and sense

that she must go on, when suddenly a miracle was worked about and around the poor little wanderer. The day broke. She was so dazed with fatigue that she had not observed the preliminary phenomena of dawn. Things had got clearer round her, but she had taken no notice. She had been vaguely aware of the houses, with their windows all veiled with white blinds, like closed eyes, which somehow became more visible, as if looking coldly at her, wondering what she was doing there, when abruptly there came upon her through an opening, like a hand reaching out of heaven, the warmth and glory of a ray of sunshine. Lily, who all that awful night through had not uttered a sound, started as if some one had touched her, and gave a faint cry. The sun, the day! It was over, then, this horrible darkness and silence. She put her hand to her heart, to which the ray, the dart, had gone. All at once the danger seemed over. It seemed to her that she now could sit down anywhere, which was the one sole, overpowering wish that remained in her, — rest anywhere without being remarked. The policeman was no longer a thing to fear, nor any one, any one! Not that she had been afraid, but now that it was over she felt with reawakening faculties all the horror that had been in it, — now that it was day. She did not sit down, however, though the friendly steps at all those closed doors appeared to spread out like delightful places of refuge to receive her. One on which that ray of sunshine slanted was almost too tempting to be resisted. But courage came back to her with the light, and freedom and deliverance. It might be possible to ask for shelter somewhere, to look out wistfully again for that good woman, now the day had come. But though she felt this sudden relief in her soul, utter exhaustion made Lily like a creature in a dream, moving she could not tell how, drifting onward with little conscious impulse of her own.

She remarked things round her, and felt the sensation of freedom, but always as in a dream. Presently she came to the edge of a large thoroughfare, and stood and gazed at it with a wonder that was half reverence and half fear. Lily knew enough to understand that this was not like the streets in which she had been wandering. The great shops all barricaded and barred, the wide pavements, the many lamps, some of them still burning ineffectually, with curious unnecessary light, in the full eye of day, showed her that this was one of the centres of life of which she had heard. She thought it was perhaps Regent Street or Piccadilly. To see it bereft of all life, silent, filled with light and the freshness of the morning, produced in her mind some faint shadow of that emotion with which the poet saw the "mighty heart" of the great city lying still, and the river flowing at its will. But that impression was faint, and the aspect of the deserted street chilled once more the innocent vagrant, half restored to life by the awakening touch of day. There was no one to help her, no one looking out to see what unhappy lost creature was in want of succor, no good woman. Oh, where was she, that good woman, who would take her by the hand, who would stand between her distracted youth and the terrible world?

She was too much worn out, however, to feel even this with any warmth. Standing still had rested her a little: she went on again, automatically, scarcely knowing why, because there was nothing else for her to do, along the whole vacant length of the empty street. An early workman or two, pipe in mouth, went past her, taking no notice. No one took any notice. The earliest houses began to wake, as she passed, a few blinds were drawn up, a housemaid appeared here and there at a door, — a girl who had slept all night, and risen to her work cheerful and rosy, whereas she! One or two of these looked curiously at

her, she thought, as she went along. Was her walk unsteady? Was her hair untidy? she wondered vaguely. What would they think? And what was she to do? What was she to do? Though she could neither feel nor think save by moments, something would rise in the morning air, and breathe across her with this question. What, what was she to do? As she went on, she suddenly became aware that the people whom she had begun mechanically to observe, appearing one by one from various sides, were all tending in one direction; and then a carriage or two came noisily along, disturbing the quiet, turning the same way. She looked up, and her heart gave a wild spring, then fell down again, down, down, into her bosom. It was the railway to which the people were all tending, and she with them, — the way home. How could she go home? Oh, home, home, to which she had meant to return triumphant on her husband's arm! Her husband — but who was he? She had no husband; and how could she go home? She must think, she must think; the time had come at last when she must think, and find out what she was to do. She went on with the little stream, following instinctively, as if the current had caught her. One lady went into the waiting-room, where Lily followed, still mechanically. She did not know why she should choose to follow that individual more than another: they were all blind leaders of the blind to her confused intelligence, now sinking into a sort of waking sleep. But when she found herself sheltered by four walls and with a roof over her head, the long wretchedness of the night overwhelmed Lily. It seemed to have waited for her there to close around her, to stupefy all her faculties. She sank down upon a sofa, unconscious of the public place it was, knowing nothing except that here at last was shelter, and a place where she could lay her weary head.

XXIX.

THE KNIGHT-ERRANT AND THE DETECTIVE.

"Your Lily?" exclaimed Edmund, with an amazement so evident that the poor woman, who stood subduing herself, in a state of passionate excitement, yet keeping down her voice and her tears, half in eagerness to hear his reply, half in terror lest she should betray her distress to other ears than his, clasped her hands together in dismay, and burst into one momentary strangled cry. She had not doubted that he would know, — and he knew nothing. Her feverish hope, the hope which had seemed almost a certainty, fell in a moment and perished.

"Oh, sir," she said, "oh, Mr. Edmund, don't say that you don't know, for it's been all my hope!"

He took her by the hand gently, and led her to a chair. The interruption had made him angry at first; but the real and terrible suffering in her homely face, which was blanched out of all its usual ruddiness, the mouth trembling, the brows all puckered with trouble, touched Edmund's heart. "Sit down," he said, "and compose yourself, and tell me what has happened. I know nothing about your daughter: what is it? If I can do anything to help you, I will."

"Oh, Mr. Edmund!" cried the poor woman again; then she clasped her hands in her lap, and, leaning forward, her eyelids swollen and large with tears, said with impressive tragical simplicity, "I have not seen my Lily since yesterday middle day, — not since yesterday middle day."

"You have not seen her? I don't understand," said Edmund. "Do you mean that you have had a quarrel — that she has — No, no, I know that can't be. She must have gone — to see some of your friends."

"We have no friends, Mr. Edmund, as she'd wish to go and see. Oh, if I've been a foolish woman bringing her up as I have done, out of her own kind, oh, God forgive me, and that it may all lie upon me! Mr. Edmund, she's got no friends for that reason, because she's a lady, is my Lily, and the rest are all just girls in the village. It never was no amusement to her, nor no pleasure, to go with them. No, no, she's not gone to no friends. There's only one thing I can think of to keep me from despair. Oh, Mr. Edmund, have pity upon me! Tell me as she has gone off with your brother, and I'll never say a word. I'll not suspect nor think no harm. Mr. Edmund, I have confidence in my Lily, and Mr. Roger, he's always acted proper and like a gentleman. Oh, Mr. Edmund, say as he's taken her away!"

"Why should he take her away? He has asked her to marry him, and he has told you of it, and my father knows; everybody is now prepared for the marriage. You may be sure it would never occur to my brother to do anything clandestine, anything secret. Why should he? He has suffered enough for her; there can be no need for any secret now."

Edmund could scarcely restrain the indignation which rose in his mind as he spoke. Yes, Roger had suffered enough for her. To run away, after all, with this cottage girl was a supposition impossible, unworthy of him, ridiculous. Why had he borne all that he had done, if the matter was to come to such a solution at the end?

"I've said that to myself," said poor Mrs. Ford. "I've said it over and over: all as ever Mr. Roger has done or said, he's been the perfect gentleman all through. But," she added, crushing her hands together, and raising to him her tearful face, "if my Lily is not with him, where is she? for I have not seen her — I have not seen her" — her voice

broke, choked with tears and unquenchable sobs — “me, that never let her out of my sight, — not since yesterday middle day. And there’s her bed that no one’s slept in, and her things all lying, and supper and breakfast never touched. And oh, where is she, *where* is she, Mr. Edmund, where’s my Lily?” cried the poor mother, her painful self-control breaking down. She held up her hands to him in an agony of appeal. Her poor homely face was transfigured with love and anguish, with that aching and awful void in which every wretchedness is concentrated.

It was scarcely to be wondered at if in Edmund’s mind there had sprung up at first a sort of impatient hope that here was a possibility of being rid of Lily, that troubler of everybody’s peace. But he could not resist the misery in the poor woman’s face. He sat down by her and soothed her as best he could, inquiring when and how the girl had disappeared and what the circumstances were, if perhaps they might throw any light upon it. It was a curious and bewildering coincidence that she should have disappeared on the afternoon on which Roger had gone to town. Was it possible, his brother asked himself, that, weary of all that had taken place, scarcely happy even in the prospect of what was to come, Roger had snatched at the possibility of concluding the whole business without further fuss or fret, and persuaded her to trust herself to him? He thought it strange, very strange, that his brother should have dreamed of such an expedient; stranger still that Lily, no doubt elated by such a change in her fortunes, should have consented to it, and foregone her triumph. But still it was extraordinary that both these events should happen in one day, both in one afternoon, Roger’s departure and Lily’s disappearance. He could not refuse to see the probability of some connection between them. While he listened to Mrs. Ford’s story, his mind went off

into endeavors to reason it out, to convince himself that the possibility of such a rapid conclusion might have struck Roger as desirable. He interrupted her to ask if she had inquired at the station, if any one had seen Lily there. “It must be known, some one must have seen her, if she went by that train. But of course you have inquired there.”

Mrs. Ford replied with a little scream of alarm.

“Ask, ask at the station! — as if I did n’t know about my own child, as if she had gone away unbeknownst to me! I’d rather die! Oh, Mr. Edmund, don’t go and do that; don’t, for God’s sake! Ask — about Lily! — as if she was lost, as if we did n’t know where she was” — She seized him by the arm, in her terror, as if she feared he would begin his inquiries at once. “Oh, Mr. Edmund, don’t, don’t, for the love of God!”

“If you do not inquire, how are you ever to know?” he asked, with impatience.

“I’d rather never know,” she replied. “I’d rather spend my life in misery than expose my Lily. Whatever she’s done, she’s done it with a right heart: whatever happens, I know that. And rather than ask strangers about her, or let on as I don’t know, I’d rather die. Don’t you go and expose us, and make my girl the talk of the parish that does n’t know her, — oh, that does n’t know what she is! Ford would have done it, never thinking; but he saw when I told him. Mr. Edmund,” she said, rising, with a kind of dignity in her despair, “I came to you putting faith in you because of your brother. You have n’t got no right to betray me, nor my Lily. If you go and expose my Lily” — She stopped with a gasp, — words would do no more, — but confronted the young master, the gentleman to whom she had looked up as a superior being, with all the indignant grandeur of an angry queen.

“You need not fear for me, — I will

betray no one," said Edmund. "And I think I understand you," he added, more quietly, "but it is very unreasonable, — you must see it is unreasonable. How are we to find out if we make no inquiries? However, I understand you, and I will say no more. I don't know what to think about my brother. It was to avoid him that she left the house, that she told you she was going to spend the day in the park; and she said you could tell him truly that she was far, far away? And yet you think — I don't know what to think."

"It's all true, — it's all true! Nor I don't know what to think — But oh, my Lily, my Lily, where is she?" the mother cried, wringing her hands.

After a time Edmund succeeded in calming the poor woman, and persuaded her to go home, promising to follow her there, to meet her husband, and discuss with them both what was to be done. Appearances were so strongly against Roger that it was impossible for Edmund to stand aside and let the poor little rural tragedy go on to its appropriate, its conventional end. If Roger had anything to do with it, it would not have that conventional end. But it became harder and harder, as he thought all the circumstances over, to persuade himself that Roger could have taken such a strange step. He conducted Mrs. Ford down-stairs through the billiard-room, which was the way in which she was least likely to be seen by the servants, and flattered himself that nobody save Larkins was any the wiser. Larkins was a person of discretion, — of too much discretion, indeed, for he had looked every inch the possessor of a family secret when he called Edmund out of his father's room to see Mrs. Ford, and there was a suspicious vacancy about the hall and corridors, as if the prudent butler had thought it necessary to clear every possible spectator away. The consciousness of something to conceal makes the apprehension unusually live-

ly. In ordinary circumstances Edmund would have remarked neither Larkins's looks nor the vacancy of the house and passages. He was not, however, to be allowed long to congratulate himself upon this quiet. When he came out of the billiard-room, after Mrs. Ford's departure, he met Nina, her eyes dancing with curiosity and the keen delight of an inquirer who has got upon the scent of a new mystery.

"Oh, Edmund!" she said, breathless, too eager even to dissimulate the heat of her pursuit.

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, nothing, Edmund, only looking. Was that Mrs. Ford, that woman going out this way?"

"What does it matter to you who it was, Nina? You had better go back to your own part of the house."

"Oh, Edmund, I do so want to know. I want to ask you something. What is the matter? You and papa were shut up so long in the library, and then you and Mrs. Ford. Are you fond of Lily, *too*? Are you like all the rest?"

Edmund put his hand upon her arm, and led her to the drawing-room. It was only there, in the shelter of that wide and quiet space, that he trusted himself to turn round upon her. "Nina," he said, severely, "will you never be cured of this prying and listening?" And then, drawing his breath hard, "Why do you put such a question to me? Do you know it is a great piece of impertinence? And what do you mean by 'all the rest'?"

"Oh, Edmund, don't look so angry. I have n't done anything wrong; indeed, indeed, I was n't listening! How could I," said Nina, with indignation, "when you know there are those horrid portières at the library door?"

Edmund, with a groan, threw himself into a chair; this little creature, with her odious insight and information, had him in her power.

"And, Edmund," she went on, "do

you think it is possible not to want to know, when the whole house is turned upside down? Roger coming home on Monday, going away on Tuesday again, you in a great worry all the time, papa so angry and shut up in the library with Mr. Pouncefort, — there is always something wrong when Mr. Pouncefort is sent for, Simmons says, — and then Mrs. Ford taken to your sitting-room upstairs. If you think all that can happen, and only me not want to know!”

There was a certain reason in what she said which her brother could not dispute; and her words were full of mysterious suggestions. “What do you mean,” he said again, “by ‘all the rest’?”

“I would tell you if you would not be angry; but how can I tell you, Edmund, when you find fault with everything I say?”

He waved his hand in mingled impatience and apology. All the rest! — was it only the instinct of a gossip, or was there any light to come upon this dark problem from what Nina, with her servants’-hall information, really knew.

“Well, Roger is in love with her,” said Nina, calmly; “every one, both upstairs and down-stairs, knows that. I did,” the little girl added, with a certain triumph, “long ago.”

“Nina, you don’t know how you vex me. You ought to be sent away, my poor little girl; you ought not to be left here” —

“To Geraldine’s or Amy’s! Oh, yes, do ask papa to send me,” cried Nina, clapping her hands.

“But allowing that about Roger, which is no business of yours, Roger is only one, after all; what do you mean by ‘all the rest’?”

“Oh, I only said that when I thought that you, *too* — because of Mrs. Ford going up to your room, Edmund.”

“You have nothing to do with Mrs. Ford, nor with me either. What did you mean by ‘all the rest’?”

Nina hung her head a little. “It is n’t grammatical to say *all* when there are only two, is it?” she said; “but supposing there *were* only two, Edmund, why, then they would be ‘all the rest’!”

“Who are the two? Who was the second, Nina?”

“Oh, Edmund, don’t tell upon me! I don’t mind for Roger. He might be angry, but he would n’t scold me. And then they say he has told papa and everybody that he is going to marry Lily, so it would be no secret. But, Edmund, if you were to tell Steve” —

“Steve!”

“Well, of course,” said Nina, “he is ‘all the rest;’ who could it be else? I said you *too*, and there are only the three of you. I found out Steve all by myself. He used to go out every evening after dinner. I wondered very much, — how could I help it? — and then I found out what it meant.”

“Nina, this is too dreadful; you are no better than a little spy. You found it out, you went after him, you followed him — where? To the lodge?”

Nina had been nodding vigorously during the course of these interrogations; but when he came to the last she changed the movement, and shook her head with all its innocent curls, instead of nodding it. “Oh, no, no!” she said, “he never went near the lodge; she met him in the park. They had a post-office, a place where they put their letters, in a hollow tree; I could show it you, Edmund. And I will tell you another thing,” cried the girl, forgetting all possibility of reproof in the delight of having such a wonderful tale to tell. “Some one saw Lily Ford at Molton Junction yesterday. She went to the office and sent off a telegraph, — oh, I know that’s not the right word, but you know what I mean, — she sent off a telegraph from Molton Junction. It is a long walk to Molton Junction. If it had been right to do it, she would have sent it from our own station. I don’t know what it was,”

said Nina, regretfully, "but I am sure she must have intended that nobody should know."

"At Molton Junction!" Edmund forgot to chide the little collector of news, whose eyes were dancing with satisfaction and triumph, as she brought out one detail after another. She enjoyed her own narrative thoroughly, without observing its effect upon him. He had grown very grave, his face was overcast, his brows were knitted over his eyes, which looked away into vacancy as if seeing something there that appalled him. "And what then? What did she do then?" he asked, sharply, turning round. Nina was taken by surprise at this sudden change of tone.

"I don't know; I did not hear any more. I suppose she must have walked home again. And fancy going all that way only to send a telegraph, when you have a station so near your own door!"

"Then she went only to send the telegram; and came back again?"

"I suppose so," said Nina, with a sudden sense that her evidence, though so full of interest that at last it had silenced Edmund, was on this point defective. She had all the instincts of a detective, and perceived her failure, and saw in a moment that her brother had expected more. But Edmund asked no further questions. His mind was indeed so distracted by this new light as for the moment to be almost paralyzed. And yet there was nothing impossible nor even unlikely in it. But if the solution of the problem was to be found in Nina's story, what was he to say to the miserable father and mother? The new character thus introduced was very different from him whom they suspected; and Stephen's actions could not be calculated on, like Roger's. If Lily had fallen into his hands, Heaven help her! for she was very little likely to escape. It was not, however, of Lily that he thought; if he considered her at all, it was with an im-

patient feeling that, whatever happened, she would have but herself to thank for it, which was not just. Even Ford and his wife, though Edmund's heart ached to think of them, held a secondary place in his thoughts. But Roger! This was what struck him dumb with dismay. How was he to tell Roger that the girl he had loved had fled from her father's house, and in all probability with his brother? And the Squire, who for this unhappy girl's sake had disinherited Roger, and was putting Stephen's name in the place of that of his eldest son! What could be more terrible than that irony of fate?

XXX.

CARRYING EVIL TIDINGS.

Edmund found Ford the gamekeeper, with red eyes, strained by watching and misery, waiting for him as he approached the lodge; and Mrs. Ford came out from her door to meet them as they neared the house. The sight of these two unhappy people gazing at him with a wistful hope, as if he could do something, went to Edmund's heart. Their house loomed vacant and miserable, with all the doors open, an empty place behind them, while they stood on either side of their visitor, and with appealing faces mutely implored him to help them. For neither of them could say much. "Oh, Mr. Edmund!" Mrs. Ford cried from time to time, while her husband stood crushing his hat in his hands, starting at every little sound, with his bloodshot eyes fixed upon the young master. Ford's misery was more pitiful to see than his wife's was. He had less command of words, and could not calm himself either by renewed statements of the case or tears, as she could; and perhaps the grosser dangers were more present to his mind, and he had less confidence in Lily's power of controlling circumstances. All that he

could do to relieve the anguish of his soul was to turn and twist his hat out of all shape in those strong moist hands, with which he would have wrung the neck, if he could, of the man who had beguiled away his Lily: but Ford was not capable of uttering her name.

Edmund's attempt to question the anxious pair as to whether Lily had known any one who could have tempted her away, whether there was any lover, even any acquaintance whom she could have made without their knowledge, produced nothing but eager contradictions from Mrs. Ford, and a look of fury in her husband's face which warned Edmund that the man was nearly beyond his own control, and might almost be tempted to spring upon him, Edmund, in lieu of any other victim. "Who could she ever see? Who entered our doors but Mr. Roger? And not him with my will," said Mrs. Ford, — "oh, not with my will! I would have shut the door upon him, if I could. But never another came near the place, — never another! And she was n't one to talk or to bandy words: oh, never anything of that sort! She was as retired, as quiet, never putting herself forward, never letting any man think as she was to be spoken to different from a lady" —

Ford made a wild movement, as if he would have struck his wife. "Will you stop that?" he said hoarsely, the blood mounting into his brown, weather-beaten countenance; and then she began to cry, poor soul, while he kneaded his hat with restless hands, and looked straight before him into the vacancy of the park, his eyes red and lowering with excess of wretchedness and sleeplessness and misery. He could not speak nor hear her speak; he was impatient of any touch upon his wounds; and yet, in the helplessness of his ignorance, incapable of doing anything in his own person, he turned his piteous gaze again, with dumb expectation, on Edmund, who assuredly could do something, he knew

not what, to help to clear up this misery, to find Lily if found she could be.

"Mrs. Ford," said Edmund, "if you are right, she is as safe as if she were here in your own care. My brother Roger asked her from you as his wife."

"Oh, Mr. Edmund!" cried Mrs. Ford, wringing her hands.

"She is as safe as in your own house," said Edmund, stopping with a gesture the story on her lips. "If she is with him, all is well. Ford, you know him; you know that what I say is true."

The man looked at him wildly, crushing his hat into a pulp in his fierce grasp. "I don't know nothing," he suddenly burst forth, with a kind of roar of anguish, — "nothing but that I'll wring his damned neck with these hands!"

"Ford, oh, Ford!"

"I'll wring his damned neck, master or no master, if he's harmed my girl!" said the man, with his hoarse roar, pushing his wife away with his elbow. Then he turned to Edmund with the pathetic eyes of a dog, a helpless dumb creature asking for help. "Do something for us, Mr. Edmund," he said.

"I will, I will, if I can," Edmund cried. They stood on each side of him, their eyes, appealing, going to his very heart. What was he to do? He knew, though they did not, how vain it was. If she were with Roger, then no harm could come to her. But Stephen! — how could he suggest to them that horrible danger, that misery in which there was no hope?

Edmund went to London by the night train. He arrived very early in the gray of the morning, before it was possible to see any one, even his brother. He went to the hotel near the station, and loitered through those slow, still morning hours, when nothing can be done, which are perhaps more dreadful in their monotony than any others. He was too much excited to sleep, and the brightness of the morning was appalling

and merciless; softening nothing, showing everything terribly distinct and clear. To go to Roger and seek Lily there appeared to him more futile than even he had felt it to be at first. Lily there! Could anything be more impossible? That Roger should expose his wife that was to be to the faintest remark, that he should subject her to any misconstruction, that he could even have supposed it within the bounds of possibility that Lily would consent to go with him, Edmund now knew was preposterous. He had known it all along, but from pure pity of the misery of the family he had allowed himself to think that perhaps for once the impossible might have happened. He now felt that it could not be so. But on the other side, if Nina was right! The Mitfords had no delusions in respect to each other; at least there was none so far as regarded Stephen. Stephen was the member of the household whose course of action had always been most certain to the others. He would do what was for his own pleasure and his own interest. He professed no other creed. What he liked, what suited him, was what he did: and if he chose to gather that humble flower, what was it to any one? He would do it without any after-thought. Was it not only too possible that he had corrupted Lily even before she left her father's house? Edmund set his teeth, with something of the feeling, though the culprit was his brother, which had made poor Ford in his passion crush the hat which was in his hands. "I would wring his damned neck!" Edmund, with a passion of indignation and righteous wrath in his heart, felt that he too could do the same. And how could he hold back the miserable father, whatever he did in his anguish? If Stephen had not corrupted her, then he had betrayed her. Poor Lily! Poor flower of folly, trained to her destruction! He thought with a kind of rage of all con-

cerned, from his own mother, who had begun that fatal career, to the fond, deluded parents, who had put their pride in their daughter and brought her up a lady. A lady, and the gamekeeper's daughter, — too good for her own people, not good enough for the others, destined to trouble from her cradle, devoted to misery and shame! Poor Lily, it was no fault of hers. It was not by her will that she had been separated from the honest rustic lover who would have made her father's daughter a good husband, had it been left to nature. The gardener, with his little learning, his superior pretensions, his pleasant house and work, — how happy Ford's daughter might have been in such a simple possible promotion! Whereas now, the ruin of one brother or the prey of another, — was this all her harmless vanity, her foolish training, her fatal beauty, had brought her? To bloom like a flower, and to be thrown away like one, and perish, trodden underfoot. Edmund's heart was sore with these thoughts. He had come to help, but how could he help? Could he take her back to these poor people, stained and shamed, her glory and her sweetness gone? Would she go with him, even, abandoning the delight of a life of gayety and noise and so-called pleasure, to return to the wretchedness of the home she had left and the name she had covered with shame? Poor Lily, poor Lily! His heart bled for her, the victim of the folly of so many others more than of her own.

As soon as it was possible to do so, he went to Roger's chambers, which he had always shared, and in which, now that the day was fully astir and awake, he had his own room to retire to, to prepare himself for an interview which he dreaded more and more as it approached. Though half a day seemed to have passed since Edmund's arrival, it was still early, and Roger was not yet visible. His letters were on the breakfast-table ready

for him, one in Mr. Mitford's well-known hand, which Edmund perceived with a sensation of impatience almost insupportable; thinking of Stephen promoted to Roger's place, of Stephen guilty and cruel in the place of his honorable and innocent brother, and of the unhappy girl who stood between them, for whom Roger was suffering without blame, and upon whose ruin Stephen would stand triumphant. Could such things be? It was all he could do to restrain himself, not to seize upon his father's letter and tear it into a thousand pieces; but what would it matter? His father, Edmund knew in his heart, would forgive Stephen's fault, but not Roger's. It made no difference. Lily destroyed would not stand in the younger brother's way, while Lily honored and beloved would ruin Roger. It was horrible, but it was true.

When Roger appeared, he came up to Edmund almost with enthusiasm, with a sparkle of pleasure in his eyes. "I thought, somehow, I should see you soon," he said; "it seemed natural you should come after the one who was down on his luck," and he grasped his brother's hand with an unusual effusion. Though this was all that was said, they were both a little moved, — Edmund, as he felt, with better reason, for how he was to make known his trouble now he could not tell. The moment he saw Roger, all doubt of him disappeared from his mind. To have asked him where Lily was, or if he knew anything of her, would have been an insult. He had felt this with waverings from the first, but he had no wavering on the subject now. Roger, too, had a great deal of excitement about him, which took the form of elation and even gaiety: smiles danced in his eyes; he laughed, as he spoke, for nothing, for mere pleasure. "I hope you got my letter," he said; "but you could not, I fear, since you must have started last night."

"I got no letter. I was — anxious to see you — to know — I suppose you have been arranging things?"

"So well that I don't understand how I can have been so successful the first try. I had made up my mind to everything that was discouraging. You know, people say that when you want anything very much, that is precisely the time when you don't get it. But I've had a different experience. I went to see Hampton yesterday. I thought he was the man, if there was anything to be had: but you'll never believe what he's going to do. They're coming into office, you know. The excellent fellow offered me the post of his private secretary. What do you think, Ned, — private secretary to a cabinet minister, the very first try one makes!"

"I am very glad, Roger; but it will be hard work, and you're not used to that."

"Work! what does that matter? I shall delight in it, and there is no telling what it may lead to. I never thought I should fall into public life in this way; but I have always had a fancy for it, one time or other, don't you know?"

Edmund did not know; indeed, he thought he knew the reverse, and that his brother had aimed at a life untrammelled by any such confinement. But he did not say so. "It is a capital beginning," he said.

"I should think it was! I never hoped for anything of the kind: but I have a feeling," said Roger, with again a little joyous laugh, "that my luck is going to turn, Ned. I've had a good long spell of bad; I have some good owing me, and I feel that it's coming. Why don't you say something, you sulky fellow? I believe you're not half pleased."

"I am pleased, as long as it pleases you. It is not the life I should have planned for you, but if you think you will like it" —

"Think! I don't think, I know: it

will give me occupation and something serious to think of. A man wants that when he settles down. I wrote to Lily, too," he said, his voice softening, "putting everything before her."

And then there was a blank silence for a moment, one of those pauses full of meaning, upon which the most unsuspecting can scarcely deceive themselves. Edmund did not so much as look at his brother, whom he was about to strike with so cruel a blow.

"Well," Roger said, after a moment, "speak out; what have you got to say? I know there is something. Let me have it without more ado."

"It is not so easy to speak out," returned Edmund.

"Why, Ned! You forget that I know it already. My father has done what he threatened. He has put me out of the succession. Do you think I did not know he would keep his word? And you have got it, old fellow," said Roger, putting out his hand, "and I am quite satisfied. I wish you had got my letter. What England expects of you now is that you should marry Elizabeth, and live happy ever after. Did you think I should grudge it to you, Ned?"

Edmund listened to all this with a perfectly blank face. It sounded in his ears like something flat and fictitious, without interest, without meaning. He grasped the hand which his brother held out to him across the corner of the table, and held it fast. It seemed as if that little speech which Roger made him would never be done. Edmund held the hand after Roger's voice ceased, and again there was another pause. Then Edmund heard his own voice say, as if it were some one else speaking, "When did you last see Lily Ford?"

"See Lily?" Roger looked at him with wondering eyes. Then he said, with a little impatience, "I have not seen her since the night before I left home. You know that. She would not see me, for some reason or other, a panic

about her father; but I have written, I have set everything before her — Ned, what is it? What do you mean?"

"She did not — come with you to London?"

"Ned! What do you mean? Have you taken leave of your senses? Come with me to London, the girl who is to be my wife?"

"I told them so," said Edmund. He could not lift his eyes and look Roger in the face.

"You told them so? Edmund," said Roger, laying his hand upon his brother's arm, "you have something to tell me, something you are afraid to say. For Heaven's sake, out with it! What is it? Something that I do not expect?"

"Roger," said his brother, faltering, "Roger, Lily Ford disappeared from her home the day you left. They do not know where she is, nor what has become of her. They thought she might have come to London with you. I told them that was impossible. They are heart-broken; they don't know where she is."

Roger received this blow full in his breast. He had not feared anything, he had no preparation for it. It came upon him like the fire of a shooting party, when a man is condemned to die. The solid earth swam round him. He heard the hesitating words come one by one, singing through the air like bullets; and yet he did not know even now what it meant.

XXXI.

THREE BROTHERS.

In the end, however, this dreadful news, which Edmund had thought would kill his brother, had little or no effect upon him. The idea that Lily had in any way compromised herself, that anything disgraceful could be involved, or that there was wrong in it, was one

which Roger was incapable of receiving. He was stunned for the moment by the mere wonder, but recovered himself almost immediately. "And she left no letter, gave them no clue?" he said, gravely enough, yet with a smile breaking through beneath the seriousness of his lips.

"None whatever," replied Edmund, watching his brother keenly, with the strangest new suspicions and doubts springing up in his mind.

Roger said nothing for a minute or two; and then, shaking his head, "What unreasoning creatures women are, the best of them! Do you think she could suppose it possible that I would be shaken off like that?"

"Shaken off — like what?"

"I don't know what is the matter with you, Ned: you look as if you were in great trouble about something. Not about this, I hope. Don't you see it is as clear as daylight? She is frightened of me, poor darling. She thinks her father will lose his place, and his home, and all his comforts. It is just like a girl's inconsequent way. If she removes herself out of the question, she thinks all will be well. No doubt she is hiding somewhere, with her poor little heart beating, wondering if we will really let her get lost and sacrifice herself. My poor, little, silly, sweet Lily! She has read too many novels, no doubt: she thinks that's the best way, — to make a sacrifice of herself."

Edmund looked with a certain awe at his brother's face, lit up with the tenderest smile. Roger was not thinking of any danger to her, nor of how other people were affected, nor of anything but the romantic, generous girl, following, perhaps, some example in a novel, as little reasonable as any heroine of romance. And was not she a heroine of romance, the true romance which never fails or is out of fashion, — and was not this unreason the most exquisite thing in the world? He did not ob-

serve that his brother made no answer; that Edmund gave him one wondering glance only, and then averted his eyes. Roger required no answer; his mind was altogether absorbed in this intelligence, which he received in so different a way from that which his brother feared.

"We must n't leave her too long in that thought," said Roger, cheerfully. "It's curious how sweet that want of reason is, — don't you think so? No, you're too matter of fact, Ned; and besides, you have not fallen under the spell. What do they think? Or rather, where do they think she can have taken refuge, — with some old aunt, or old friend, or something? They must have made some guess."

"I don't think so. They thought, and they almost persuaded me to think, that you had brought her here with you."

"I bring her here with me!"

"I knew, of course, it was absurd," said Edmund, averting his eyes.

"There is a kind of unreason that is not sweet," said Roger quickly. "What did they suppose I could have done that for? And it was so likely she would come with me, her only half-accepted — when it is evident it's to escape me, to sacrifice herself, that she's gone away." He got up, and began to pace about the room. "This becomes a little disagreeable," he said. "With me! What a strange idea! The most sensitive, delicate — why, you might almost say prudish — And why, in the name of all that's ridiculous, could I have wished her to come with me?"

"That is what I felt," Edmund said, but still with averted eyes.

"Ah, Ned," said Roger, "that's the worst of it. These good, honest people! things that would horrify us seem natural to them. They would see nothing out of the question in such an impossible proceeding, — to show her London, perhaps, or consult her about our future

arrangements?" He laughed, with a faint awakening of uneasiness. "And all the time she is in some nook in the country, some old woman's cottage, thinking how clever she has been to hide herself from everybody, but yet perhaps wondering — I wonder if she is wondering whether I am no more good than that, whether I will let her go" — He paused a little, his voice melting into the softness of a mother with her child; then he said quickly, "We must get at once the directions of all the old aunts."

"They have no directions to give," observed Edmund, in a low tone; "there seems to be no one they can think of. And the strange thing is that she appears to have come to London the day before yesterday, in the same train with you, Roger, — from Molton Junction, so far as I can make out, where it seems she sent off a telegram, having walked there."

"This is more mysterious than ever," said Roger, growing red under his eyes, "but also more natural than ever. Of course she must have telegraphed to the house she was going to. Of course London is the way to everywhere; or she might even have a friend in town. Of course they must know of some one. You don't mean to say that they have no relations, no friends, out of Melcombe? Come, Edmund," he said, giving his brother a sudden sharp pat on the shoulder, "wake yourself up! We must find our way out of this; we are not going to be outgeneraled by a simple girl. How strange," he continued, after a moment, "that I did n't see her! Now I think of it, I did see some one in the crowd at Molton who reminded me — To be sure — I said to myself, If I did not know she was safe at home — And, after all, I never thought of looking when we got to Paddington. By the way" —

"What, Roger?"

"It has just occurred to me. I saw

Stephen at the station; he was going to meet one of the men of his regiment. He may have seen her. I suppose he knows her, — by sight, at least?"

"Most probably," answered Edmund, scarcely knowing how to command his voice.

"And no one could see her without remarking her. Steve may have noticed, Ned; he may have seen whether any one met her, or what way she went. The moment I have swallowed my coffee" (which had in the mean time grown cold on the table, and which was the only part of an ample breakfast which Roger seemed inclined to touch), "I'll go and look him up."

"Let me go," Edmund suggested. "I am ready now; and it will be easier for me, who have no special interest, to make inquiries than for you."

"No special interest," said Roger, with an unsteady laugh. "If it did n't happen to be my brother Ned's way to think of everybody's interests before his own" —

"Because I have none in particular, you see," returned Edmund, waving his hand as he hurried away. He was too glad to find himself outside Roger's door, and under no further necessity to veil the changes of his countenance. It had gone to his heart like a sudden arrow to hear that Stephen had been seen at the station going to meet some one. Whom was he going to meet, and what would he say, and how reply to the questions that must be forced upon him? Edmund had no faith in Stephen's reply. He had no faith in him in any way, nor any hope of satisfaction from him. If only he could keep Roger from suspecting, and prevent any meeting from which enlightenment could come!

Stephen was not to be found at his club, though it was known there that he was in town. He was not to be found at the rooms where he generally lived when in London. The people there knew nothing of Captain Mitford's

whereabouts; they did not believe he was in town; they had seen nothing of him: from which Edmund drew the conclusion, which was far from reassuring, that Stephen had established himself somewhere else. He went back to the club a second time, after seeking his brother in every other quarter he could think of, and was again disappointed. But as he turned away from the door, sadly cast down, and feeling himself baffled at every turn, he met Stephen coming along Piccadilly, in all the splendor of his town clothes, with that additional exquisite neatness of detail which the military element gives. Stephen was very triumphant to behold, in his strength and fullness of life: his hair exuberant in a hundred curls, his step spurning the pavement, his whole appearance the perfection of health and cleanness and superlative polish and care. Another man, equally splendid, brushed, and shaven, and smoothed into perfection, walked with him, and Edmund, in his country habiliments and with his anxious mind, felt himself a shabby shadow beside those dazzling specimens of their kind. His brother was passing him, with two fingers extended to be shaken, and a "Hallo, Ned!" when Edmund came to a stand before him, and compelled him to pause. Stephen's companion paused, too, with momentary suspicion, then passed along, saying something under his mustache of seeing him again at the club. They were quite near the club, and Edmund read in Stephen's face the contrariety of being so near shelter and yet caught. For he saw in a moment that the splendor of his brother's appearance was but outside, and that his face was not as radiant as his clothes.

"Well," cried Stephen, "I thought you had gone home, Ned. It seems to me you are getting as bad as the worst of us, always about town."

"I have come up on special business," said Edmund, and he thought the splen-

did Stephen winced a little, as if he might have a suspicion what that business was.

"Really! So have I, — with that fellow that left us just now; he's gone to wait for me at the club. I owe him a trifle. I'll see you another time."

"My business is very much with you," replied Edmund, "but I'll walk with you. I need not detain you."

"Oh, about the will," said his brother, with a laugh. "I heard from the governor to-day. It's all right, old fellow. I'll take it like a shot; I've no delicacy. If Roger and you choose to be a couple of fools, what does that matter to me?"

"There is something else which matters, though," answered Edmund, sternly. "You know why Roger is out of it. So far as I can hear, the same reason stands against you."

"What!" said Stephen, "that I am going to marry? Not a bit of it. Not such a fool, thank you. I've no more thought of marrying than you have, and little inclination that way." His color heightened, however, and his breath quickened, and he did not meet Edmund's eye.

"It is not marriage; it is — Lily Ford."

"Well," cried his brother, turning upon him sharply, "what of her? The little damned jilt; the" — He paused, with an evident sense of having committed himself, and added angrily, "What the devil has she got to do with me?"

"Much; for she belongs to our immediate surroundings, and my father will never put up with an injury to a person who is really one of his household. She must be restored to her family at once."

"Restored!" exclaimed Stephen, with a harsh laugh. "You speak at your ease, my friend Ned. You must have a thing before you can restore it. I've had nothing to say to the lady, and therefore I can't give her back."

"We had better go somewhere where we can talk with more safety. These are not subjects for the club or Piccadilly."

"Piccadilly has heard as much as most places, and so has the club; and I don't know what there is to talk about."

"Stephen, where is Lily Ford?"

Stephen swore a big oath under his breath. "What have I to do with Lily Ford? If you are trying to put blame upon me, mind what you are about, Ned; I'm not a safe man to meddle with. If you mean to spoil my luck with got-up stories" —

"She came to London on Tuesday night," interrupted Edmund, abstractly, as if he were summing up evidence, "and you met her at the station. Where is she now? If you will tell me that, I will ask you no further questions."

"Who told you I met her at the station? You are making up fables against me."

"Stephen, where is Lily Ford?"

It was in Piccadilly, with all the people passing; impossible to make any scene there, had life and death been in it. Edmund's voice was low, but Stephen had no habit of subduing his tones or controlling himself, and he was already excited. The fury of a man baffled, disappointed, tricked, — for so he thought it, — whose victim had turned the tables on him, and placed him in the position of a fool instead of that of a scoundrel, raged within him, and it was a relief to vent it upon some one. He gripped his brother's arm with a sudden force which took Edmund by surprise and made him stagger, and he swore again by the highest name. "By —! I don't know. And if I did I should n't tell you. I'll break the head of any man who asks me such a question again. Stand out of the way!"

Edmund's arm was raised instinctively to resist the push aside which his brother gave him, as Stephen released

him from his grasp. But already the altercation had caught the eyes of two or three passers-by, and Edmund had an Englishman's dread of exposure and horror of making an exhibition of himself. He stepped back, answering only with a look the insolent gaze which Stephen fixed upon him, and in which there was an uneasy inquiry, an alarm which neutralized the defiance. It was not a light matter to submit to such rough treatment, but a quarrel in the open street, and above all in Piccadilly, was the last thing in the world to be thought of, as Stephen, cowardly in his audacious selfishness, well knew. Edmund let his brother brush past, and after a moment turned back in the other direction, silent while his heart burned. Stephen was fully aware that Edmund would make no public quarrel, and took advantage of it, as bullies do.

Edmund had said more than he was sure of, without premeditation, in the haste and heat of his first address to his brother. "You met her at the station." He had not been aware that he meant to say this until he heard himself saying it. But he had no doubt now that Stephen was guilty; the very absence of all hesitation in his response, his instant comprehension of the question, made it apparent that Stephen had nothing to learn in respect to Lily's flight. And God help the unfortunate girl if she were in his ruthless hands! God help the miserable parents, to whom Edmund could not have a word of comfort to say!

His heart was very heavy as he went along amid the stream of people flowing towards the park. It was afternoon by this time, and the carriages had begun to follow each other in a long line. Everything looked bright and gay, with that impression of endless prosperity, wealth, ease, and luxury which few other scenes convey to a similar degree. No doubt, among that luxurious crowd there was no lack of sad histories, ach-

ing hearts, unhappy parents, and ruined children; but the glitter and splendor seemed to carry the misery of his thoughts deeper into his heart.

Until all at once he woke to a terror near to himself, a danger which touched him more than anything that had happened, or could happen, to Lily Ford.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE.

THOSE who have never seen the Franklin alcove in the Boston Public Library, nor examined the catalogue of Frankliniana so carefully prepared by Mr. Lindsay Swift, can have no conception of the vast mass of literature of which Benjamin Franklin is the subject. Cooper and Mrs. Stowe alone excepted, our country has produced no writer whose works have been so generally translated and read abroad. For some of his shorter pieces a strange infatuation seems to exist, and one, Father Abraham's Address, may be read in French, in German, in Spanish, in Italian, in Bohemian, in Gaelic, and in modern Greek. Since the April day, ninety-seven years ago, when he expired at Philadelphia, no period of ten years has passed by without an edition of his autobiography or a new life of him appearing in some of the languages of civilized men. Nor does this stream yet show any signs of diminution. Within the present year Mr. John Bigelow has finished editing a new edition of Franklin's works, and Mr. Edward Everett Hale and son have issued the first volume of their *Franklin in France*.

It has always seemed to us that the period of Franklin's life about which least is generally known is precisely that of which the Messrs. Hale have written. Every schoolboy knows the history of his early years; of the whistle for which he paid too much; of the quarrel that drove him from Boston; of the memorable Sunday walk through the streets of Philadelphia. Yet it

would trouble men of wide reading to give even a tolerable account of his claims to be considered a statesman, or of his famous mission to France.

The story of that mission goes back to a November day, 1775, when a stranger, lame and speaking but little English, appeared in Philadelphia. He put up at a tavern, and sent word to Congress that he had something of weight to tell. No heed was paid to him. But he persisted, and sent again and again, till John Jay, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Jefferson were dispatched to speak with him. They met him in one of the rooms in the Carpenter's Hall, were assured of the warm sympathy of France, and were told that money, arms, and ammunition should all be theirs. When asked for his name and credentials, the stranger drew a hand across his throat, said he knew how to take care of his head, bowed himself out, and was never seen again.

The committee, however, were much impressed, and Congress, acting on their report, named another to correspond secretly with the friends of America in Great Britain, Ireland, and France. This new committee was active; letters were written to Dumas and Arthur Lee abroad, and Story, Penet, and Silas Deane were sent out with letters from home. But it was long before any word came back. Three months went by, and lengthened to six months, to eight months, without a line from one of them. Then came the letter of Dubourg to Franklin, full of assurances of the most

comforting kind, and straightway Franklin, Deane, and Jefferson were chosen commissioners to France. Jefferson would not go, and, in an evil hour, Arthur Lee was elected in his stead.

The choice was made on the 26th of September, 1776. On the 26th of October Franklin set out alone, for Lee and Deane were already in France. The weather was tempestuous; the sea was boisterous and crowded with English cruisers. More than once the captain was forced to beat to quarters. But the voyage, most happily, was short, and on the 3d of December he landed at Auroy, on the coast of Brittany, and hastened with his two grandsons to Nantes. Then began such an ovation as has never since been given to any citizen of the United States. The writings of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of Montesquieu, had done their work, and the moment the report of "the shot heard round the world" reached France, the nation rose as one man, and took sides with liberty. At Versailles, at Paris, in the coffee-rooms, at the watering-places, in the remotest province of France, the struggle in America became the topic of the hour. The *Courrier d'Avignon* and the *Mercure de France* gave long accounts of the tea tax, of the fight at Lexington, of the enthusiasm of the women for the cause. The people of Paris drew comparisons between the full accounts of American affairs in the *Mercure* and the meagre accounts in the official *Gazette* of France, and abused the ministry for its conduct. Vergennes was called a fool, a dolt, a tool of England, because he did not openly support the "insurgents."

That this state of public feeling had all to do with the extraordinary reception given to Franklin does not admit of doubt. Had he come among a people indifferent, or but lukewarm in his cause, his reputation in the world of philosophy and of letters would have profited him nothing. But he came among a people deeply interested in his cause, and he

was from the hour of his arrival at Nantes an object of boundless curiosity. "The arrival of Doctor Franklin at Nantes," a lieutenant of police wrote to Vergennes, "is creating a great sensation." Yet it was as nothing to that he created at Paris. Statesmen, churchmen, men of letters, merchants, nobles, and great ladies crowded his rooms, and welcomed him as no foreigner had ever been welcomed before. His name and his cause were on every lip, till Vergennes forbade the crowds in the coffee-houses to discuss "*des insurgens*."

Meanwhile, the commissioners sent a note to Vergennes, asked an audience, and took up their abode at Passy, then a pleasant town on the outskirts of Paris. For a whole year the king could not be persuaded to receive them as commissioners. Franklin did not, in consequence, go to court, and was rarely seen at Paris. But he was far from idle. Day after day he was beset by all manner of suitors. Women of rank, great soldiers, courtiers high in favor, came to him in crowds. Some wanted a trifle for themselves. Some had been teased by others to tease him for a contract, a commission, a letter to Congress. Strangers, on whom he had never before laid eyes, had the effrontery to bring and introduce others as unknown as themselves. So incessant did this become that he never accepted an invitation to dine, never was introduced to a man of note, never heard a carriage roll into his court, nor opened a letter written in a strange hand, without feeling sure he was to be asked for something. One beggar, Dom Bernard Benedictus, sent word to the commissioners that if they would pay his gambling debts he would pray for the success of the American cause. The most persistent of all, however, were the gentlemen of the sword. To these must be added the merchants hungry for American tobacco, and ship-owners longing for a chance to fit out privateers. Had their requests for com-

missions been granted, they would have come to naught, for the French king was not disposed to openly befriend America. Indeed, it was hardly possible for an American armed ship to get leave to stay two days in a French port. Lambert Wickes was twice driven from L'Orient. At St. Malo the authorities attempted to seize his cannon and unhang his rudder. Gustavus Conyngham and his crew were flung into prison. The behavior of Wickes in returning to a port from which he had just been sent was a most impudent act, and a shameful abuse of the patience of France. Mr. Hale says truly that, had not France been hostile to England, had she been really neutral, she would have shut her ports, as Portugal did, and Wickes would never have entered L'Orient a second time.

But the behavior of Conyngham was bolder and more impudent still. One day in March, 1777, William Hodge, a Philadelphia merchant, came to Paris, and struck an acquaintance with Silas Deane. Deane was daft on the subject of privateers, and the two soon had on foot a privateering venture of the boldest kind. A lugger was bought at Dover with government money, was taken to Dunkirk, and there hastily and secretly fitted out by Mr. Hodge. When all was ready, Conyngham, with a Continental commission as captain in his pocket, was put in command, and duly instructed what to do. He was to cruise in the Channel, and spare no pains to capture the Harwich packet-boat that plied between England and Holland. So well did he obey his instructions that he was soon back in Dunkirk harbor, with the Prince of Orange as his prize. The whole of England was in a furor. Insurance rose; merchants made haste to put their goods on board of French ships, and felt for a time as if the whole coast were in a state of blockade. The English minister complained most vigorously to Vergennes, and Vergennes acted with rigor. The packet-boat was

seized and restored, and Conyngham and his crew were flung into prison.

This misadventure did not dishearten Deane and Hodge in the least. It taught them a little wisdom, and while Conyngham languished in jail they bought a swift cutter, armed her with twenty-two swivels and fourteen six-pounders, and applied to Vergennes for his release. The commissioners assured the minister that Conyngham should sail at once for the United States, and Hodge gave bonds for his doing so. But he was scarcely at sea before he began to make prize of everything he met, and even threatened to lay in ashes the thriving town of Lynn. And now Vergennes made another show of harshness, and Hodge was soon in the Bastille.

But the time for such harshness was nearly over. Every day the cause of liberty grew more popular. Indeed, it is impossible to take up any of the *Mémoires*, *Œuvres Choiesies*, *Correspondance*, *Lettres Inédites*, of the time without meeting unmistakable evidence of the popularity of the American rebels. Songs, catches, pamphlets, caricatures, nicknames, and street phrases all betray it. Lafayette enlists, and the whole court is thrown into excitement. The Hessians are taken at Trenton, and the booksellers cannot supply the demand for maps of America. Burgoyne surrenders, and the joy of Paris is as great as if the victory had been won by the French. "We talk of nothing but America here," wrote Madame du Defand to Horace Walpole. "When shall we arm in favor of the insurgents?" became the question asked all over France. The answer was, "At once." News of the famous surrender was carried to Vergennes on December 4, 1777. On the 16th, the commissioners were told that the king would recognize the independence of America and make a treaty at once. February 6, 1778, a day long celebrated in the United States, the Treaty of Alliance and the Treaty of

Amity were duly signed. In March the commissioners were received at Versailles. April 13th, D'Estaing sailed from Toulon.

In the same ship with D'Estaing went Silas Deane; for he had been recalled by Congress, and John Adams had been sent in his stead. Adams landed at Bordeaux, and met with a welcome that amazed him. The merchants, eager for free trade with America, lit up their city in his honor, and he read in one of the gardens the illuminated inscription, "God save the Congress, Liberty, and Adams." At Paris the *Courrier d'Avignon* told the people that he was the brother "of the famous Adams, whose eloquence had been as deadly to the English as that of Demosthenes was to Philip," and ministers, courtiers, and men of letters hastened to pay their respects. At Passy, as he sat at the table of Madame Brillouin, there was a fine demonstration in his honor.

But he found at Passy what amazed him still more. He found the little company of Americans torn by senseless disputes and distracted by causeless jealousy. That company had, since the arrival of Franklin, been much increased. To it had been added Ralph Izard, minister to the Duke of Tuscany; William Lee, envoy to the courts of Vienna and Berlin; and William Carmichael, who, for a time, had served as secretary to Deane. Had Congress searched the country through, it could not have found six men less likely to live at peace than Franklin, Deane, Izard, Carmichael, and the two Lees. When, therefore, Adams arrived, he found that each of the six had fallen out with the others. Deane could not abide Arthur Lee, Franklin had quarreled with Ralph Izard, both of the Lees had quarreled with Franklin, while William Carmichael was at sword's points with nearly all. Happily these feuds were soon to end. Though the six could agree in little else, they all agreed in urging Congress to abolish

the commission, and make one man minister to France. The advice was taken. Izard was recalled, Arthur Lee ceased to be a commissioner to France, Adams was left without an appointment, and Doctor Franklin made sole minister to the court of France.

Nor were the business affairs of the commissioners in a much better state than their private affairs. Carelessness, negligence, disorder, prevailed. Method and order Franklin could not acquire even in his youth. But he was now in his seventy-third year; had been out of business for more than thirty, and, as a consequence of age and leisure, had grown more careless and unmethodical than ever. Men who came to see him were astonished to behold the weightiest papers scattered in profusion about the room. Some who knew him well ventured to protest, reminded him that the French were eager to know his business, that he might in his own household have many spies, and even went so far as to suggest that his grandson should spend half an hour a day in putting his papers to rights. To these his answer was always the same. He knew that he was in all probability surrounded by spies; but it was his practice never to be concerned in any business he was not willing to have everybody know, and the disorder went on. All the commercial affairs, all treaty matters, all money matters, all the diplomatic affairs of the United States abroad, were in the hands of the commissioners. They made loans, bought ships, paid salaries, exchanged prisoners. Yet not a note-book, not a letter-book, not an account-book of any kind, had been kept.

Such a shameful disregard of the first principles of business alarmed Adams, who turned himself into a drudge, introduced something like order into the office of the commission, and in a long letter to Samuel Adams drew a pretty just character of Franklin as a man of business:—

"The other (Franklin) you know personally, and that he loves his ease, hates to offend, and seldom gives any opinion till obliged to do it. I know also, and it is necessary that you should be informed, that he is overwhelmed with a correspondence from all quarters, most of them upon trifling subjects and in a more trifling style, with unmeaning visits from multitudes of people, chiefly from the vanity of having it to say that they have seen him. There is another thing which I am obliged to mention. There are so many private families, ladies and gentlemen, that he visits so often, — and they are so fond of him that he cannot well avoid it, — and so much intercourse with the Academicians, that all these things together keep his mind in a constant state of dissipation. If, indeed, you take out of his hands the public treasury, and the direction of the frigates and Continental vessels that are sent here, and all commercial affairs, and entrust them to persons to be appointed by Congress, at Nantes and Bourdeaux, I should think it would be best to have him here alone with such a secretary as you can confide in. But if he is left here alone even with such a secretary, and all maritime and commercial as well as political affairs are left in his hands, I am persuaded that France and America will both have reason to repent it. He is not only so indolent that business will be neglected, but you know that although he has as determined a soul as any man, yet it is his constant policy never to say 'yes' or 'no' decidedly but when he cannot avoid it." . . .

The fears of Mr. Adams were as unfounded as his criticism was just. Franklin was indolent, was fond of society, was unable to say yes and no. But he was, at the same time, the most original character produced in America during the eighteenth century, and he accomplished a work in France no other American could possibly have done.

On the March day, 1778, when, in buckles shoes, wigless, and in the plainest clothes, he made his way through a crowd of painted beauties and powdered fops to the presence of the king, his position in France completely changed. On that day he ceased to be a solicitor of favor. On that day he became the recognized representative of the United States, and more than ever the centre of attraction at Paris. Mr. Lee and Mr. Deane were mere ciphers. What they thought, or did, or said, was, to the French people and the French court, of no consequence whatever. No paper ever mentioned their names. No great man ever darkened their doorways. The ear of Vergennes was never open to them till a letter from Franklin had prepared the way. This position Franklin reached in a way Mr. Adams could not understand. That a man who flung his papers all over the floor, kept no accounts, copied no letters, hated business, dined out six nights a week, and would not send away even a pestering fellow with an angry "no," could really be serving his country well was to Mr. Adams an absurdity. Mr. Adams would have lived at Paris, ignored the people, deluged the ministers with notes, and have been well snubbed before he had been six months in France. Franklin went to Passy, lived secluded, gave the ministry no trouble whatever, and by his tact, his shrewdness, his worldly wisdom, his wit, his skill in the management of men, made himself the most popular man in France, and by his popularity overcame a reluctant minister and yet more reluctant king. This done, the rest of his work was easy. He had but to keep the good will and love of the French people, and he kept them completely. Hardly was the ink of the treaty dry when canes, hats, snuff-boxes, all became "*à la Franklin*." His face appeared on rings, on snuff-boxes, in the window of every print-shop, and over the mantelpiece of

every man of fashion. " 'T is the fashion nowadays," sneered one of his haters, "to have an engraving of Franklin over one's mantelpiece, as it was formerly to have a jumping-jack." Of such portraits more than two hundred are believed to be in existence. A bust of him was set up in the Royal Library. Medallions of him were plentiful at Versailles. Mr. Hale assures us that a "large store" of such terra-cotta medallions, "as fresh as on the day when they were first baked," was found in an old warehouse at Bordeaux in 1885.

It was rare that Franklin came to Paris, yet when he did he was instantly recognized by the people. His brown suit, his fur cap, his powderless hair, his spectacles, and his walking-stick betrayed him at once to men who had never laid eyes on him before. Crowds followed him in his walks, and gathered about him in the public places. When he entered the theatre, the courts of justice, the popular resorts, he was greeted with shouts of applause. His good sayings were spread all over France, with countless other *anecdotes américaines*. Poets wrote him sonnets. Noble dames addressed him in verse. Women of fashion crowned his head with flowers. Grave Academicians shouted with delight to see him hug Voltaire. His friend, the Abbé Morellet, well described him in the lines, —

" Notre Benjamin
En politique il est grand,
A table est joyeux et franc."

The absurdity of the famous kissing scene at the Academy of Science is outdone by the absurdity of another scene, some months later, at a meeting of the masonic lodge of the Nine Sisters. Voltaire was then dead, and the business of the meeting was a eulogy of the old philosopher. In the hall of the lodge sat Madame Denis, niece to Voltaire; the Madame de Villette, at whose house he died; Greuze, who painted the beauties and gallants of the court of Louis; Frank-

lin, and a host of famous men. That nothing might be wanting to give solemnity to the occasion, a deep gloom pervaded the hall, and a huge sepulchral pyramid reminded the audience for what purpose they were gathered. The astronomer Lalande addressed Madame Denis. La Dixmerie read a long eulogy, and, as he stopped from time to time to take breath, the audience were kept awake by selections from the operas of Castor and Roland, played by an orchestra, which Piccini led.

The eulogy ended, soft music, a blaze of light, and claps of stage thunder followed; the pyramid vanished, and in its place stood a huge picture of the apotheosis of Voltaire. The painter represented him as rising from the tomb. Envy, tugging at his shroud, strove to hold him back, but was driven off by Minerva, while Benevolence and Truth introduced him to Corneille, Racine, Molière, who hovered near. As the beholders sit in dumb admiration, Lalande, Greuze, and Madame de Villette seize each a crown, and place them on the heads of Franklin, La Dixmerie, and Gauget, who in turn hasten to lay them at the feet of the picture of Voltaire.

Popularity so extraordinary was not, however, unmingled with contempt. One writer of memoirs describes him as "one of the great charlatans of the eighteenth century." Another cannot abide his table manners, and despises him for putting butter in his eggs and eating them from a glass. A third denounces him in a long poem. The author of a History of a French Louse exhausts the French language in a disgusting description of him.

Of all this Franklin knew nothing, and went on with the business of his office, which was, in his opinion, to keep the cause of his country before the eyes of the people of France. His homely sayings, his *bon mots*, his republican simplicity of dress and manner, did much to accomplish this end. But he left no ex-

pedient whatever untried, and often had recourse to his pen: wrote a dialogue between Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Saxony, and America; a catechism relative to the English national debt; and persuaded Dubourg to make a translation of the constitutions of America. Vergennes objected to their publication. The government would not give a license. But the book came out, and the cause of America was more popular than ever. The constitutions were described as a code that marked an epoch in the history of philosophy; as a code that richly deserved to be well known; and the men who framed them were pronounced superior to Solon and Lycurgus.

In the midst of this discussion Lafayette returned, and the enthusiasm for America flamed higher still. Crowds beset him wherever he went. Magistrates overwhelmed him with honors. Great ladies insisted on kissing him. The king honored him with a reception at court, and the queen bestowed on him a regiment of dragoons. The ministers even consulted him on American affairs; and soon learned with pleasure that he had brought a commission creating Franklin sole minister of the United States to the court of France. With it came such an injunction as a mother, when going out for an afternoon, might lay on a family of unruly boys. The American agents in Europe were bidden to behave themselves and quarrel no more; but the injunction was not obeyed, and in a little while the feud between the two Lees, Ralph Izard, and Franklin was hotter than ever before.

As for Arthur Lee, to the last hour of his stay in France he spared no pains to insult Franklin, thwart him, embarrass his affairs, and invariably met with success. But no success was more complete than that which attended the quarrel of John Paul Jones and Landais. Jones had come over from the United States in the little ship *Ranger*, and had set his heart on having command of a

fine vessel which the commissioners were building at Amsterdam. But the commissioners put him off, and sent him on his ever memorable cruise. First he appeared before Whitehaven, and threatened to burn the shipping. Then he stood over to the Scotch shore, harried the lands of the Earl of Selkirk, and carried away his plate. The next day he fell in with the *Drake*, an English ship of twenty guns, engaged and took her, and came back with his prize to Brest. Emboldened by victory, Jones again besought the commissioners, who now began in earnest to intercede with the French court. In June he was promised the ship. But it was one thing to promise and another thing to do, and in place of the ship came excuses, delay, and new promises. To keep up the semblance of good faith, the French minister of marine requested Jones to give up the command of the *Ranger*, and wait in France for something better. This he did, and at once the gossips fell upon him, and declared that he had been driven from the American service. Thereupon the commissioners came to his relief with a certificate stating that he had not. In the midst of his troubles, a copy of Father Abraham's address, which in France bears the title *La Science du Bonhomme Richard*, fell in his way, and he read that piece of homely wisdom, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." So well did this seem to apply to him that he determined to act on it, and, utterly ignoring the minister of marine, he wrote direct to the king, and soon had command of the *Duc de Duras*. That the letter ever reached the king is very uncertain; but Jones firmly believed it did, and, in honor of the source whence he got his advice, he changed the name of the *Duc de Duras* to *Le Bonhomme Richard*.

Jones now set sail with all the speed he could, and with him went the *Alliance*, commanded by the crazy *Pierre Landais*,

the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance*, and the *Cerf*. Scarcely was he out of sight of land when new troubles began. The *Cerf* and the *Vengeance* left him, and Landais showed signs of insubordination. But Jones cruised along, threatened Leith, and, when off Scarborough, fell in with the Baltic fleet of merchantmen convoyed by the Countess of Scarborough and the *Serapis*. While the *Bonhomme Richard* engaged the *Serapis*, the *Pallas* engaged the Countess. But Landais, made more crazy than ever by excitement, suffered the fleet to escape, while he sailed round and round the fighters, firing alike on friend and foe. Out of this grew a bitter quarrel between Jones and Landais. For a time it seemed that the scandal of the affair would be further increased by a duel. But they appealed to Franklin, who removed Landais from the Alliance, and put Jones in command. It was a sorry day for him when he did, for the Frenchman now turned upon him, and enjoys the distinction of being one of the few men who ever got decidedly the better of Franklin in a dispute. Again and again Landais entreated to be restored to command. Franklin as often refused. Then, storming with rage, the Frenchman hurried to L'Orient, where he met that black-hearted traitor Arthur Lee, whom the Alliance was to carry home. What Landais could not think of to embarrass Franklin, Lee did, and between the two a most shameful piece of business was concocted. They stirred up a mutiny of the crew. They persuaded one hundred and fifty of them to sign a paper that they would not lift the anchor till their prize money was paid, and their lawful captain, Pierre Landais, restored; and one day, while Jones was ashore, Landais boarded the Alliance and took command. Franklin now applied to the French government, and orders went down to L'Orient to blow the Alliance out of the water, if she made an attempt to sail. But she did sail, and with Landais in command.

This was in July, 1780, and from that time on, the story of Franklin's mission has but little interest till negotiations were begun for a peace. Concerning the signing of that famous document an idle story has long been current, and is still believed. Narrators of this tale declare that when the commissioners were all assembled, and were about to affix their names to the treaty, Franklin excused himself and left the room, and that, when he came back, he was dressed in an old and almost threadbare suit of brown. Nothing was said by the commissioners. But their looks betrayed astonishment, and Franklin told them that the clothes he then had on were those he wore when Wedderburne so shamefully abused him before the Privy Council. The story is pure fable. It has not a scrap of truth to rest on. The incident never occurred. Franklin never asserted it, and it was during his lifetime denied, and flatly denied, by one of the officials who was present at the signing.

Another incident in his life that is commonly misunderstood is the famous Strahan letter; the letter, we mean, ending, "You are now my enemy, and I am yours." We know of no collection of his works and letters in which this document is not treated as a piece of spirited and sober writing. Yet it certainly was no more than a jest. Had this not been so, all friendship, all correspondence, between the two would have ended the day the letter was received. But no such falling out took place, and they went on exchanging letters long after the war had seriously begun.

With the signing of the treaty the labors of Franklin in France may be said to have ended. He continued, indeed, to act as minister till the summer of 1785, when Jefferson succeeded him. But old age was upon him, his infirmities were many, and his time was chiefly given to his friends and his pen. The work which he did in France is, we be-

lieve, generally unknown, because it has never yet been fairly set forth. Borrowing money, fitting out ships, buying clothing, powder, and guns, settling disputes, writing dispatches, was the least important and the least creditable part of what he accomplished. When he landed in France, in 1776, neither the king, nor the ministers, nor the mass of

the nobility had any heart in the American cause. His sole support was public opinion, the most fickle and treacherous of all support. Yet he never for a moment lost it. By his tact, his knowledge of men and the ways of men, he turned it from the wild enthusiasm of a day into downright admiration for the American people.

John Bach McMaster.

A PINCHTOWN PAUPER.

I.

THE place is not inaptly named. It lies beyond the city's suburbs; and there are no handsome dwellings or fine stores in Pinchtown. The clutch of squalid poverty is upon it. In the winter, its one street is often hub-deep with mud; and in summer, clouds of dust from passing wheels are wafted in through the open doors and windows of its sordid hovels. Its poor pretense of a pavement is ashes and desolation. The windows of the rude huts are garnished with old hats, articles of worn clothing, and scraps of newspapers.

To be a resident of the poverty-smitten village is a grave offense in the eyes of the more prosperous of the race to which its denizens belong.

"Dem's ign'unt, an' lazy, an' no 'count niggers over dar in Pinchtown," says the unctuous keeper of the little green-grocery at the corner of Water Street, a good mile nearer to the heart of the city.

Across the road from Pinchtown, in the summer season, the Union Cemetery, surrounded by its inclosure of massive stone masonry, shows a thousand well-kept graves, clad in smoothly shaven green. Over the walls of the keeper's cottage, near the iron gate, bloom clamoring roses; and the darker hue of the

ivy marks the spot with verdure through the year. The trees that were saplings two decades ago have come to throw an ample shade over the long lines of graves, and are the haunts of many birds. The walks which wind about the place, among the marble stones, are graveled and white. Two cannon stand near the flagpole, in mute reminder of the reason for the cemetery's being; and high above floats, in sunshine and in storm, the great flag.

It is the latter part of June, 188— In the sunny weather, on a broken bench at the door of the forlornest shanty in the hamlet sits its forlornest denizen. Abject poverty has pursued him for many years; and though he denies it stoutly, he has come at last half-heartedly to believe in the reiterated assertion of his wife, that "Newton done los' his luck." Into the uncouth fashion of the coarse splint basket on which he is at work he is weaving disjointed fancies of the dead men hid in the cemetery's sheltering bosom, and of the hardships in the life of one of the humblest living dwellers in Pinchtown.

He had been an "exhorter" in the days of slavery. Since the war ended he has kept up, in a futile fashion, his former calling; but his age and infirmity, and the disadvantages of ignorance imposed by the old slave system, are

powerfully against him. His faith is as broad and catholic as it is simple; and to those of his neighbors who, being almost as poor and no less ignorant than himself, will pay him the respect of a seeming attention, he often speaks as with the gift of tongues. But they do not recognize the force of the homely phrases, and hearken to him grudgingly, deeming his teachings to be of little worth, because he does not expound them from the printed page, after the fashion of the Reverend Givins, of the Ebenezer Church in the city. Like themselves he is "unlarnt," and can neither read nor write.

"I shudden wonder ef dem soljers is all in heab'n," he says, reflectively, as he trims a splint with his worn basket-knife; "an' ef dey ain't, dar's whar dey orter be. Dey was de soljers o' de Lord, what sot us free. But dey did n' shake off all de shackles. Dar's some on 'em a-hangin' ter me yit, like cockle-burrers on ter a sheep. 'Pears like ter me ef when I 'ceased I'd be put away onder sech green grass as dat, wid flow-ers a-blossomin' roun', an' periwinkle-vines a-wroppin' my grave all up, an' de birds a-singin' an' a-carryin' on up dar in dem trees, I'd be sorter saterfied wid jes' dat. It 'ud be mos' good enough for ole Newton ter lay down dar an' take his res', 'douten nobody ter come along a-pesterin' on him, an' a-cussin' 'case de baskits is cranksided. It don't make no diffunce down dar ef de po' nigger is ign'unt. De hoppergrasses an' de crickets an' de litenin'-bugs ain't gwine ter lay dat up agin him. De wimmen folks don't 'buse you down dar, I reckon; an' I knows dey ain't a-always flingin' up at ye dat you's a mighty onery preacher what can't read. Dem dar soljers ain't got no rheumatiz an' misery in de back, I 'spec'; an' dey don't git tired no mo', nuther."

His little granddaughter comes and sits on the bench beside him. Her dress is ragged, and she is barefoot; but her

mien is marked with a dignity which is almost ludicrous in its self-possession. The old man regards her approach with an interest in which respect dominates affection. She is a wonderful creature in his eyes, for she carries in her hand the key to the treasure-house of knowledge, at whose outer gate he has stood a beggar for fifty odd years. She has come with her primer to teach him his daily lesson.

He lays his oak splints and his half-finished basket aside, and patiently waits while the child opens the book.

"Does you think it's any use, Aggy?" he asks.

"You have got to *a, b, ab*, gran'daddy," she replies, and points with dusky finger to the first column of the grimy little page. He wants to tell her that he is in despair of ever learning to read; but he has not the heart to wound her.

"Is *a, b, ab*, right smart an' fur on, honey?" he inquires, with seeming interest; and she laughs, and tells him that it is only the beginning of all that she knows.

A lank and hungry-looking cur, that lies with closed eyes in the sunshine, at the old man's feet, pricks up his flea-bitten ears, and lifts his head at the sound of the child's voice.

"Po' ole Sank," she says, as she stoops to caress him, "do you want to learn *a, b, c* with gran'daddy?"

The dog blinks his watery eyes, and thumps his ragged tail slowly against the ground.

"Aggy," says the old man, "I'se afeard it ain't no use. You seems ter be sorter sot on it, chile, but I done 'bout gin it up. I was smartly sot on it, too, when you fus' started out; but w'at's de sense o' yer tryin' ter larn dem words ter a po' fool ole nigger like me? You's young an' kin git 'em straight; but you can't teach ole dogs new tricks. Marster use ter tell me dat long time ago, — an' ole marster, he knowed mo' 'n evvybody else in de worl'. Sank,

dar, he cudden l'arn ter tree a coon like my little bench-legged Towse use ter tree 'em over in Tuckahoe. 'Case why? 'Case Towse jes' growed up ter it f'om a puppy; an' Sank, he done got too ole, a-chasin' rabbits 'roun' dat 'ar graveyard wall."

Sank wags his forlorn tail again in recognition of his name, and the child slips down from the bench, and cuddles up to the dog for a moment. Then returning to her seat at the old man's side, she says, with sturdy insistence, —

"Le's start here, gran'daddy," and points again to the head of the little column of two-lettered words.

"*A, b, ab; e, b, eb,*" spells the old man, painfully and anxiously. Then he stops, and says, "Aggy, you hear dat 'ar leetle red-bird over dar in dat bush by de stone wall?"

She nods her head, and looks up at him.

"Dat bird ain't nuver been sing but jes' one song all his born days. Ef ye was ter ketch him, an' shet him up inter a cage, an' pipe chunes ter him as sweet as dem I'se heerd young Mars' Jeems play on de willer-whistles, way back yander in Tuckahoe, you cudden larn dat bird ter sing 'em. Dat bird war n't hatched for ter sing but jes' dat one."

The parable has struck home, but he cannot bear the expression of disappointment in the child's face; and so, to please her, he takes the book and begins again slowly to spell out the lesson. But his heart is no longer in the work. He has lost the high hope that he once had, and is unhappy in the loss.

Not many words have been spelled over when a cracked voice calls shrilly from the hovel, "Aggee! you. Aggy!" And with nimble feet the girl hastens away to fetch water from the spring beyond the road for her grandmother.

The owner of the voice comes to the door, and speaks sharply to the old man, who sits on the bench where Aggy has left him, still gazing hopelessly at *u, b, ub*.

"De Lord sakes, Newton! Dat gal ain't sho'ly still a-foolin' wid tryin' ter l'arn ye dem books, is she? Ain't ye got no mo' sense 'n ter be a-addlin' yer skull wid spellin'? Ye mought know dar ain't no l'arnin' a-gwine ter hatch out'n dat ole thick head o' your'n. Ye better be a-workin' on dem baskets. I'll lay ye'll git mo' ter eat out'n dem dan ye gwine ter git 'long o' dem letters."

"Dat 's how it 'pears like ter me, too, Dicey," says the old man, submissively; and laying the book reverently upon the bench near him, he takes up his basket-frame, and again begins to weave the oak-splints in and out. He works on earnestly, but he is oppressed with a sense of failure.

"Here I'se been a-wrastlin' an' a-scutflin' wid dat book nine weeks come nex' Monday, an' ain't no furdur dan close ter de start, yit. Somehow, I can't hole on ter it. De weeds gits away wid de corn quicker 'n de hoe can cut 'em out. 'T ain't no use."

Aggy comes back from the spring, and passes by him with a tin bucket in each hand. The cool water shimmers and sparkles in the summer sun; and Sank, with lolling tongue, gets up and follows the little water-carrier into the cabin. Dicey sends her out to the garden to "grabble some 'taters," and soon she is busily engaged in the task, with the dog close at her heels.

"Gran'daddy don't want to learn to read," she says, passionately, to the dumb brute, as she drops a potato into the piggin, and lifts the dog's wistful face to hers. "He 's got plenty o' sense, ain't he, Sank? He just don't want to learn."

And Sank says "Yes" as plainly as any dog's tail ever spoke the word.

But Newton's mind, after a long and bitter struggle, has come irrevocably to another conclusion than that reached by the little girl and the dog. He has weighed his capacity in the balances of his experience, and found it wofully wanting. Many a night he has lain

awake for hours on his hard bed, while Dicey slept by his side, and pictured to himself the grace and peace which should penetrate his soul through the doorway of Aggy's primer. Those waking dreams of the night are ended now; yet thoughts of the child at school and the sight of the little book have started in his mind a train of long-unheeded memories. He recalls the old field school in Tuckahoe, beyond the Blue Ridge mountains that lie in the far distance. There rises up before him the stern face of the teacher, who, with unsparing hickory rod, threshed the seed corn of the commonwealth in the persons of Newton's young masters, with whom he always went, as henchman to "tote" the lunch basket, and as companion to share its contents when recess came. He remembers the ring-taw, and knucks, and chermanny of those boon days with a deep sense of pleasure in the retrospect. He sees again with his mind's eye the truants fishing for "yaller-bellies" in the Jackfish Pond, whose water was deep and green, and along whose banks the dewberry vines ran rank and the wild dog-roses bloomed. He chuckles to think of his arguments with them to prove that the fish always bit best on Sunday, and how once or twice he had persuaded them of its truth. Then he grows solemn in the reflection that fishing on Sunday was a sin in itself, and that it was far more heinous to entice others to its commission; and imagines that perhaps those covert excursions were the cause of the troubles that have come on him in his old age. He recalls the trapping of partridges in the straw-field next the wood, and the catching of "ole hyars," on frosty winter mornings, in the "gums" at the nibbled bottom rail of the worm fence. Faces, white and black, of his long-dead people come back to him in the wake of fancies conjured up by Aggy's primer, until at last he recalls the bloody charge at Gettysburg, with his "young Mars' Jeems" lying

under the trampling horses' hoofs; and the bent figure of his gray-haired "ole marster," left alone at the war's end, in the great old mansion in Tuckahoe with none but "Mars' Jeems's" little daughter.

II.

The snow lies deep upon the cemetery, and almost blots out of sight the hillocks beneath which the dead soldiers have slumbered for so many years. The flag is limp and motionless, and icicles hang from the black cannon and the eaves of the stone cottage. But the ivy is still green upon the wall, and there are red berries amid the waxen and pointed leaves of the holly-tree at the gate.

Down the hard-frozen road that leads to the city the Pinchtown Pauper, ragged and forlorn, is trudging painfully, with a number of his misshapen splint baskets strung over his shoulders. He is weak and crippled with rheumatism, and his progress is very slow. But there is a glow about his heart, whose warmth shames the poverty of his torn jacket and his battered hat.

"It's been a rough spell," he says, meditatively, as he pauses for breath and looks up at the gray winter sky, "an' thar's gwine ter be some mo' fallin' weather afo' ter-morrer. Dat ring war n't roun' de moon las' night for nothin'. I done been seed dis weather in de elements for mo' 'n a week. But me an' Aggy an' Sank an' Dicey is pulled through so fur; an' ef I jes' sells dese yer baskits, de weather may drap, for what I keers, 'twel I sells some mo'."

He places his burden on a snowbank near him, as he speaks, and addresses it:

"You's wuf a quarter apiece. Leas'-ways, dat's what I axes for ye. You's wuf mo' 'n dat for de work an' de trubble I'se had wid ye; but me an' de white folks ain't a-gwine ter agree on dat one p'int. You looks mighty small an' ugly ter dem, but ye 'pears pow'ful full o'

white-oak splits ter me. Ef I gits twenty-five cents apiece for ye, dat 'll come ter a dollar an' a half; an' dat 'll make de pot bile high for awhile, anyhow."

The baskets are mute and miserable looking on their perch. He picks them up, and starts forward again.

"I ain't nuvver been so po' yit but what I cudden git sump'n' or 'nuther for Aggy an' Sank an' de ole 'oman ter eat. But somehow it do appear ter me like de times was a-waxin' wusser. Bar' backs an' hongry bellies seems for ter be in de merjority in dese yer parts. Prayin' an' workin' don't look like dey fetches de blessin', same as dey useter over yander beyant dem mount'ins;" and he turns for a moment, and gazes wistfully in the direction of the Blue Ridge range that lies behind him.

A wagon comes along, driven by an acquaintance.

"Git in, ole man, an' I 'll give ye a lif' as fur as town," calls the driver. "Ye ain't gittin' up de hill no pearter dan de frog in de well, what jumped up one jump an' drapped back two."

The Pinchtown Pauper, carefully depositing his precious freight in the rear part of the vehicle, clambers to a seat at the front.

"How's you makin' it, dese days?" queries his friend heartily, and gives him a slap on the shoulder that causes him to flinch. "Wot's de news down in Pinchtown?"

"Pain in de head an' miz'ry in de back, Jim," the old man answers. "But I orten ter grudge dat. De Lord don't let me go hongry or cole many days in de week. Den I'm a-gittin' on in years. De sap in de ole tree don't run fas', like it useter run in de twig. News in Pinchtown? Dar ain't nothin' in Pinchtown 'seusin' little niggers an' cur dogs; an' dar ain't nothin' new 'bout dem. Wot's de news wid you, Jim?"

"Nothin'. Hard times an' plenty on 'em."

"Dat's a fac', Jim,—dat's a fac'. Things ain't like dey useter be wid me when I lived over dar in Tuckahoe wid marster an' de boys."

"I dunno nothin' 'bout Tuckahoe. I ain't nuvver been dar. I'm a-gwine over on one o' dese yer railroad exscursions, when de summer time gits back agin, an' take a look at dat gre't land o' Goshen whar all you Louisa County niggers come f'om, an' don't never seems like ye wants ter git back ter."

"Yer ign'unce is agin ye, Jim," the old man replies, with a touch of asperity. "Dem was high ole times we useter have over dar. An' you can't ketch up wid 'em on no railroad exscussions any mo', nuther. Dem dar times is done lef' de Nuinted States for furrin' parts, dey is. Many's de day at ole marster's when I'se knowed twenty-five ter thirty strange white folks at de house at once, wid de kerridges a-takin' on 'em away an' a-fetchin' fresh 'uns up ter de front steps, day in an' day out. Sich a-dancin', an' a-frolickin', an' a-huntin', an' a-fishin', an' a-ridin' hosses, an' a-chasin' foxes!" He pauses a moment in his reminiscences to look back at his baskets. "I got ter keep my eye on dem things. 'T wudden do for 'em ter drap out, an' some good-fo'-nothin' nigger come along an' pick 'em up, an' git my patt'n."

Jim nods his head and grins. "Nigger what gits de patt'n o' dem baskits 'ud git a fat thing, sho'."

He is interested in the life beyond the mountains, and wants to hear more of it. "Cut a purty big ole dash over dar in dem times, did you, Unc' Newton?"

"Dat's a fac', Jim,—dat's a fac'. I'se seed Randall a-fiddlin' for de white folks all night long, wid ole marster footin' de reel same as de younges' an' de brashes'; an' out in de kitchen an' down ter de quarters de niggers was kickin' dey heels jes' as high, wid de banjer a-pickin', de 'possum a-cookin',

an' de ashcake a-bakin' in de collard leaves on de harf. Dem was days when ashpone an' buttermilk had some tas'e ter 'em, an' possum fat an' hominy 'ud make any nigger's mouf water. My mouf done los' his relish, Jim; an' I don't nuvver see no 'possums no mo', nuther hear no banjers."

Jim laughs, and the wagon rattles along over the frozen road. The atmosphere is keenly suggestive of more snow. It is a narrow, precipitous way over which they are passing; and huge limestone boulders, half clad in snow, jut out above and below them. On the acclivity at their left are evidences of work recently done by quarriers; but the place is almost inaccessible, and the workmen have deserted it, leaving the snow trampled, and some of the great rocks more exposed to view.

"Pears like dem folks been diggin' a grave up dar," says Newton.

"Korryin' o' limestone," replies Jim.

The rising wind sighs through the scraggy cedars in the valley below, and the breath of the horses' nostrils is like steam.

Houses are coming into sight; and they see little children going out of the gates, with satchels and baskets, on their way to school in the city's heart. Newton watches them go, and a great bitterness surges up within him.

"Jim," he says, "you see dem little black gals an' boys a-gwine ter school? Dey 's a-gettin' dey heads chuck full o' knowledge, an' here 's you an' me w'ot don't know B f'om bullfoot. It 'mines me o' de little pigs a-creepin' th'ough de crack o' de wurrum-fence, an' de ole big hogs outside in de lane a-gruntin' at de corn w'ot dey can't git ter."

Jim draws rein at a street corner, and the old man slowly and with difficulty descends from his perch. Jim hands him his baskets.

"Thankee, Jim, thankee," he says as he takes them. "I ain't a-gwine ter furgit ye for dat turn. It holf me pow'ful.

I shudden 'a got up de long hill 'fo ten o'clock, 'scusin' o' you."

Jim bids him good-morning, and turns the corner at a brisk pace.

The old basket-maker wanders about among the shops, offering his wares for sale; but the fates are unpropitious. Here a surly "Don't want any baskets," greets him, and there a gibe at the uncouth workmanship of his stock. There are no buyers, and he grows down-hearted.

"It 's throng-time wid 'em," he says to himself, in apology for the many refusals he has met with; "dey ain't got no ledger minutes for ter stop for an ole nigger, wid nothin' but split baskets."

So he leaves the business streets, and strikes out at a snail's pace for F— Avenue. He enters at the area gates and goes to the kitchen doors; but his commodities meet with no readier sale here than among the shops.

"De luck 's agin me," he says despondently, as the fifth gate closes behind him with a click, and the baskets still hang upon his back. "I must ha' forgot ter make a cross-mark dis mornin', when Dicey called me back. Looks like I mought as well fling away dis yer rabbit foot, w'ot I been totin' in my pocket for two mont's, — it don't 'pear ter make de luck no better; an' me an' Sank 'll have ter ketch another one, w'ot ain't no graveyard rabbit. I 'm a-gwine ter try one mo' place, an' den, ef dat don't come ter nothin', it 'll be a hongry day for Aggy an' Sank and Dicey an' me ter-morrer."

The warmth has died out from about his heart, and the cold is creeping in through the rents in his garments, and pinching his withered flesh, and frosting his rheumatic bones.

He opens the next area gate. It turns on its hinges with a creak, which he echoes with a groan. His knock at the kitchen entrance is feeble and almost despairing.

"Come in, uncle," says the girl who

opens the door. "Mis' Mary, de man 'pears like he mos' froze. He shakin' jes' de same as de leaves on dat aspum-tree in de summer time, out dar in de back yard."

The old basket-maker steps hesitatingly into the warm atmosphere of the snug kitchen, with his burden on his shoulder, and looks timidly about him.

"I kim ter see ef I cudden part wid one o' dese yer baskits ter you, young mist'is. You'll fine 'em oncommon handy for chips an' things 'bout de place. Dey ain't much for purty, dat's a fac', but dey's p'int'ly good an' strong."

He bows low to the young housewife, who, with skirts tucked up and dress covered with a long checked apron, is standing by the kitchen table. There are bundles of citrons and plums and spices, and measures of flour and sugar, and numbers of eggs scattered here and there near her; but he sees nothing but a possible customer. He is thinking of the little girl, the lean dog, and the old woman out in Pinchtown.

"I done been tryin' all de mornin', an' I ain't got shet o' nary one yit. Dey don't cost but a quarter, an' dey's wuf dat ef dey's wuf anything. Ef you'll take two, ye kin have 'em for forty cents."

"Mis' Mary," interposes the brisk cook, "we don't want no mo' baskits. Dis yer house is chuck full o' baskits now."

"I'se speakin' ter de mist'is, gal. I war n't makin' no remarks ter you," says the old man in dignified rebuke; and the "mist'is" laughs. Touched at the pathetic sight of the bent figure and the uncovered gray head, she says, —

"I'll buy one o' your baskits, uncle. Take a seat by the fire, and get warm."

His face beams, and he says: "Thankee, mist'is, thankee!"

He makes her another of his courtly bows, and casting a glance of contempt at the cook, who returns it with scornful interest, he draws near the fire. He sits

there in silence for some moments, and watches the slim figure bending over the kitchen table. She is seeding raisins with nimble fingers. As the warmth of the genial atmosphere permeates his body and the fragrant aroma of fruits and spices fills his nostrils, his good spirits come back to him. He looks from her to the table before her; and memories take possession of him which he cannot forbear expressing.

"Dem dar remines me o' ole times afo' de war, over in Tuckahoe," he says, and rubs his horny hands together, and smiles an apologetic smile; "remines me o' de ole days, dat dey does, young mist'is."

She turns to him, and says pleasantly, "And so you come from Tuckahoe?"

"Yes, marm," he answers proudly. "I'm a East Ferginier quality nigger f'om de county o' Albemarle, not fur f'om Lindsay's Turnout, close by ter Ole Bentivoleyer. Many's de day I'se help Mis' Agnes seed de raisins for de Christmas puddin' at de ole place, which de sight on 'em now fetches dem times back ter me."

His eyes have lost their cunning with the years, or else the crowding memories hinder him from noticing the eager interest with which the young woman regards him.

"How did you get so far away from your home?" she asks.

The white hands are no longer busy with the raisins; and an egg rolls off the table, and is smashed upon the floor. She does not heed it, but stands there and looks at him, with a half-smile on her face. He gazes down at the ragged hat which he has flung upon the floor near his chair, and sighs as he answers, —

"De war tuk 'n' bruk us all up, young mist'is. 'T was a fine ole place oncet in times, wid plenty o' niggers, plenty o' hosses an' stock an' pigs, plenty o' vittles an' clo'es, plenty o' evvything. But

de niggers was sot free ; de sassafrax an' de broom-swage run away wid de fiel's ; de barns an' de stables an' defences jes' natch'ly drapped ter pieces ; Mars' Jeems, he done got kilt in de war ; ole marster sort o' los' his grip onter things 'long o' missin' young Mars' Jeems, which he sot mo' sto' by him dan all de boys ; ole mist'is an' Mis' Agnes, dey tuk 'n' went one arter de tother ; all o' de balance o' de young marsters, dey married off an' reffygged away ; an' Mars' Jeems's little gal an' me an' my ole 'oman was all dat was lef' on de plantation wid marster, 'scusin' de ole hyars an' de patt'idges. Den he tuk 'n' 'ceaseded, an' dey kim an' sole de ole place out, an' kerried de little mist'is away. Me an' Dicey jes' slipped over dis side o' de mount'in, whar my son Bill was a-workin' ; but Bill, he's done gone now, two year come nex' spring."

She has drawn nearer to him as he speaks ; and as his voice falters with the closing words of his story, she lays her hand lightly upon the ragged shoulder.

"Uncle Newton," she says.

"Marm !" he answers, and looks up at her, startled and wondering. It has been many years since such a hand has touched him. It reminds him of Tuckahoe even more than the raisins had done.

"I have grown out of your memory, Uncle Newton, as your face had passed out of mine."

He is puzzled. He does not understand what she means. He passes his hand across his forehead, as if trying to remember.

"It is sixteen years since I used to sit on your knee, and hear you tell the stories about the fox and the rabbit. Don't you recollect the big wheels and the little wheels, — 'Run, little 'Fraid, run, 'fo' big 'Fraid ketch you !'" she says, and smiles down at him with tears in her eyes.

"'Fo' Gord, ef it ain't little Mary !" he says, as he rises to his feet. "Lord,

honey, it pintly does do de ole nigger's eyes good ter look at ye ! An' dat purty, too ! As purty as Mis' Agnes, an' de spittin' image of her !"

But the glad eyes cannot look at her long. To hide the mists that gather in them he stoops, and makes a foolish feint of searching for his hat upon the floor. The cook, consumed with jealousy, says : —

"Dar's yer hat nex' ter yer foot, ef dat's what ye huntin' for !"

He does not hear her. Lifting his head again, he says : "Well ! well ! Mars' Jeems's little Mis' Mary !" Then, with a sense of humiliation in having failed to recognize her at first sight, he goes on : "I jes' sorter 'spicioned you was kin ter some o' my white folks, mist'is, when I fus' looked at ye, an' heerd ye say 'barskits.' Dicey, she gwine ter be jes' as crazy as a Juney bug, when she fine out I done seed little Mis' Mary."

III.

It is late in the afternoon at Pinchtown. The frost in the snow has lost its sparkle, for the sun is down. But the chill of the winter day is everywhere, and the frozen pendants still hang from the eaves of the cemetery cottage. The snowbirds, that all day long have been hopping about in search of food, have given up the quest, and are now huddled together, with their heads in their feathers, in the thick of the thorn bushes.

The Pinchtown Pauper is just getting home. The baskets which his "young Mis' Mary" has bought were only a small portion of his stock ; and the sum of money they have yielded will not keep the wolf from the door very long. But "half a loaf is better 'n no bread," he says, and feels cheerier than if he were returning to his cabin penniless. He does not know that since his visit to "Mars' Jeems's daughter" his cupboard

has grown fuller than for years; and that a hamper of clothing and a wagon-load of cut wood have been put out at his hovel in his absence. The fact that the neighbors have come and stared at the unwonted sight, and canvassed it among themselves and with Aggy and Dicey, is likewise unknown to him. He would doubtless have laughed aloud, could he have stood there unobserved, and heard Dicey tell them all that it was "conjur' work." It would have been no hard matter for him to have guessed who the conjurer was.

In the mean time he is drawing near home. He can see a bright light through the narrow back window of his cabin, and is fretted at Dicey's extravagance in having such a blaze when the stock of fuel is so low.

"Dat fool ole 'oman is al'ays a-pes-terin' arter me 'bout makin' baskits an' makin' baskits, 'twel I done got sick o' de very sight o' baskits, let alone makin' of 'em, — an' now jes' look at her! Done gone kindle up a great big fire out'n de las' chunk at de woodpile, an' I ain't sole but two baskits ter-day. She mus' 'spec' me ter steal riders off'n de wurrum-fence for ter keep her warm dis winter. Wimmen folks is cur'us critters, anyhow; an' Dicey, she ain't got no mo' sense'n a mule's hine leg, no way you fix it."

But his heart is so full of his recent meeting with young Mis' Mary that he soon forgets Dicey's recklessness. He is racking his brain for fit words in which to convey to her and to Aggy his conception of the great beauty and gentleness and goodness of Mars' Jeems's daughter.

"Don't look like none o' dese here valley folks, dat young 'oman don't, now. I jes' 'spicioned she come f'om over de mount'ins soon as I put my eyes on her. Step wid her head up, jes' de same as ole mist'is. Ain't no po' white trash over yer kin tetch dat breed o' Tuckahoes! Skin finer 'n satin an'

whiter 'n dat snow. Eyes shinin' like de stars in de elements. Dese yer niggers thinks ole Newt' is ign'unt an' don't know nothin'; but howsomedever o' dat, my white folks is high-up white folks, I done tole ye!"

On the right of the narrow road, which is cut sharply into the side of the great hill, a high bank towers up, and huge rocks jut out above it. The bank is pretty enough in summer, with its tangle of wild honeysuckle and its green undergrowth of hardy chincapin bushes. But now its rocks are capped with snow, and the stunted cedars here and there only serve to accentuate its bareness. It is where the quarriers were at work yesterday.

On the left, down a steep declivity, yawns a bleak valley. The tops of its girdled pine-trees, that raise their gaunt white arms like spectral things, do not reach the level of the road above; and the face of the valley is covered with vines, and sinuous undergrowth, and limestone boulders of desolate gray, and rotting logs, all half hidden beneath the drifted snow, as far as the little branch, with its frozen pools.

The old man, trudging along in the gathering gloom, moves with more caution as the night comes swiftly down, and shudders with a vague superstition as he approaches the lonely spot. He knows the story of the accident that is said to have happened there years ago, and believes that the ghosts of the man and woman who went over the precipice that stormy night still haunt the place.

The noise of a heavy rushing body, tearing through the vines and undergrowth of the bank above, makes cold chills run down his back and his eyeballs distend with terror.

"Gre't Goddlemighty!" he shrieks, as it crashes down before him, and stops, huge and dark and misshapen, in the road bed at his feet, midway the narrow track.

In the direction of Pinchtown he hears the ringing of sleigh-bells; and gazing with more intentness at the mysterious object in front of him, he sees that it is a huge limestone rock, loosened from its place in the hillside by the workmen of yesterday.

"Dat sleigh gwine ter run over dis yer rock, ef I lef' it here, an' dat ain't no pebble for a crooked-back ole nigger like me ter heft down inter de bottom."

He attempts to move it, but it remains unshaken.

"Ef dem folks runs agin dis yer thing, it's a-gwine ter fling 'em inter de hollow, an' lan' 'em all in kingdom-come, an' dat's pint'ly a fac'."

He pauses, and listens to the bells.

"Umph! dat sleigh don't 'pear like 't was a-gittin' no closer. Lord! jes' s'pose dat's dem dar two harnts out a-takin' a sleigh-ride dis dark night! I ruther git de patterrollers arter me, I tell ye. Dis yer ain't no place for ole Newton, sho'!"

The sound of the bells, drawing nearer, reassures him.

"Dem ain't no sperrit-bells. I 'spec's dem dar's live folks in dat sleigh; an' mebbe I better jes' set here an' wait for 'em. Ef I goes to'ds 'em, dey mought pass me in de dark, dem dar sleigh-bells makes sich a everlastin' racket."

He takes his seat upon the fallen boulder, in the darkness; but he is far from comfortable. The blood moves slowly in his veins, and the chill in the air is nipping. But his moral courage waxes strong as the sleigh draws nearer, and he falls into a soliloquy:—

"Dis yer's a mighty bad place in de road. I don't see how come white folks ain't got no better sense 'n ter go make a road inter de hillside, like dis, nohow. Ef I hadden' jes' happened 'long 'bout dis pertickler time, dem dar two ole harnts 'ud 'a had some fresh 'uns ter keep 'em company dis night, sho'!" He passes his hand over the rough edges of the rock on which he is seated, and

continues: "Dis yer rock 'ud 'a-flung a fo'-hoss wagon an' team overboard, let alone a Yankee jumper."

The sleigh is near at hand, and he stands up to halloo. But the jangle of the bells drowns his call, and the sleigh comes on. He steps nearer the bank on his right, to catch the ear of the driver, and calls again. It is very dark, and he cannot distinguish the outlines of the horses as they approach. Then there is the sound of another rushing boulder from above him. It comes hurtling down in the path of the one already fallen; and in a moment old Newton lies sorely wounded and bleeding in the highway.

The horses halt suddenly, rear up snorting, and stand with trembling limbs and dilated nostrils.

Its occupants turn the sleigh as best they can in the darkness, and, taking the old man up gently, lift him in, and drive him, at his own request, to the cabin in Pinchtown, to which he directs them. His voice is faint and unnatural, and he speaks very little. They place him on the rough bed, and the young woman whose life he has saved, bending over him with unspeakable pity, sees his face in the light of the flickering fire, and says,—

"It is Uncle Newton."

He lies there very quietly, with a new blanket over him that has come from her house in the city this morning, and looks up at her with dumb, staring eyes that bring the tears to her own. He hears her husband say, "It was an awful accident, Mary," and it dawns upon him by degrees that it was Mars' Jeems's daughter who was in that sleigh. A faint smile flits across the worn features, as he whispers,—

"I kep' ye f'om goin' over de bank, Mis' Mary."

The staring eyes close, and he moves restlessly. His mind is over in Tuckahoe.

"Dem lilac bushes by de cabin gate

is gittin' mons'ous big; 'an' de chesnut-trees is jes' climbed up inter de sky."

Outside the hovel, in the "big road," an urchin, unconscious of the tragedy within, has fired a cracker. The wounded man shifts his position quickly, and starts up.

"Hi! w'at dat?"

"It 's Unc' Pete's Jim a-shootin' pop-crackers for Chris'mas," sobs Aggy, with her face hidden in her apron.

Sank gets up from his place in front of the fire, and fixes his almost human eyes upon the group about the bed.

"I tho't dey was a-drawin' de corks out'n de champagne bottles in de dine'-room at ole marster's," the sufferer says. "Yes, sah! comin', sah! dar terreckly!"

The voice is on a high key now, and Dicey shrieks, "Sabe him! He out'n he head wid de feber."

"Ole marster," he goes on in his raving, "I know as how it 's agin de law for de niggers ter l'arn ter read an' write, an' dat dar ain't no mo' forgibness for dat dan dar is ef de patterrollers ketches 'em out arter night." The tones of his voice grow softer: "But I ain't afeard o' you, ole marster. I nuvver wanted nothin' wid dem letters an' *a*, *b*, *abs*, 'scusin' ter read de Good Book, marster; an' little Aggy, she was a-he'p-in' de ole nigger ter 'scape f'om de bondidge o' sin. I knows ye ain't a-gwine ter b'ar down too hard on me. I'se 'longed ter you sence de day I c'ud remember, an' ye ain't nuvver yit laid yer finger's weight onter me. I ain't afeard now. I'se worked for you, an' slaved for you, an' loved you an' all my tother white folks" —

He breaks off, and lies silent for a moment, breathing stertorously. The fur-clad woman at the bedside mingles her sobs with those of the dusky watchers in the room.

"Aggy," says Dicey, "you run over ter yer Unc' Peter's, an' ax Nancy ter come yer. I'se pow'ful oneasy in my mine 'bout yer gran'daddy."

The terrified girl speeds out into the night, and the dog follows her. Outside he sets up a low howl, and the old woman shudders with superstitious dread.

"Ef Sank 's a-stretchin' hisse'f, he 's a-medjerin' Newton's grave," she mutters. "De good Lord he'p us!"

The dog's howl reaches the ear of the wounded man.

"I jes' hit him wid de ramrod, 'case he chawed up de bird, Mars' Jeems. I ain't nuvver see dis yer dog do dat 'ar way afo' in all dese years you an' me is been a-huntin' him. He mus' be hon-gry. I 'spec' Dicey ain't gin him no pot-liquor dis mornin'. De bunch o' de flock is down dar by dem briars on de ribber bank. Dey flushed purty, dat time, sho'; an' you hit 'em wid bofe bar'ls. Dey has ter fly soon an' swif ter 'scape f'om you, Mars' Jeems."

Peter's Jim fires another squib in the direction of the cemetery gate.

"I think you was a-huntin' patt'idges, an' you was a-shootin' men, young mars-ter. Dem 's de Yankees a-comin'. Can't you hear de guns, an' see de swords a-shinin' an' de hosses a-buck-jumpin'? Lord Gord! look at 'em!" Once more a break and pause; and then, in accents indescribably piteous: "Dey 's done kilt young Mars' Jeems! An' w'at 'll ole marster an' young Mis' Agnes say down dar in Tuckahoe? Shot th'ough de heart, an' trompled over wid hosses' huffs, an' blood all onter his gray clo'es!"

The monologue of the dying man grows incoherent as Aggy returns, closely followed by Nancy, with open mouth and starting eyeballs.

"Dat dog doin' mighty foolish out dar, Aun' Dicey," she whispers: "he jes' a-yawnin' an' a-pawin' an' a-stretchin' o' hisse'f. I seen him plain by de light o' de do', when I kim in. An' he lookin' jes' as straight as he kin look to'ds de graveyard."

"Umph, my Gord!" groans the horror-stricken old woman.

"Graveyard?" says the sufferer. "Who dat talkin' 'bout dat graveyard? Dem 's de soljers o' de Lord over dar, w'at fit ter set us free. But dey cudden shake off all de shackles, — de shackles o' ign'unce, an' de shackles o' sin" —

The bells of a belated sleigh tinkle merrily, as it passes down the road between Pinchtown and the cemetery. He hears the sound, and says, —

"Aggy, dat rock 's down dar in de road yit. Run out, honey, an' stop dat sleigh."

The firelight has died out. The clouds have left the sky, and the pale

winter moon has risen. A single beam, chill and dim, falls through the grimy little window, and slips slowly over the new blanket, till, touching the dying man's pinched face, it finds a smile there.

He gasps: "Dicey, tell Aggy I'm fur on inter it now. I'm a-gwine ter l'arn it all purty soon."

The early morning traveler to the city, the next day, sees two huge boulders in the middle of the road that is cut in the side of the long hill; and near them, in the snow, lie three or four misshapen splint baskets.

A. C. Gordon.

A STUDY OF EARLY EGOTISM.

ONE of the principal pessimistic fears for the future is that socialism and other deplorable *isms* will confirm the conditions of modern civilization which destroy all individuality. More than forty years ago John Stuart Mill pointed out the growing insignificance of the individual and the increasing importance of the masses. Inevitable as these conditions seem, it is difficult to be reconciled to them. Perhaps they may be made to appear just a trifle less unendurable by a knowledge of what life was when each man's individuality was strong and the masses were not. Once brought face to face with the consequences of the religion of enmity, as Herbert Spencer calls it, — that is, the doctrine of every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, — it is easier to accept the predicted results of the religion of amity, the doctrine of every man for his neighbor.

Whoever has considered the subject must agree with Mill that, according to our standard, "there is no more accurate test of the progress of civilization than the progress of the power of coöpera-

tion." That being granted, it must also be admitted that the morals evolved in the course of this development tend more and more to the full acceptance of the doctrine of amity. How can there be coöperation unless men are willing to work with and for one another? That as yet, however, the doctrine has been only partially accepted is a fact beyond dispute. Hitherto there has always been among civilized peoples a conflict between the two opposing doctrines. But though the conflict still continues, it cannot be denied that the time when the doctrine of amity will have conquered, when men in their relations to one another will be governed not by law, but by love, is looked forward to as the ideal end of civilization. This being the case, it logically follows that states of society in which the doctrine of enmity, or the rule of egoism, is supreme must, to civilized men, seem the very lowest possible to humanity.

Mr. Lang, in his *Custom and Myth*, says, "The study of the mental condition of savages is really the foundation of

a scientific mythology." So also it may be said that a study of their moral state is the basis of scientific sociology. It is among them that the individual has most power, and therefore that the doctrine of enmity is found in its most perfect form. This should help to reconcile the nineteenth-century cynic to his surroundings, since it is to savage life and culture he must look for the origins of civilization. There can be little doubt that as savages are now, so were our primitive ancestors in past ages. The supremacy of the individual among the former is so self-evident that it hardly calls for proof. "As any people approach the condition of savages or slaves," Mill writes, "so are they incapable of acting in concert." Moreover, if it be true, as we know it to be, that in proportion as men work together the masses acquire power, the converse of the proposition must also hold good: where there is the smallest possible division of labor, such as missionaries and travelers testify exists among savages, there will the individual be strongest. But more direct evidence is to be had in the belief of wild tribes, like the Comanche Indians, that every man should be a law unto himself, because the Great Spirit gave each the privilege of free and unrestrained use of his individual faculties; or in the approved conduct and deified qualities of New Zealanders and West Africans; or, to descend still further in the human scale, in the apparent incapacity of the lowest savages — Fuegians and Western Australians, for example — to reach even the social level of elephants and monkeys. It may be objected that the savage sacrifices individuality when he burdens himself with chiefs, sorcerers, and custom, the latter being to him a more inexorable tyrant than is Worth or æstheticism to a modern slave. But his submission in these cases is the result, not of coöperation with his fellow-beings, but of his stern necessities as an indi-

vidual. He can be a law unto himself to a limited extent only. Certain of his actions, whether he will it or no, are regulated by circumstances stronger than he. Thus, averse as he may be to effort or exertion of any kind, he must at times go in search of food, if he would not die of hunger; he must make weapons of defense, if he would not fall a prey to wild beasts or human enemies. In like manner, he bows before his chief to escape torture, or perhaps death; he respects the command of the sorcerer that he may not be bewitched; he yields to the requirements of custom to save himself from being socially ostracized. He is unconscious that these are evils of his own creation, and would no more think of defying them than of evading the laws of hunger and thirst. Paradoxical as it may sound, the truth is that where men do not coöperate, but each acts for himself, there will the individual have least liberty.

The inevitable outcome of this individuality is egotism. It would be foolish to assert the complete disinterestedness of civilized man. Not even the most optimistic could think the capitalist invests his money entirely for the benefit of the people, or the politician seeks office solely for the good of his country. But if we have not yet fully adopted the doctrine of amity, we are at least conscious that it should be ours. The savage, for his part, would laugh at it as preposterous, there being just this difference between his selfishness and that of the modern American or Englishman: the latter strives to conceal where the former thinks there is nothing to be ashamed of. Again to quote Mill: "The savage cannot bear to sacrifice for any purpose the satisfaction of his individual will. His social cannot even temporarily prevail over his selfish feelings, nor his impulses bend to his calculations." He is, in a word, the personification of egotism. The new school of moralists teaches that individuals must

be selfish in some things, that they may in the end be of more use to their fellow-beings. The savage doctrine is, Be selfish in all things, that you may be of use to yourself. In the highest moral creeds there enters the idea of self-sacrifice; the lowest have for principle the sacrifice of others. In the former, virtue and vice in the individual cannot be considered apart from his social relations; in the latter, they are entirely independent of these relations. The savage knows no good or evil save that which is good or evil to him personally. Hence his conception of evil is the very basest, the lowest rung in the moral ladder.

This assertion of savage egotism may at first seem too unqualified. It has often been demonstrated, not alone by eighteenth-century sentimentalists, that some savages possess characteristics and customs that civilized man would do well to emulate. It is this which bewilders many students of savage life. Accounts of missionaries and travelers are strangely at variance. In one book a savage is an angel, in another a fiend. But these apparent inconsistencies are easily explained. That which Mr. Wallace calls justice is really instinct. The hideous cruelties public opinion approves show how utterly deficient is the savage's sense of his neighbor's right. When Mr. Wallace and other travelers dwell with eloquence on the peace and friendliness in which some families and tribes live together, they forget that men, as well as animals, are governed by natural laws, — that the same, to them inexplicable, phenomenon occurs among all the higher species of beasts and birds. That which they would accept as absolute necessity in the animal kingdom, they look upon as deliberate virtue in the human world. It is not virtue, but nature, that keeps bees at peace within their hives, no matter how ready they are to sting the passer-by. Special merit is not attributed to sheep because they

flock together. In the savage, as in the bee and the sheep, there is a strong instinct that insures the survival of the race together with that of the individual. It must be remembered that the doctrine of enmity does not imply that every man is forever fighting every other man. It means simply that that which benefits the individual being held by him to be good, and that which injures him evil, his well-being is his standard of right and wrong. The savage whose conduct is a confession of belief in this doctrine will commit a crime or perform a good action, provided it can benefit him, with equal willingness. What the result of this action will be to others is a matter of complete indifference to him. He is virtuous or vicious as it suits his own convenience. His realization of this fact Mr. Williams, the missionary, gives as a reason for the Fijian being always armed: "His own heart tells him that no one could trust him and be safe, whence he infers that his own security consists in universal mistrust of others." In almost every case it will be found that his virtues are purely negative. A Papuan is kind and friendly when life goes well with him, but he is turned into a wild beast by opposition or oppression. An Esquimaux is all politeness when it serves his purpose, but he becomes, as Mr. Tylor has demonstrated in treating this very subject, foul and brutal when he has nothing to expect or fear. The Australian, now cruel and heartless, is again affectionate and generous. "The higher classes of Malay," according to Mr. Wallace himself, "are exceedingly polite, and have all the quiet ease and dignity of the best bred Europeans. Yet this is compatible with a reckless cruelty and contempt of human life which is the dark side of their character."

The truth is, tribal and family relations are friendly only so long as it is to the advantage of the individual savage that they should be so. Were they based,

not upon natural necessity, but upon a sense of justice, he would not be so much quicker than the civilized sufferer to solve the problem of a surplus population. Parental virtue is soon exhausted if the family increase too rapidly; brotherly love extends but to the useful members of the community. Of course there are tribes who do not rid themselves of children and old people, but they are the exception. The Hottentots, "the most friendly, the most liberal, and the most obedient people to one another that ever appeared upon earth," are given to infanticide, and they confine aged men and women of the village in a solitary hut, to die of hunger or age, or else to be devoured by wild beasts. The Fijians are kind and dutiful to their parents until the latter grow old, when sons and daughters cheerfully bury them alive. Australians not only abandon the old, but turn them to good use by eating them. The list, however, is endless. New Zealanders and Tahitians, North and South American Indians, are no better in these respects than Hottentots, Fijians, and Australians. Even when savages do not thus dispose of old and young, the fact can hardly be brought forward as a proof of their disinterested love for one another. The civilized man, who simply leaves his family and friends alone, is not exalted on that account for his benevolence; the absence of certain vices not necessarily establishing the presence of their opposite virtues.

That the savage has no respect for human life based upon a sense of his neighbor's right is clearly proved by his selfish cruelty, not merely in this one particular, but in all his social relations. When murder is a means to further his own gain, he never hesitates to commit it. Why should he? Suffering is not an evil unless he be the sufferer; conquest is a great good if he be the conqueror. Sometimes his murders and battles can be referred to the inevitable struggle for

existence; but as a rule their sole object is the gratification of personal ambition or caprice. Nor does the savage seek to disguise his motives. The Inquisitor made religion his excuse; the dynamiter throws his bomb in the name of liberty. But the Sioux murders men, women, and children simply that he may have a goodly number of feathers in his cap; the Dyak of Borneo, that he may present his bride with a human head, without which the ceremony of marriage cannot take place. According to Nicolo Conti, writing in 1430, the inhabitant of Java and Sumatra tried a new sword by thrusting it into the breast of the first person he met; according to Mr. Williams, the Fijian is consecrated and given the complimentary name *Koroi* for killing women and children during his wars. One Indian mentioned by Schoolcraft murdered Dr. Madison just "to see how pretty he fall off his horse;" another killed the Americans who had just given him tobacco and presents because, when he went out hunting, he did not like to return without shooting something. Fuegians kill and eat their women in preference to their dogs because "dogs catch otters." The Australian hunter who comes home without game devours his wife. Perhaps civilized man will not cease to be cruel until the coming of the socialists' millennium. But he no longer glories in his cruelty. He may go on inventing weapons of warfare more terrible than the savage ever dreamed of, but he shrinks from using them. Europe still maintains her huge standing armies, but she has her Red Cross soldiers as well. In times of peace, if prisoners are made and criminals hanged, it is not because enemies must be avenged, but because the well-being of the community must be insured. But the savage warrior, murderer, or captor manifests such inhuman joy in his deed, such unspeakable lust of blood, that the very word "savage" has come to be synonymous with cruelty. The ingenious tor-

tures of Inquisitors dwindle into insignificance when compared with those of the Red Indian; the nineteenth-century dynamiter is less indiscriminate in his choice of victims than the Faà, the cannibal of West Africa. The Australian, sharpening his spear before the fire, sings with glee:—

“I'll spear his liver,
I'll spear his lights,
I'll spear his heart,
I'll spear his thigh!”

The Fijian chief Tanoa devoured his cousin limb by limb, while the poor victim literally watched the progress of the meal of which he was the principal dish. New Zealanders eat their prisoners of war with great rejoicings, in honor of the gods. Dyak huts are ornamented with skulls of the murdered; Indian wigwams with their scalps. One could fill pages with these horrors. Surely the placid monotony that will come with socialism is better than the excitement that has hitherto characterized the reign of the individual.

There are exceptions, of course. But it may as well be said here that it is the rule, and not the exception, with which this paper is concerned; and the rule unquestionably is that when necessity obliges the savage to sacrifice others for his own advantage, he is only too ready to do so. Furthermore, when he is not forced to extremes, his want of consideration reveals itself in his utter indifference to the feelings and comfort of his fellow-men. He is passively as well as actively an egotist. He cannot understand that the desire to relieve the misery and supply the needs of his neighbor can be a motive for action. “When a man is in distress, let them take him,” is an Oji proverb; and “the distress referred to,” Captain Burton explains, “is capture by enemies, and the proverb means, ‘The distress of others is no concern of yours; do not trouble yourself about it.’” He elsewhere describes the East African as openly and recklessly

egotistic, without gratitude or hospitality, wretchedly parsimonious, grudging food to animals. “He will refuse a mouthful of water out of his own abundance to a man dying of thirst; utterly unsympathizing, he will not stretch out a hand to save another’s goods, though worth thousands of dollars.” “A nephew,” according to the New Zealand saying, “cannot be depended on in time of trouble; instead of crossing the river to help you, he’ll stand still on the other side whilst you are killed.” “The Esquimaux,” Sir John Lubbock writes, “give away nothing themselves without expecting to receive as much again, and, being unable to imagine any other line of conduct, are naturally very deficient in gratitude. . . . Though not cruel, the Esquimaux seem to be a somewhat heartless people. They do not indeed feel any actual pleasure in the infliction of pain, but they will take little trouble to remove or relieve suffering.” To multiply instances would be needless repetition.

Mr. Wallace, in writing of the Dyaks of Borneo, wonders if, when a wider division of labor and more complicated social state take the place of their present simple conditions, their happiness as a whole will not be diminished, and if evil passions will not be aroused by the spirit of competition. Modern, social, and labor systems are not unmitigated blessings, and yet their results in the main are happier than those of savage equality and independent labor. The Dyaks may be an exception, and their existence the ideal state longed for by eighteenth-century philosophers; but the picture of savage communities living under the same conditions is as a rule that of laziness and shiftlessness, drunkenness and destruction, dirt and misery. Radically wrong as are our arbitrary laws regulating work, they are better than the law of individual choice governing the great majority of savages, in obedience to which the individual works if it seems

good to him to work, and loafs if he does not look for immediate return from his labor. Even Mr. Wallace, reason as he might in the Malay Archipelago, in South America realized that a division of labor would be of material assistance to the wilder Indian, who "is all his life earning a scanty supply of clothing in a country where food may be had almost for nothing." The East African will make no exertion unless he is hungry. "When a slave becomes a free man, he will drink rain-water," is another Oji proverb, of which this is Captain Burton's explanation: "because other water must be fetched from a distance. I commend," he adds, "this truly African proverb — showing that the *emancipado* is incapable of moderation in the use of his liberty — to the consideration of all real philanthropists. It is to see that if a man will not labor even for his own wants, they do him a service who compel him to work." While this argument may not be thought to justify slavery, it certainly demonstrates that a social system like ours, in which no man's work is altogether independent of that of his fellow-men, has its advantages.

Perhaps it is in the religion of savages that their egotism is best set forth. It is only among them that belief in the doctrine of enmity is expressed theoretically in their religion and practically in their lives at one and the same time. The brutal egotists of feudalism denounced it in theory, the God in whom they believed having given them as a second commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," but they adhered to it in practice. On the other hand, the old doctrine survived in the myths of civilized Greece and Rome, but philosophers and people had long ceased to uphold it. It has been said that the moral element is little represented in the religion of the lower races. Mr. Tylor declares that "the lower animism is not immoral, it is *unmoral*," and therefore

thinks it desirable to keep the discussion of animism separate from that of ethics. But this is quite impossible, since the very absence of the moral element has its ethical value. The religion of savages, when it is not a foreign importation, is necessarily a direct outgrowth, and consequently a reflection, of their thoughts and feelings, their beliefs and ideals. It is the first expression they give to their rude conceptions, not merely of nature, but of conduct also. If, as with themselves, so with their gods and heroes, good and evil mean nothing but personal advantage and disadvantage, the latter must be, from an ethical as well as a mythological standpoint, of the utmost interest to modern pessimists.

The word "religion" is made to bear so many meanings it will be well at once to explain its exact significance here. Missionaries and travelers, from whom much of our knowledge of savages is derived, have declared that many wild races are entirely without religion. But they practically define the word as a belief or form of worship which recognizes a supreme being of good; and this, naturally, they have not found among Australians and Fuegians, Veddahs and Dyaks. In its broadest sense, however, religion should include all theories and doctrines, no matter how childish and puerile they may be thought, which seek to explain the hidden and unknown forces of nature by ascribing them to supernatural sources. Accepted in this sense, — and for the present purpose it is so accepted, — scarcely a savage race can be said to be without religion.

All known tribes have attained that degree of mental development when man begins to account for the workings of nature. Totally ignorant of natural laws, they have no data from which to reason save their limited experience and observation; and consequently, in their scheme of the universe as in their commonplace every-day life, they can see but personal motives and action. They

animate everything, even objects civilized men call inanimate, and thus surround themselves with countless spiritual beings. In the very lowest stages of religion, these are usually the souls of the dead. Gradually independent spirits are evolved, animism eventually developing into personification. The savage, whose own welfare is the one end of his existence, has learnt by experience to look out for it. He can answer for the blessings of life, or, as Lubbock puts it, he thinks they come of themselves. But the evils are the work of others. Sometimes they are easily enough accounted for. He has not far to hunt for the human enemy who wounds him in battle or destroys his hut or village, and against whom he knows well enough how to be on his guard. But again, there are evils quite as unbearable, and therefore to be as carefully guarded against, — hideous nightmares and equally hideous indigestions, disease and death, — which he cannot refer to any visible agent. That they are the natural results of natural causes is a fact beyond his mental grasp. "How can I alone be ill when others are well, unless I have been bewitched?" asks the East African. It is in endeavoring to discover the invisible foe responsible for these mysterious ills, in order that he may know how best to defend himself, that he is first led to consider natural forces and his relations to them. Thus, in the very beginning evil proves an incentive to good, since in his theories, rude though they be, are the germs of all religion, philosophy, and science. It may safely be asserted that had man never suffered he never would have thought.

The savage, understanding none but selfish motives for conduct, attributes them to spiritual beings, and, his own good being too frequently evil for others, naturally supposes their influence over men to be unfriendly. True, they are not invariably malevolent. Occa-

sionally they have their good traits. In Tanna, the chiefs deified after death protect the finest trees; in New Zealand, they intercede with the higher deities for their living brothers. Madagascar ghosts, terrible as they are, have been known to soften; the *amatango* lead the Zulus to victory; and these are not the only exceptions. But it must be borne in mind that the savage, despite his unrestrained selfishness, often shows excellent qualities, and can be exemplary in his family relations. The spiritual beings in whom he believes, whether they be souls of the dead, independent spirits, or gods, like himself are indifferent to everything but their own impulses, enjoyments, and comforts; and, as with him, this indifference results at times in actions beneficial to man, though oftener in deeds inimical to him. Polynesian chiefs and African ancestors may be benevolent as ghosts, but one paragraph from Mr. Tylor's *Primitive Culture* proves that all spirits are not as amiable. "It is quite usual," he says, "for savage tribes to live in terror of the souls of the dead as harmful spirits. The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New Zealanders have supposed the souls of the dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life." From this it appears that the distinctions of caste are preserved in the New Zealander's world to come, the ordinary man there being on a very different footing from the chief. "The Caribs said that, of man's various souls, some go to the seashore and capsize boats, others to the forest to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost's vengeance has been found to act as a check on murder. Of some tribes in Central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the chief characteristic of these ghosts is to do harm to the living. The

Patagonians lived in terror of the souls of their wizards, which became evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of North Asia fear their shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits who are hurtfullest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings."

The pure spirits are no better than the ghosts. The Karen's slumbers are disturbed, not because his deeds cry for vengeance, but because a spirit has chosen his stomach for a seat. The Australian falls a victim to small-pox, not because a certain Budyah objects to his vices, but because he is a spirit of mischief who enjoys a practical joke. The New Zealander suffers from illness when his heart and liver seem a tempting dish to Atona. The Indians of the Amazon Valley died when Juruparù ceased to vent his anger in thunder and to kill the moon, and turned his attention to poor mortals. The examples that could be brought forward are endless. That disease and death are caused by spirits is believed by East and West Africans, by Paraguay Indians and Esquimaux, by Tahitians and Australians. There is scarcely a savage community where the wizard or sorcerer is not, as with the North American Indians, the only respected medicine-man. The belief that has survived in the folklore of civilized peoples is still with savages one of the chief doctrines of accepted religion.

The difference between ghosts and spirits on the one hand, and definite deities on the other, is that with the latter, attributes being more clearly defined, egotism expresses itself in more pronounced malevolence. This is logical enough: the greater reverence shown to spiritual beings is due to their greater success, and success, according to the savage standard, is measured by the number of victims sacrificed in its attainment. The very functions of Fijian

gods are enough to make their worshippers tremble. The Mpougwes, Captain Burton says, believe in two powers, one of good and one of evil. "They have not only fear of, but also a higher respect for him" (that is, power of evil) "than for the giver of good, so difficult is it for the child-man's mind to connect the ideas of benignity and power. He would harm if he could; *ergo* so would his god." When these same Mpougwes refused to allow Captain Burton to enter the little huts consecrated to an idol, their reason was, "Ologo, he kill man too much." Whenever dualism, as with the Mpougwes, has been developed among inferior races, the evil spirit is as sure to predominate. Mandans and other North American Indians think much more highly of their demons than of the Great Spirit. Indeed, as a rule, when savages believe in and respect a Supreme Being, this belief has its origin in Mohammedan or Christian teaching.

In such theories of spiritual beings, the moral element has no place. Innumerable legends, superstitions, and proverbs demonstrate the thoughtlessness and capriciousness from which arise many of their actions most injurious to man. There are earthquakes, bringing destruction and death to the human race, because the Mother Earth of the Caribs is dancing, or the god Chibchacum of the Chibchas is shifting the world from one shoulder to the other. There are volcano eruptions because the mountain spirits of the Kamchadals are heating the mountains in which they live. But an Ottawa legend throws most light upon the savage method of reasoning in this regard. O-na-wut-agut-o, when he was in the land of the sun and the moon, was on one occasion eager to know how they procured their dinner. He and the sun, walking across the great plain of the sky, came to a hole, through which they looked to the earth. "Do you see," said the sun, "that group of children playing beside a

bridge? Observe that beautiful and active boy;" and as he said this he threw something from his hand. The child fell. The sun commanded the medicine-men, if they would have him get well, to make an offering of a roasted dog. The offering was made; it served for his meal; and the child recovered. Even when the idea of retribution enters into the savage theory of spiritual conduct, the egotism of spiritual motives is as marked. Men are not punished on account of their crimes. How could Ndauthina resent adultery, or Ravuravu murder, in the New Zealander? Would Ologo be apt to take offense on moral grounds if the Mpougwe practices that in which he delights? Punishments are inflicted or rewards bestowed by spiritual powers when their wants and pleasures have been neglected or furthered by their worshipers. The Dacotas were punished by their spirits when they forgot to make feasts for the dead. The Dyaks were stricken by disease when they omitted the customary offering of rags to their tree spirits. The "oki" of a sacred rock gave success to Huron Indians in return for gifts of tobacco. The angry river grew calm when it had received from the Kaffirs the entrails of an ox or a handful of millet.

Again, in the ideas some savages have evolved of a future life is to be seen how little morality has to do with virtues they think are worthy of eternal reward, and vices deserving of eternal punishment. The good deeds of Esquimaux are the taking of many whales and seals, or the being drowned at sea. The Tupinambas who after death will be privileged to dance in beautiful gardens with the souls of their fathers are those who have eaten many of their enemies. It is the Carib who did not go to war who hereafter must dwell in waste and barren lands beyond the mountains.

Were there no stories told of spiritual

beings, their character would be revealed in the form of worship adopted by men who believe in them. As Mr. Andrew Lang says, "early religions are selfish, and not disinterested. The worshiper is not contemplative so much as eager to gain something to his advantage." This advantage, however, is almost always his personal safety, since gods and spirits are equally selfish. They would be as unlikely as he is to confer a favor, unless forced or bribed to do so. Like him, they are not to be turned aside or softened by mere prayers and hymns of praise. Worship of such beings, strictly speaking, is useless. They must be conquered; and if this cannot be done by force, then they must be circumvented by cunning or propitiated with bribes. It would have been more accurate had Mr. Lang declared early religions selfish because both the worshiped and the worshiper are eager to accomplish their own ends. When these conflict, a struggle must ensue. Thus, certain demons, in seeking for their pleasure to devour the sun and moon, threatened thereby to deprive Peruvians, or Caribs, or Chiquitos of the light necessary for the pleasure of the latter; and in consequence, when the huge dogs began their chase of the moon, Chiquitos pursued them in turn with arrows; when Maboya set out upon the same mission, Caribs frightened him away with howls and dances. Often craft is believed to be as effectual as open battle, and this belief is the real explanation of fetichism. Spirits and gods are prevented from fulfilling their evil designs by the presence of some object, — a stone or stick, perhaps, a dead man's or a chicken's bone. The objects used for this purpose, whether by the fetich woman of Congo or her sister of Louisiana, whether by the priest of Borneo or the conjurer of Oregon, are as truly weapons of defense as the modern mitrailleuse or torpedo boat. How they came to be adopted in the struggle is a question apart. The important point

here is that they are held to avert evils of spiritual birth.

The sacrifice offered at a more advanced stage of religious development is as much a bribe as dinners are said to be to temporal powers in the civilized world, while the character of the offering is a witness to the tastes and pleasures ascribed to the spiritual being who receives it. Food was given by the Nicaraguans to the spirit of the Smoking Mountains to quiet her, when the earth heaved or the storm raged. The Fijian brings fruits, turtles, puddings, and oysters unto the altar of his war-god, to purchase his aid in the coming battle. The vile cruelty of New Zealand divinities is established by the fact that slaves and prisoners of war were killed and eaten in their honor. So with the Mother Earth of the Khonds, to whom flesh torn from the victim was offered. That love of sensual pleasure is attributed to almost every being worshiped or feared by savages reveals itself in the food and drink, the Indian corn and bottles of brandy, presented to them. The prayer of the savage is sometimes a mere accompaniment to his sacrifice or libation; at others it is a promise of gifts in the future; occasionally it is an instrument of personal and physical gain, and the savage prays for health, food, fair weather, for success in battle and the confusion of his enemies. Many Christians, when they pray, are equally of the earth, earthy. But appeals to the angels to still the storm, and to saints to cure disease, are survivals of primitive forms of worship. In the purest religions, as in the most perfect ethical code, the central idea is that of self-sacrifice. But even in his fasts and voluntary tortures, so terrible that a Christian Gertrude or Anthony might shrink from them, the savage looks for the something in return, — the mastery of certain spirits or gods, the acquirement of certain powers that will increase his might among men.

In the long struggle against spiritual forces, as in earthly battles, some men show themselves the most successful, and either by their own strength, or by the choice of their weaker brethren, they become recognized leaders in the fight; that is, priests or sorcerers, medicine-men or wizards. Their power once accepted, however, is but another evil to be dreaded. They can command spirits and ghosts and gods, either in behalf of others, or, as happens more frequently, to further personal ambition, and satisfy the desire for revenge. Disease and death are sometimes their work. They bewitch men and cattle; they raise storms and rule the waters. They, too, therefore, have to be propitiated or circumvented by the ordinary savage, to whose comfort their good-will is indispensable. Were he less engrossed with self, he would treat the sorcerer with less respect. The more thoroughly the spirits believed in, the methods of worshipping them, and the priests consecrated to be mediators between them and men are examined, the more clearly will it be seen that the basis of primitive, and hence of all, religion is egotism. Nor should there be anything but encouragement in this fact. When the genuine teachings of Christ and Buddha are considered in connection with it, the student best realizes man's well-nigh unlimited capacity for development.

The same conclusions are arrived at by a study of the heroes of savage tale and legend. There is not space, however, to enter into a detailed analysis of all. The briefest sketch of three of the most typical — the Polynesian Mani, the Zulu Uhlakanyana, and the North American Indian Manabozho — will be sufficient to give additional evidence of the egotistic tendency of savage ideals. Among the Polynesians of New Zealand there is no greater hero than Mani, or, to use the full name which distinguished him from his brothers, Mani-tiki-tiki-a-Taranga. But throughout all his many

and varied adventures selfishness was his chief characteristic. He intercepted his mother's daily flight, that he might gratify his curiosity and discover her home, which she had carefully concealed from her children. He deprived his ancestress of her daily present of food, that he might obtain from her her jaw-bone, by which great enchantments could be wrought. He entrapped the sun, because the day was too short to suit him. Here the story adds, as his reason, the desire that man might have longer days in which to labor for himself. But this is so little in keeping with his usual reasoning that one suspects it to be a late modification. It is more probable that he was eager to make time for others to enable them to do his work as well as their own, for it was immediately after this that he "stopped idly at home, doing nothing, although, indeed, he had to listen to the sulky grumbings of his wives and children at his laziness in not catching fish for them." His other principal exploits had for objects the destruction of all the fire on the earth, the murder of the daughter of Maru-te-whare-aitu, the enchantment of the crops so that they might wither, the transformation of his brother-in-law into a dog.

The stories related of Uhlakanyana differ in incident from those told of Mani as widely as do Zulus from New Zealanders, and yet in inspiration the stories are identical. The Zulu hero, though a dwarf in stature, is, like Mani, a giant of selfishness. Born into the world almost as miraculously as Gargantua, he began immediately the prodigies which had for end his amusement or profit. He cheated the men of his kraal, and took their meat; he fooled his mother, and would not share his food with her. In his journeys he fell in with cannibals, hares, leopards, and from none could he part without his joke at their expense. To escape the cannibals, he served up their mother for

their evening meal, and then, when only a few bones were left, and he was out of reach, he taunted them: "You have been eating your mother all along, ye cannibals!" He promised to tell the hare stories of his prowess, and kept his word by impaling, then roasting and eating him, making a whistle of one of his bones. He feigned friendship with the leopard simply that he might devour first her cubs, and finally herself. After this, the story says, "he went on his travels, for he was a man that did not stay in one place." Neither did Tyll Eulenspiegel, the mediæval player of practical jokes. But Uhlakanyana has not a suggestion of the jollity and humor that redeem in a measure the tricks of an Eulenspiegel or a Panurge. And, on the other hand, he lacks the bravery and sociability that raise Jack the Giant-Killer above the level of a mere selfish adventurer.

The Indian Manabozho, now a god, now a hero, is as beautiful in person as Uhlakanyana is ugly and deformed, but there is little, if any, improvement in his principles. He is a more attractive hero, because he is braver and more sociable. He is not always alone, though his relations with others seldom lead to benevolence. "He soon evinced," says Schoolcraft, "the sagacity, cunning, perseverance, and heroic courage which constitute the admiration of the Indians. And he relied largely upon these in the gratification of an ambitious, vainglorious, and mischief-loving disposition." His career began with his endeavors to slay his own father. It was at the end of the combat between them, a combat during which huge boulders were scattered as if they had been grains of sand, that the conquered West bade Manabozho, "Go and do good to man." The fact that by this counsel Manabozho was pacified, and consented to spare his father, is suggestive of an Indian Christ. The sequel proves that he was but an Indian Mani. The West's wisdom was

probably due to Christian influence, but there can be no doubt of the Indian source of the subsequent incidents. Manabozho's idea, as expressed in his actions, of doing good to others was to deceive and murder them, to take advantage of their friendliness, and to turn their better qualities to his own gain. If he willed good, it is certain that he worked evil. He tried to put an end to his father, and succeeded in killing his grandmother's lover; he destroyed the badger who sheltered him when in danger, and fooled the wolf who gave him a home. The stories told of him are many. But perhaps the most characteristic is that of the banquet, to which he invited all the animals and fowls with great parade of generosity. During the entertainment, bidding his guests dance, and taking up his drum, he directed them to move, with eyes shut, in a circle around him. "They did so. When he saw a fat fowl pass by him, he adroitly wrung off its head, at the same time beating his drum, and singing with

greater vehemence to drown the noise of the fluttering, and crying out in a tone of admiration, 'That's the way, my brothers! that's the way!'" This is hardly the goodness to others preached by Christ and modern philosophers!

It has frequently been said that one unfortunate man finds little comfort in the knowledge that a second is still more unfortunate. However this may be, if he had his choice, he would probably prefer his own misfortune as being of the two the lesser evil. So, though the modern cynic may declare that the inferiority of uncivilized states of society cannot reconcile him to his own social conditions, there is not much doubt that if he, too, were forced to choose between them, he would decide in favor of the socialist, and not of the New Zealander or the Fijian; he would worship at the shrine of Humanity rather than at that of Ravuravu or Ologo; he would accept even Mr. Besant's impossible heroes and heroines in preference to Mani or Manabozho.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

IN ATHENS.

'Mid thirty centuries of dust and mould
 We grope with hopeful heart and eager eye,
 And hail our treasure-trove if we but spy
 A vase, a coin, a sentence carved of old
 On Attic stone. In reverent hands we hold
 Each message from the Past, and fain would try
 Through myriad fragments dimly to descry
 The living glories of the Age of Gold.

Vainest of dreams! This rifled grave contains
 Of Beauty but the crumbled outward grace.
 The spirit that gave it life, Hellenic then,
 Immortal and forever young remains,
 But flits from land to land, from race to race,
 Nor tarries with degenerate slavish men.

William Cranston Lawton.

A WOODLAND INTIMATE.

It is one of the enjoyable features of bird study, as in truth it is of life in general, that so many of its pleasantest experiences have not to be sought after, but befall us by the way ; like rare and beautiful flowers, which are never more welcome than when they smile upon us unexpectedly from the roadside.

One May morning I had spent an hour in a small wood where I am accustomed to saunter, and, coming out into the road on my way home again, fell in with a friend. "Would n't you like to see an oven-bird's nest?" I inquired. He assented, and, turning back, I piloted him to the spot. The little mother sat motionless, just within the door of her comfortable, roofed house, watching us intently, but all unconscious, it is to be feared, of our admiring comments upon her ingenuity and courage. Seeing her thus devoted to her charge, I wondered anew whether she could be so innocent as not to know that one of the eggs on which she brooded with such assiduity was not her own, but had been foisted upon her by a faithless cow-bird. To me, I must confess, it is inexplicable that any bird should be either so unobservant as not to recognize a foreign egg at sight, or so easy-tempered as not to insist on straightway being rid of it ; though this is no more inscrutable, it may be, than for another bird persistently, and as it were on principle, to cast her own offspring upon the protection of strangers ; while this, in turn, is not more mysterious than ten thousand every-day occurrences all about us. After all, it is a wise man that knows what to wonder at ; and the wiser he grows the stronger is likely to become his conviction that, little as may be known, nothing is absolutely unknowable ; that in the world, as in its Author, there is probably "no darkness at all," save as

daylight is dark to owls and bats. I did not see the oven-bird's eggs at this time, however, my tender-hearted companion protesting that their faithful custodian should not be disturbed for the gratification of his curiosity. So we bade her adieu, and went in pursuit of a solitary vireo, just then overheard singing not far off. A few paces brought him into sight, and as we came nearer and nearer he stood quite still on a dead bough, in full view, singing all the while. When my friend had looked him over to his satisfaction, — never having met with such a specimen before, — I set myself to examine the lower branches of the adjacent trees, feeling no doubt, from the bird's significant behavior, that his nest must be somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. Sure enough, it was soon discovered, hanging from near the end of an oak limb ; a typical vireo cup, suspended within the angle of two horizontal twigs, with bits of newspaper wrought into its structure, and trimmed outwardly with some kind of white silky substance. The female was in it (this, too, we might have foreseen with reasonable certainty) ; but when she flew off, it appeared that as yet no eggs were laid. The couple manifested scarce any uneasiness at our investigations, and we soon came away ; stopping, as we left the wood, to spy out the nest of a scarlet tanager, the feminine builder of which was just then busy with giving it some finishing touches.

It had been a pleasant stroll, I thought, — nothing more ; but it proved to be the beginning of an adventure which, to me at least, was in the highest degree novel and interesting.

I ought, perhaps, to premise that the solitary vireo (called also the blue-headed vireo, and the blue-headed greenlet) is strictly a bird of the woods. It belongs

to a distinctively American family, and is one of five species which are more or less abundant as summer residents in Eastern Massachusetts, being itself in most places the least numerous of the five, and, with the possible exception of the white-eye, the most retiring. My own hunting-grounds happen to be one of its favorite resorts (there is none better in the State, I suspect), so that I am pretty certain of having two or three pairs under my eye every season, within a radius of half a mile. I have found a number of nests, also, but till this year had never observed any marked peculiarity of the birds as to timidity or fearlessness. Nor do I now imagine that any such strong race peculiarity exists. What I am to describe I suppose to be nothing more than an accidental and unaccountable idiosyncrasy of the particular bird in question. Such freaks of temperament are more or less familiar to all field naturalists, and may be taken as extreme developments of that individuality which seems to be the birth-right of every living creature, no matter how humble. At this very moment I recall a white-throated sparrow, overtaken some years ago in an unfrequented road, whose tameness was entirely unusual, and, indeed, little short of ridiculous.

Three or four days after the walk just now mentioned I was again in the same wood, and went past the vireos' nest, paying no attention to it beyond noting that one of the birds, presumed to be the female, was on duty. But the next morning, as I saw her again, it occurred to me to make an experiment. So, quitting the path suddenly, I walked as rapidly as possible straight up to the nest, a distance of perhaps three rods, giving her no chance to slip off, with the hope of escaping unperceived. The plan worked to a charm, or so I flattered myself. When I came to a standstill my eyes were within a foot or two of hers; in fact, I could get no nearer without

running my head against the branch; yet she sat quiet, apparently without a thought of being driven from her post, turning her head this way and that, but making no sound, and showing not the least sign of anything like distress. A mosquito buzzed about my face, and I brushed it off. Still she sat undisturbed. Then I placed my hand against the bottom of the nest. At this she half rose to her feet, craning her neck to see what was going on, but the moment I let go she settled back upon her charge. Surprised and delighted, I had no heart to pursue the matter further, and turned away; declaring to myself that, notwithstanding I had half promised a scientific friend the privilege of "taking" the nest, such a thing should now never be done with my consent. Before I could betray a confidence like this, I must be a more zealous ornithologist or a more unfeeling man, — or both at once. Science ought to be encouraged, of course, but not to the outraging of honor and common decency.

On the following day, after repeating such amenities as I had previously indulged in, I put forth my hand as if to stroke the bird's plumage; seeing which, she raised her beak threateningly and emitted a very faint deprecatory note, which would have been inaudible at the distance of a few yards. At the same time she opened and shut her bill, not snappishly, but slowly, — a nervous action, simply, it seemed to me.

Twenty-four hours later I called again, and was so favorably received that, besides taking hold of the nest, as before, I brushed her tail feathers softly. Then I put my hand to her head, on which she pecked my finger in an extremely pretty, gentle way, — more like kissing than biting, — and made use of the low murmuring sounds just now spoken of. Her curiosity was plainly wide awake. She stretched her neck to the utmost to look under the nest, getting upon her feet for the purpose, till I expected every

moment to see her slip away ; but presently she grew quiet again, and I withdrew, leaving her in possession.

By this time a daily interview had come to be counted upon as a matter of course, by me certainly, and, for aught I know, by the vireo as well. On my next visit I stroked the back of her head, allowed her to nibble the tip of my finger, and was greatly pleased with the matter-of-fact manner in which she captured an insect from the side of the nest, while leaning out to oversee my manoeuvres. Finally, on my offering to lay my left hand upon her, she quit her seat, and perched upon a twig, fronting me ; and when I put my finger to her bill she flew off. Even now she made no outcry, however, but fell immediately to singing in tones of absolute good-humor, and before I had gone four rods from the tree was back again upon the eggs. Of these, I should have said, there were four, — the regular complement, — all her own. Expert as cow-birds are at running a blockade, it would have puzzled the shrewdest of them to smuggle anything into a nest so sedulously guarded.

Walking homeward, I bethought myself how foolish I had been not to offer my little *protégée* something to eat. Accordingly, in the morning, before starting out, I filled a small box with leaves from the garden rose-bush, which, as usual, had plenty of plant-lice upon it. Armed in this manner, — as perhaps no ornithologist ever went armed before, — I approached the nest, and to my delight saw it still unharmed (I never came in sight of it without dreading to find it pillaged) ; but just as I was putting my hand into my pocket for the box, off started the bird. Here was a disappointment indeed ; but in the next breath I assured myself that the recreant must be the male, who for once had been spelling his companion. So I fell back a little, and in a minute or less one of the pair went on to brood. This was the

mother, without question, and I again drew near. True enough, she welcomed me with all her customary politeness. No matter what her husband might say, she knew better than to distrust an inoffensive, kind-hearted gentleman like myself. Had I not proved myself such time and again ? So I imagined her to be reasoning. At all events, she sat quiet and unconcerned ; apparently more unconcerned than her visitor, for, to tell the truth, I was so anxious for the success of this crowning experiment that I actually found myself trembling. However, I opened my store of dainties, wet the tip of my little finger, took up an insect, and held it to her mandibles. For a moment she seemed not to know what it was, but soon she picked it off and swallowed it. The second one she seized promptly, and the third she reached out to anticipate, exactly as a tame canary might have done. Before I could pass her the fourth she stepped out of the nest, and took a position upon the branch beside it ; but she accepted the morsel, none the less. And an extremely pretty sight it was, — a wild wood bird perched upon a twig and feeding from a man's finger !

She would not stay for more, but flew to another bough ; whereupon I resumed my ramble, and, as usual, she covered the eggs again before I could get out of sight. When I returned, in half an hour or thereabouts, I proffered her a mosquito, which I had saved for that purpose. She took it, but presently let it drop. It was not to her taste, probably, for shortly afterward she caught one herself, as it came fluttering near, and discarded that also ; but she ate the remainder of my rose-bush parasites, though I was compelled to coax her a little. Seemingly, she felt that our proceedings were more or less irregular, if not positively out of character. Not that she betrayed any symptoms of nervousness or apprehension, but she repeatedly turned away her head, as if determined

to refuse all further overtures. In the end, nevertheless, as I have said, she ate the very last insect I had to give her.

During the meal she did something which as a display of nonchalance was really amazing. The eggs got misplaced, in the course of her twisting about, and after vainly endeavoring to rearrange them with her feet, as I had seen her do on several occasions, she ducked her head into the nest, clean out of sight under her feathers, and set matters to rights with her beak. I was as near to her as I could well be, without having her actually in my hand, yet she deliberately put herself entirely off guard, apparently without the slightest misgiving!

Fresh from this adventure, and all aglow with pleasurable excitement, I met a friend in the city, a naturalist of repute, and one of the founders of the American Ornithologists' Union. Of course I regaled him with an account of my wonderful vireo (he was the man to whom I had half promised the nest); and on his expressing a wish to see her, I invited him out for the purpose that very afternoon. I smile to remember how full of fears I was, as he promptly accepted the invitation. The bird, I declared to myself, would be like the ordinary baby, who, as everybody knows, is never so stupid as when its fond mother would make a show of it before company. Yesterday it was so bright and cunning! Never was baby like it. Yesterday it did such and such unheard-of things; but to-day, alas, it will do nothing at all. However, I put on a bold face, filled my pen-box with rose-leaves, exchanged my light-colored hat for the black one in which my pet had hitherto seen me, furnished my friend with a field-glass, and started with him for the wood. The nest was occupied (I believe I never found it otherwise), and, stationing my associate in a favorable position, I marched up to it, when, lo, the bird at once took wing. This was

nothing to be disconcerted about, the very promptness of the action making it certain that the sitter must have been the male. The pair were both in sight, and the female would doubtless soon fill the place which her less courageous lord had deserted. So it turned out, and within a minute everything was in readiness for a second essay. This proved successful. The first insect was instantly laid hold of, whereupon I heard a suppressed exclamation from behind the field-glass. When I rejoined my friend, having exhausted my supplies, nothing would do but he must try something of the kind himself. Accordingly, seizing my hat, which dropped down well over his ears, he made up to the tree. The bird pecked his finger familiarly, and before long he came rushing back to the path, exclaiming that he must find something with which to feed her. After overturning two or three stones he uncovered an ant's nest, and, moistening his forefinger, thrust it into a mass of eggs. With these he hastened to the vireo. She helped herself to them eagerly, and I could hear him counting, "One, two, three, four," and so on, as she ate mouthful after mouthful.

Now, then, he wished to examine the contents of the nest, especially as it was the first of its kind which he had ever seen out-of-doors. But the owner was set upon not giving him the opportunity. He stroked her head, brushed her wings, and, as my note-book puts it, "poked her generally;" and still she kept her place. Finally, as he stood on one side of her and I on the other, we pushed the branch down, down, till she was fairly under our noses. Then she stepped off; but even now, it was only to alight on the very next twig, and face us calmly; and we had barely started away before we saw her again on duty. Brave bird! My friend was exceedingly pleased, and I not less so; though the fact of her making no difference between us was something of a shock to

my self-conceit, endeavor as I might to believe that she had welcomed him, if not in my stead, yet at least as my friend. What an odd pair we must have looked in her eyes! Possibly she had heard of the new movement for the protection of American song-birds, and took us for representatives of the Audubon Society.

Desiring to make some fresh experiment, I set out the next morning with a little water and a teaspoon, in addition to my ordinary outfit of rose-leaves. The mother bird was at home, and without hesitation dipped her bill into the water, — the very first solitary vireo, I dare be bound, that ever drank out of a silver spoon! Afterwards I gave her the insects, of which she swallowed twenty-four as fast as I could pick them up. Evidently she was hungry, and appreciated my attentions. There was nothing whatever of the coquettishness which she had sometimes displayed. On the contrary, she leaned forward to welcome the tidbits, one by one, quite as if it were the most natural thing in the world for birds to be waited upon in this fashion by their human admirers. Toward the end, however, a squirrel across the way set up a loud bark, and she grew nervous; so that when it came to the twenty-fifth louse, which was the last I could find, she was too much pre-occupied to care for it.

At this point a mosquito stung my neck, and, killing it, I held it before her. She snapped at it in a twinkling, but retained it between her mandibles. Whether she would finally have swallowed it I am not able to say (and so must leave undecided a very interesting and important question in economic ornithology), for just then I remembered a piece of banana with which I had been meaning to tempt her. Of this she tasted at once, and, as I thought, found it good; for she transfixed it with her bill, and, quitting her seat, carried it away and deposited it on a branch. But instead

of eating it, as I expected to see her do, she fell to fly-catching, while her mate promptly appeared, and as soon as opportunity offered took his turn at brooding. My eyes, meanwhile, had not kept the two distinct, and, supposing that the mother had returned, I stepped up to offer her another drink, but had no sooner filled the spoon than the fellow took flight. At this the female came to the rescue again, and unhesitatingly entered the nest. It was a noble reproof, I thought; well deserved, and very handsomely administered. "Oh, you cowardly dear," I fancied her saying, "he'll not hurt you. See me, now! I'm not afraid. He's queer, I know; but he means well."

I should have mentioned that while the squirrel was barking she uttered some very pretty *sotto voce* notes of two kinds, — one like what I have often heard, and one entirely novel.

A man ought to have lived with such a creature, year in and out, and seen it under every variety of mood and condition, before imagining himself possessed of its entire vocabulary. For who doubts that birds, also, have their more sacred and intimate feelings, their esoteric doctrines and experiences, which are not proclaimed upon the tree-top, but spoken under breath, in all but inaudible twitters? Certainly this pet of mine on sundry occasions whispered into my ear things which I had never heard before, and as to the purport of which, in my ignorance of the vireonian tongue, I could only conjecture. For my own part, I am through with thinking that I have mastered all the notes of any bird, even the commonest.

I wondered, by the bye, whether my speech was as unintelligible to the greenlet as hers was to me. I trust, at all events, that she divined a meaning in the tones, however she may have missed the words; for I never called without telling her how much I admired her spirit. She was all that a bird ought

to be, I assured her, good, brave, and handsome; and should never suffer harm, if I could help it. Alas! although, as the apostle says, I loved "not in word, but in deed and in truth," yet when the pinch came I was somewhere else, and all my promises went for nothing.

Our intercourse was nearing its end. It was already the 10th of June, and on the 12th I was booked for a journey. During my last visit but one it gratified me not a little to perceive that the wife's example and reproof had begun to tell upon her mate. He happened to be in the nest as I came up, and sat so unconcerned while I made ready to feed him that I took it for granted I was dealing with the female, till at the last moment he slipped away. I stepped aside for perhaps fifteen feet, and waited briefly, both birds in sight. Then the lady took her turn at sitting, and I proceeded to try again. She behaved like herself, made free with a number of insects, and then, all at once, for no reason that I could guess at, she sprang out of the nest, and alighted on the ground within two yards of my feet, and almost before I could realize what had occurred was up in the tree. I had my eyes upon her, determined, if possible, to keep the pair distinct, and succeeded, as I believed, in so doing. Pretty soon the male (unless I was badly deceived) went to the nest with a large insect in his bill, and stood for some time beside it, eating and chattering. Finally he dropped upon the eggs, and, seeing him grown thus unsuspecting, I thought best to test him once more. This time he kept his seat, and with great condescension ate two of my plant-lice. But there he made an end. Again and again I put the third one to his mouth; but he settled back obstinately into the nest, and would have none of it. For once, as it seemed, he could be brave; but he was not to be coddled, or treated like a baby, — or a female. There were good rea-

sons, of course, for his being less hungry than his mate, and consequently less appreciative of such favors as I had to bestow; but it was very amusing to see how tightly he shut his bill, as if his mind were made up, and no power on earth should shake it.

If any inquisitive person raises the question whether I am absolutely certain of this bird's being the male, I must answer in the negative. The couple were dressed alike, as far as I could make out, save that the female was much the more brightly washed with yellow on the sides of the body; and my present discrimination of them was based upon close attention to this point, as well as upon my careful and apparently successful effort not to confuse the two, after the one which I knew to be the female (the one, that is, which had done most of the sitting, and had all along been so very familiar), had joined the other among the branches. I had no downright proof, it must be acknowledged, nor could I have had any without killing and dissecting the bird; but my own strong conviction was and is that the male had grown fearless by observing my treatment of his spouse, but from some difference of taste, or, more probably, for lack of appetite, found himself less taken than she had commonly been with my rather meagre bill of fare.

This persuasion, it cannot be denied, was considerably shaken the next morning, when I paid my friends a parting call. The father bird, forgetful of his own good example of the day before, and mindless of all the proprieties of such a farewell occasion, slipped incontinently from the eggs just as I was removing the cover from my pen-box. Well, he missed the last opportunity he was likely ever to have of breakfasting from a human finger. So ignorant are birds, no less than men, of the day of their visitation! Before I could get away, — while I was yet within two yards of the nest, — the other bird has-

tened to occupy the vacant place. *She* knew what was due to so considerate and well-tried a friend, if her partner did not. The little darling! As soon as she was well in position I stepped to her side, opened my treasures, and gave her, one by one, twenty-six insects (all I had), which she took with avidity, reaching forward again and again to anticipate my motions. Then I stole a last look at the four pretty eggs, having almost to force her from the nest for that purpose, bade her good-by, and came away, sorry enough to leave her; forecasting, as I could not help doing, the slight probability of finding her again on my return, and picturing to myself all the winsome, motherly ways which she would be certain to develop as soon as the little ones were hatched.

Within an hour I was speeding to-

ward the Green Mountains. There, in those ancient Vermont forests, I saw and heard other solitary vireos, but none that treated me as my Melrose pair had done. Noble and gentle spirits! though I were to live a hundred years, I should never see their like again.

The remainder of the story is, unhappily, soon told. I was absent a fortnight, and on getting back went at once to the sacred oak. Alas! there was nothing but a severed branch to show where the vireos' nest had hung. The cut looked recent; I was thankful for that. Perhaps the "collector," whoever he was, had been kind enough to wait till the owners of the house were done with it, before he carried it away. Let us hope so, at all events, for the peace of his own soul, as well as for the sake of the birds.

Bradford Torrey.

AN OLD BOOK.

IN these days of cheap books and free libraries it is difficult to realize the status of books seven or eight hundred years ago. Copies of wills and deeds of gift in the record office, the muniments of monasteries, and old charters of all sorts bear witness that books were very real property, were regarded as precious bequests, and as such secured with all the stringency that law could enforce.

The tide of time, which sweeps away so many treasures, has left in the safe harbor of the British Museum a single book from one of the most ancient libraries in London. Four other volumes of the library of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, are on record (three of them are mentioned in a deed now in St. Paul's Cathedral), but the manuscript before us is the only book known to be extant of that twelfth-

century library. It has just appeared in modern type, and its title-page runs thus: "The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's Church in London, sometime belonging to the Priory of the same, in West Smithfield. Edited from the Original Manuscript by Norman Moore, M. D., F. R. C. P., and Assistant Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. 1886." The editor tells us in his introduction that the manuscript contains two versions of the same work, the first in Latin, the second in English (which he has carefully collated); and though there is no colophon, giving names and dates of author or transcriber, he has found it possible to determine, by internal evidence, both the composer and the period of the composition, as well as the proximate date of the English version, which coincides with that of the present copy of the original work.

The author was one of the thirty-five canons of the Augustinian order who formed the community of the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It appears that he was living in the reign of Henry II., during the priorate of Thomas, successor to Rahere, the founder. Rahere died in 1143, Thomas in 1174. These dates, and those furnished by ecclesiastical chronology of the popes mentioned in the work as donors of privileges to the priory, completely authenticate the period in which this pious canon wrote his history.

As the first stone arrowhead picked up in the valley of the Somme pointed to the prehistoric harvest which has yielded such wonderful fruits, so this old manuscript survival of a stratum of human life (not yet quite submerged) in monastic days points to some of the noblest and holiest features of those grand old foundations to which the culture and civilization of Europe are so deeply indebted. The incidental allusions which throw light on the conditions of life in London in the reign of Henry II. are of genuine historical interest.

The editor thus sums up his researches respecting the author and his book:—

“It was composed in the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, between the death of Prior Thomas and that of King Henry II., that is, between the years 1174 and 1189, and its author was an Augustinian canon of the priory. He wore a white rochet with a great black cloak and hood, like those upon the effigy on Rahere’s tomb, and he kept the canonical hours in the beautiful Norman church which is all that is now left of his beloved priory. He was as familiar with our hospital as we are, and the first reports of cases admitted into it are contained in his pages. Adwyne was the name of the first of these reported patients, and he seems to have suffered from long-continued muscular debility, such as is sometimes seen in patients af-

ter a long-continued acute illness. The canon wrote in Latin, in a good twelfth-century style. He had read but little of the poets, but had St. Jerome’s version of the Bible at his finger ends. He uses its phrases on every possible occasion, and seems as much at home in the Minor Prophets as in the Psalms.

“It is only the Latin life which can have been composed in the reign of Henry II. The English version, which contains a few amplifications, is proved by its language to be of later date, and since the existing Latin manuscript and the English were clearly written on parchment at the same period, the date of the English version fixes that of the manuscript as it stands. The language is Middle English, and the character that of about the year 1400. . . . This life of Rahere is now published in full for the first time. I have chosen the English version because it has an interest as an example of our prose literature soon after the time of Chaucer. In the text I have expanded the contractions, which are very few, and so often repeated as to present no difficulties; and I have otherwise printed the words exactly as they are in the manuscript, adding a few notes solely with a view to making the perusal easy to a general reader. There are very few words which are not easily intelligible when sound and not spelling is regarded.”

Before giving a summary of this remarkable old book, we must not fail to recognize the care that has been bestowed upon his work by the editor in expanding the contractions, supplying a glossary when needed, at the foot of each page, with the Latin equivalents of the archaic words, and in elucidating the text by chronological and other notes, all which aids give a literary value to the work in addition to its archaeological and historical interest.

Book First begins like the Gospel of St. Luke: “For as mooche that the merritory and notable operacyons of famos

goode and devoute faders yn God, sholde be remembred for instrucion of aftyr cummers to theyr consolacion, & encreas [increase] of devocion thys Abbrevyat Tretesse shall compendiously expresse and declare the wondreful and of celestiall concel, gracious fundacion of oure hoely placys callyd the Priory of seynt Bartholomew yn Smithfield and of the hospitall of olde tyme longyng [belonging] to the same with other notabiliteis expediently to be knowyn," and so on. The titles of the chapters are in red, and the text begins with a large and beautifully illuminated initial letter. The first chapter is in loving testimony to the saintly character of Rahere. It must be given word for word, if only for its simple beauty. The quaint and picturesque Chaucerian words have all the charm that the early English of a two-year-old affords to his admiring parents.

Cap. I. Ffirst shal be shewyd who was ffunder of owere hoely places, and howh by grace, he was ffyrst pryor of our priory; and by howh longe tyme that he contynued yn the same.

"Thys chirche yn the honoure of most blesid Bartholomew apostle, fundid Rayer, of goode remembraunce and theryn to serve God, aftir the rewle of the moost holy fader Austin, aggregat to gidir [aggregated together] religiouse men, and to them was prelate xxii yere, usynge the office and dignite of a priore: not havynge cunnynge of liberal science, but that, that is more emynente than all cunnynge, ffor he was richid yn puryte of conscience; ayenste [towards] God by divocyon, ayenst his brethryn by humylite, ayenste his enenyas with a benyvolence. And thus hym self he exercised them patiently sufferynge, whoose provyd puryte of soule, bryght maners with honeste probyte, experte diligence yn dyvyne servyce, prudent busynes yn temperalle mynystacyun, in hym were gretely to prayse and commendable. In festis [feasts] he was sobir, and name-ly the folowere of hospitalite, tribula-

cions of wretchis, and necessiteys of the pauer peple oportunyly admytting, paciently supportyng, competently spe-dyng. In prosperite not ynprided [elated]; in adversite paciente; and what sumevere unfortune ranne ageyn hym, he restid hymself undir the schadowe of his patron, that he worshippid, whom he clippid [embraced] to hym, within the bowell of his soule. In whose helpe for all perelles he was sekyr [safe] and preservye. Thus he subgett to the kyng of bliss with alle mekenesse, prevydyd with alle diligence, that were necessarie to his subjectys, and so provydyng he encresid dayly to himself, before God and man grace, to the place reverence, to his frendes gladnesse, to his enemyes peyne, to his aftircummers joye. And suche certeyn was the lyef of hym aftir his conversyon bettyr than hit was befor, in goodnes ever more encresid. And yn what ordir he sette the fundament of this temple, yn fewe wordys lette us shewe, as they testified to us that sey him [saw him,] herd hym, and were presente yn his werkys and dedis, of the whiche summe have take ther slepe yn Cryste, and summe of them be zitte [yet] a lyve and wytnesseth of that whiche we shall aftir say."

In the second chapter we are told that Rahere was "boryn of lowe lynage, and whan he attayned the floure of yougth, he began to haunte the householdys of noble men and the palices of prynces," where he laid himself out to find favor, and to "drawe to hym ther frendschippes." He made it the business of his life to ingratiate himself with the king and great men, "gentylls and court-yours," in order to obtain his desire of them. "Thiswyse he became famyliar and felowly [social] and y knowen to them." But the time came when "the inwarde seer and mercifull God of all, convertid this man fro the erreure of hys way and addid to hym so convertid many giftys of vertu for why: They that are founysche [foolish]

and febill in the worldys reputacion oure Lorde chesith [chooseth] to confounde the myghte of the world."

In those days a pilgrimage to Rome was at once the sign and seal of a change of life. Thither went Rahere, and "he wepyng his dedis and reducyng to mynde the scapis [delicta] of hys youghth and ignoraunces, prayd to oure Lorde for remyssion of them behestyng [promising] furthermore, noon [none] like to do, but thyes utterly to forsake ever devoutly his will promyttyng to obeye."

But, during his stay in the holy city, we learn that "he began to be vexed with grevous sykeness." Thinking that he "drew to the extremitie of lyfe," he made a vow that if he were restored to health, and returned to his country, "he wolde make and hospitale yn recreation of poure men, and to them, so there y gaderid [gathered] necessities mynystir aftir his power, and so of his sykenesse recoveryd he was, and in short tyme hole y maade, began homewarde to come, his vow to fulfille that he hadde made."

As each generation takes its tone, more or less, according to individual aptitude, from the prevailing literature, so, when the Bible was mainly the mental food of the unlearned, we find "Rahere in a certayne nyght saw a vision full of drede and swetnesse." He dreamed that he was "bore up on hye by a certeyn beiste havyng viii. feete and ii. winges, and beholde a horrible pytte into which he was aboute to slyde when S. Bartholomew appeared, to socoure him in his angwysshe, and revealed to him that a place had been chosyn, in the subbarbes (suburbs) of London at Smythfield wheryn to founde a chirche that shall be the house of God," with abundant promise of comfort and blessing to every soul converted, penitent of his sin, in that place praying.

The modest pilgrim was at first inclined to take this vision for a "fantastykke illusyon," deeming himself un-

worthy of such grace. But recalling the visions of Holy Writ, he concludes that "trewly by dremys many secretis of Godde's Wille hath come to the knowleche of men." And so he models his interpretation on the vision of Ezekiel: the monstrous beast is the devil, and all the horrors he beheld are typical of the snares of the evil one, and the sins into which men are made to fall.

Arriving in London, Rahere was warmly welcomed by his friends, and began at once to consult them about the fulfillment of his vow. By their advice he addressed the king, to whom the land pointed out in the vision belonged. Royal authority having been obtained, the buildings were begun, and the church of St. Bartholomew was consecrated A. D. 1123. "Regnyng the yonger son of William Nothy, firste kyng of Englichemen yn the North, Herry the firste."

The eighth chapter relates that Edward the Confessor, "*the blessid Kyng* replete with many-folde bewte of vertu," had been forewarned in a dream that in this very place God had chosen his name to be put and set, and had prophesied the same. Rahere's biographer rejoices in the fulfillment of the prophecy.

A like prevision was vouchsafed to three Greeks of noble lineage, who came on pilgrimage to England. Prostrating themselves in Smithfield, they turned to the astonished people and said:—

"Wonder not ye, us here to worshipp God where a full acceptable temple to him shall be bylid ffor the high Maker of all thyng wylles that it be bylded and the fame of this place schall attayn from the spryng of the sunne to the goying downe."

In chapter ten we learn that the place (now in the centre of London) thus preordained to holy use had hitherto been a waste marsh of fenny ground, where a gallows stood, and thieves and others "dampnyd [condemned] by ju-

diciale auctoryte" were relegated. Rahere applied himself to its purgation. "Truly in playnge wise and maner he drewe to hym the felischip of children and servantes, assemblynge hymself as one of them, and with ther use and helpe stonys and othir thynges profitable to the bylynge [building], lightly he gaderid to gedir, he played with them from day to day, made hym-self moore vile in his own yese in so mykill [much] that he plesid the apostle of Cryste, to whom he had provyd hymself. Thorowgh whom is grace and helpe whan all thyng was redy that semyd necessarie he reysid [raised] uppe a grete frame [house]."

One is reminded of St. John of Beverley, who, some centuries earlier, colonized that waste Beavers-lair in Yorkshire, and attracted the wild people to him, now by music, now by gentle ministerings and persuasive preaching, till by their aid the desert blossomed like the rose, with human life and work. Rahere's simple style and gentle words, cunning of truth enforced by practical work, converted that "Golgotha of opyn abhominacion into a seyntuary [sanctuary] of prayer."

The community being now duly installed, and Rahere appointed prior, we are told how troubles began.

Beset by envy and jealousy as he was, Rahere had many faithful friends who took his part. Finally he appealed to the king, who forthwith granted him a charter, dated ten years after the foundation of the priory, to "free it from all erthly servyce, power and subjecion, adjuryng also all his heyres and successoures yn name of the Holy Trinite that this place with royall auctorite, they upholde and defende and the libertees of hym y grauntid they shulde graunte and confirme." As to Rahere, "glad he wente owte from the face of the kynge." There were still some difficulties for the prior to settle, between the regular canons of his order and the

secular clergy. These he meant to lay before the Holy See, but more immediate cares prevented him, and his biographer touchingly adds that "the last lettyng [hindrance] was the article of deith and *that* he wold he had fulfilled he myght not, and so only the rewarde of good wyll he deservyd."

The desired privileges were, however, afterwards obtained, by three members of the community, from three successive popes, 1153-1181.

The good work of Rahere being thus secured to "aftyrecommers" (to whom it has continued both helpful and profitable down to our own day), secured both by church and state, the chronicler concludes this important chapter triumphantly, thus: "Nowe beholde that prophesye of the blessid Kyng and confessoire Seynt Edward, that beforn tyme had prophesied and seyn by revelacion of this place, of grete party is seyn fulfilled. Beholde trewly that this holy chirche and chosen to God, schyneth with manyfolde bewte, fflowndid, and endewid with heavenly answer, y sublymate with many pryvilegies of notable men, and to a summe of laude and glorie rychessid with many reliks of seyntes, and bewtyfied with hawntid (frequent) and usuall tokenys of celestiall virtu, this not unprofitably by fore tastid, let us draw nere to the narracion of myracles."

In reading the narration which follows one is strongly tempted to institute comparisons, by way of historical parallels, between the miracles of mediæval tradition and the mind-cure and faith-healing of our own times, but such a presentation of the subject is beyond the scope of this article.

Instead, let us glance at these simple relations, gathered up from hearsay by the good canon, and piously recorded in full faith, for the glory of God and the honor of St. Bartholomew, as well as for the edification of "aftyrecommers." We shall thus obtain some interesting

glimpses of English life in the olden time.

When Rahere returned from Rome, Geoffrey of Monmouth was engaged on his chronicle of the History of the Britons, of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, derived from Welsh or Armoric legends.

Geoffrey, the Norman schoolmaster of Dunstable, afterwards abbot of St. Alban's, had written for his boys the Miracle Play of St. Catherine, said to be the oldest acting drama of modern Europe on record; for the plays of Roswitha, the Saxon nun, though of an earlier date, are not known to have been acted. We are told that the kindly sacristan of St. Alban's lent copes, from the abbey, to furnish forth the unprovided young actors in performing this first of the Miracle Plays.

A contemporary of Rahere's biographer was Jocelin of St. Edmundsbury, who was writing his chronicle, *De Rebus Gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi* (printed by the Camden Society in 1840), the hero of which Carlyle so vividly reanimated for us in *Past and Present*, with a higher moral than is always to be found in his ethics of Might.

Of course all these chronicles were in Latin. English literature did not exist in Rahere's time, and the English language was only in the making. Ballads and romances were all in French, which was the language of the court and the camp, and even of the burgher class. Saxon English was spoken by the people. As in Wales, at the present day, the first thing a peasant child is taught is to speak English, so, under the Norman kings, the key to all school instruction was the French tongue; Latin came afterwards, for the more advanced scholars.

It is a curious fact that neither William the Conqueror, his son Rufus, nor his granddaughter Maud could speak English. William, it is said, valiantly

began to learn it, when first he came over; but the exigencies of his other conquests obliged him to relinquish this enterprise, and we have the evidence of charters still extant that the king used a X for his signature. At a still later date, Richard I. and his prime minister, William Longchamps, Bishop of Ely, were both ignorant of English.

With poetical significance the first miracle at the Priory of St. Bartholomew was "of a heavenly light sent owte." "On a day at Evensong time there was seyn a light from hevyn sent schynynge on this chirche, abidyng there, upon the space of an howre. Howe grete a tokyn this was of pite and grace hevynly, opynly afterwards was schewid by multitude of tokyns yn the same place."

Then we have cases of cure, the majority being of cripples, resembling the modern instances of the like reported from Lourdes.

Adwyne, a carpenter from the quaint old town of Dunwich, in Suffolk, whence he came by sea, having lost all power of his limbs by contraction of the sinews, was carried to the hospital. By virtue of the apostle he was restored, and began to work at his trade, at which he produced some things now out of date. "At first his handys were crokyd and he dyd make only smale workys as distafes and autells [*pensa*, weights, or whorls], and other womenys instrumentys." He soon was able to wield the axe, and exercised the full craft of carpentry, as it had been taught him in his childhood, in the church and in the city of London.

We have the dumb made to speak and the blind to see, in anticipation of the aural and ophthalmic departments of the present day in the hospital, and we have moreover a curious case of insomnia, showing that that complaint is not peculiar to our nerve-wearing century. There is a cure of a "childe, faire of forme, whose sinews were dried up and lacked bowableness." "When

restored," adds the chronicler, "the whiche childre abyded ther awhile, in the chirche of the blessed apostle, and servyd the chanons ther, yn ther Kychyn and for the zifte of his helth he gave the servyce of his body."

But not only by grateful patients was the charity sustained. As the fame of the foundation spread, assistants from without appeared. The great hospital that successive benefactors have made independent of subscription lists, in the present day, and that now counts an income of some £60,000, was glad then to receive contributions in kind from housewives and tradesmen, collected in the manner of the Little Sisters of the Poor in our modern cities. Rahere found a worthy helper and compeer in Alfynne, the founder of the church of St. Giles in Cripplegate (London). "Demyng this man profitable to him, Rahere deputyd him as his compayr and that was for to be don, disposed and performed." The words of the chronicler are so graphic and the English so simple and plain that the account must be continued verbatim; "It was manner and custome of this Alfunne, with mynystres of the chirche, to compass and go abowte the nye placys of the chirche, besily to seke and provyde necessities to the nede of the poer men, that lay in the hospitall, and to them that were hyryd to the makynge up of ther chirche; and that, that was comyttid to hym trewly to bring home and to sundry men as it was nede to devyde. And ther was a certeyn bocheyr [butcher] Goderyke by name a man of grete sharpnesse, more than semyd hym, he was a streyt man, the which not oonly to the asher wold not yeve, but was woonte with scornynge wordes to ynsarot [insult] them."

Alfynne pleads hard for his clients with the recalcitrant butcher: "O thou unhappy, O thou ungentle and unkynde man, to the yever of all goodys, that for the geifte of hevenly goodnes will not comyn with the poremen of Cryist, I be-

seche the wrecche, put away a littill and swage the hardnes of that unfeithful soule;" and so on, finally promising him a more prosperous trade if he would consider the poor. At length the butcher was moved; he gave, but not with "the ynstyncte, or ynwarde sterynge of charite, but overcummyn with importunyte of asher," just to get rid of him. But Alfynne refused to go till he had seen his own promise fulfilled, as it was presently by increased sales. The news of this was soon "dyvulgate [divulged] by all the bocherie and from that tyme the trades men were more prompte to yeve ther almes and also fervent in devocion." On another occasion Alfynne, seeking the materials to brew ale for the hospital, goes about to "matranysh howsis for this same gaderynge." Coming to the parish of St. Giles, he called upon Eden, the wife of Edred, a devout woman and a well-known donor of the church. It so happened that the good housewife had just begun a brew of ale for her family, and had only enough of malt for her own use. "Never the less she saide albe that I be certeyn to have damage or harme, yete hadd I lever to suffir harme of meyn ale, than yow to go voyde with awte frute of myn almes." Accordingly she measures forth the malt, and behold the miracle of the Hebrew housewife's barrel of meal and cruse of oil is repeated for the benefit of the hospital of St. Bartholomew!

Space will not admit of more than a brief mention of some of the remaining miracles.

"A deyf mayde, dum, blynde, and contracte," is restored whole and free from all manner of sickness.

A poor man and his wife, who came to London to buy vitayles, and the latter to receive wagys for that she had sponne, are waylaid, and for false accusation respecting tolls the man is cast into sore bonds hard by the church at which he always paid his devotions. The singing of the *Te Deum* and the sound

of the bells and the melody of the ymynys (hymns) reach him in his prison, the doors of which are miraculously opened to him.

"Shippemen in grete peryl" at sea are saved on promising a little ship of silver as an offering to the church. Again, a man clinging to the mast, the sole survivor of a shipwrecked crew, is saved by the saint who, on another occasion, pulls the drowning man out of the depth of the sea with his own hand, places him on dry land, and disappears.

There is a singular history of a certeyn merchaunte of Colchester, who, when Henry II. was preparing to invade Wales, in 1157, made much money providing things needful for the army, setting the price as he would, as is the wont of such contractors. Returning home by sea, a usual mode of traveling in those days, the merchant was robbed of his money, which was taken from under his head when asleep. St. Bartholomew, to whom he owed a vow, appeared to him in a dream, and reproached him, not only for the unpaid vow, but for having made his money by unrighteous means, "consummyng othir mennys poochys to fulfill youre pursys." The merchant humbly acknowledges his sin, and promises restitution to the church. "O," says the saint, "I nede not thy giftis, it is sufficient to me y nowh (enough) the grace of God for to provyde for the nede of my clerkes, ne I am not unmyghty to yeve foode to them that servyth me." He roundly rates his suppliant for spoiling the poor, and thinking to appease God by sacrifice. The merchant promises more and better gifts, and the apostle, strange to say, accepts the conditions. The thief is disclosed, and on landing, by the intervention of a priest and the king's proctor, is brought face to face with the man whom he has robbed. He restores the money, and is let off. The vow to St. Bartholomew is fulfilled by the merchant, who in making his offering declared

to the brethren all that had befallen him.

The oratory or Lady chapel, still to be seen in the priory church, to the east of the altar, was the scene of a vision in which "the schynyng queyn of heven" appeared to one of the brethren. The pen-picture of this beautiful soul must be given, because it is no doubt typical of many such who, amid the tumult of mediæval times, found their only appropriate sphere in the pious offices of monastic life :—

"Ther was in the congregation, a certeyn man, Hubert by name, cumme of grete kyn, informed yn liberall science, of goode age and of wonderfull myldenes, that yn his all thyng worldly hadde forsake for the love of Criste, nakidly askapyng the wrake of this worlde. And the habite that he did (take) on of holy religion, with feithfull maners worshipfully he bewtifed, whan he was admyttid in to the feleship of brethren he turned all his study to love God, and to prayer, and redyng (reading) byslyly toke hede, and many that were his elders he passid yn rightwysnes, and trewth."

In a prologue to the Second Book the chronicler relates that Rahere's successor was Thomas, a canon of St. Osyth's, in Essex. He was appointed prior by Robert, Bishop of London, 1141–1151, in the reign of Stephen, king of England, and the primacy of Theobalde, Archbishop of Canterbury.

With the character of Prior Thomas, by the good canon, and his final flourishing account of the Foundation, the notice of this old book must not inappropriately end :—

"This Thomas, as we have provyd in comyn was a man of jocunde companye and felowly jocundite, of grete eloquence, and of grete cunnyng, instruct in philosophy, and dyvyne bookys exercised, and he hadde yt in prompte, what sumever he wolde uttir, to speke it metyrlly, and he hadde in use every solempne

day, whan the case requyrid, to dispense the worde of God, and flowynge to hym the prees of peple, he zave and so addid to hym glorie outward, that ynward hadde zeve hym this grace. He was prelate to us mekly almost xxx zere, and in age an hundrid wyntee almost, with hole wyttis, with all crystyn solempnyte, tochyng Crystes grace he decessid, and was put to his faders, the zere of Oure Lorde M. C. lxxiiij, of the papassie of blessid Alexawndir the third, xv. zere, of the coronacion of the most unskunfitid (unconquered) kyng of Englonde Henry the secunde xx zere, the xvij day of the moneth of Janyuer, yn the same zere of the election of lorde Richarde

Archbysshop of Cawntirbery, aforne whom our brethren were put, and sette of his goode grace of hym praynge, whom the grace of God from the fore-sayed paucite (of xiii canons) eneresid yn to xxxv^{to}. Eneresyng with them temporall goodes evynly the whiche the zevir of all goodys promysid to be cast to them, that sekith the kyngdome of God, in this manys tyme grewe the plant of this apostolike branche yn glorie, and grace before God, and man, and with moor ampliati bylyng, were the skynnys of oure tabernaculys dylatid, to the laude and glorie of oure lorde Jhu Criste to whom, be honoure and glory, worlde with owtyn ende. Amen.”
R. M.

BY RIVER AND ROAD IN RUSSIA.

It happened that I, Edmund Ivanovich, deeply involved in furs, drove rapidly away on a winter morning from the house of my host, Vassily Nikolaievich, at Astrakhan, with the matured intention first of proceeding to the nearest station on the post-road, and then of plunging with my driver into the uncertainties and mysteries of the grand route to Tsaritsyn. That I only partially carried out this plan of action was due to quite unforeseen events, and these it is now my desire to narrate in the order of their occurrence. Let me first tell the reader that I had decided to proceed to my destination by road, in the belief that the navigation on the Volga had actually closed for the season; but on reaching the *stantsia*, or station, from which my journey would have really begun, I was informed not only that the river was still free from ice up to Tsaritsyn, but that an Astrakhan proprietor had declared that he would run one of his steamers to that point at all risks. Inquiries drew forth the further infor-

mation that a boat named the Muravieff would leave Astrakhan the same evening, and that the local merchants, eager to avail themselves of an unexpected “last trip,” were having their consignments delivered at the quay with all speed. Feeling that a river passage to Tsaritsyn meant a saving of at least three days, I gave an order to my driver, and was soon moving westward, amid long lines of carts and wagons laden with goods for the Muravieff.

It was my first business, on reaching the quay, to seek an interview with the steamboat proprietor who had been credited with the hardihood of a determination to make his way to Tsaritsyn after navigation on the Volga was properly and duly closed for the year by official proclamation. The man held to his purpose quite tenaciously, and was fortified in his views regarding the freedom of the Volga from ice by a number of telegrams from various points along the route, setting forth the said freedom with more or less of detail; he further drew my atten-

tion to the river, then free from even drift ice as far as the eye could reach, and finally pointed triumphantly to the piles of merchandise which lithe and half-naked porters, Persian and Tatar, were rapidly transferring from the quay to the hold of the Muravieff. What was I to do at this juncture, — yield to the man's optimism, and join in the confidence with which commercial Astrakhan evidently regarded his scheme, or trust to my own misgivings, and take the view of the enterprise held by some half dozen loiterers, who were audibly predicting not only failure but disaster to the attempt? I knew little of the Volga, but I knew enough of it to be aware for how brief a time "open" water could be depended upon at that late period of the year, — was sufficiently acquainted, in fact, with the delta of the river, and its numerous turns and windings, to be keenly alive to the changes which, with the upper reaches of the stream already gorged with ice, a night, even an hour, might bring forth. After some deliberation I decided to take passage on the Muravieff; not at all because I believed that without a miracle the boat could ever reach Tsaritsyn, but because the chances seemed at least in favor of the steamer accomplishing a good half of its promised trip, and because a swift river run as far as, say, Chorny Yar, the half-way point, would repay me even for an expenditure in boat fare fully ten times higher than that exacted for like passages during open navigation. Dismissing my driver, I purchased a ticket, and formally joined fortunes with the hundred or more passengers who were waiting for the Muravieff to convey them to Tsaritsyn.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and as the steamer would not begin her journey until seven P. M., there were four hours available in which to establish myself in new quarters and make preliminary acquaintances among the passengers. The companions of my

trip included a large number of Russian merchants, several Persians, two commercial travelers of Greek nationality, a Siberian traveling to Arkhangel, a carriage manufacturer proceeding to Chorny Yar, and his brother, a student, on his way to the University at St. Petersburg. Most of the members of this heterogeneous gathering had discovered local habitations for themselves within the walls of the Muravieff hours before my own arrival on board that vessel, and for a time — so unceremoniously had the passenger accommodation of the steamer been encroached upon by merchandise — it seemed my fate to find my resting-place during the journey on the open deck, among the children of Iran, who were already paying their reverences to the departing sun. It was by a mere accident that, stumbling through a narrow passage, I came suddenly into a capacious cabin, where a lady and her husband were disposing of their *impedimenta*, and consigning their two children to sleeping-places for the night. A sentence of apology brought me an hospitable offer of tea; and when, above the music of a bubbling samovar, I was enabled to make my position understood, a pressing invitation relieved me from all further embarrassment on the score of quarters. I became the guest of the manufacturer and his wife from Chorny Yar, and of their brother, the student, journeying to St. Petersburg. It was in close intercourse with these kind and sociable people that I lived through the strangest and most unexpected adventures, and it was owing to their thoughtfulness that the rude realism of some of my subsequent movements came to be so pleasantly modified.

An unwonted cheer broke from the crowd on the quay as the Muravieff, her mooring-ropes thrown ashore and her gangways drawn in, steamed slowly out into deep water, and then, turning to the northward, headed for the broad, glittering mass along which, in the moonlight,

long lines of white were already slowly creeping. For a few hours our progress was comparatively smooth, small groups of ice pellicles alone opposing the advance of the steamer. Just before midnight wakeful passengers became aware of larger masses of drift ice, snow covered, that broke with a loud crash against the vessel's sides; yet as the Muravieff seemed to brush away these obstacles with the greatest ease, the watchers retired to rest without special apprehension or anxiety. Judge, therefore, of my surprise on being roused the next morning with the information that the steamer had been brought to a complete standstill by an apparently impassable barrier of ice.

I went at once on deck, and there witnessed a spectacle which has remained deeply fixed upon my memory, and which, for weird sublimity, I have never seen equaled. The steamer lay in clear water, but ten yards ahead rose the jagged teeth of an immense ice block, stretching from shore to shore, more than half a mile in width, and running backwards for fully two thousand yards. The cause of the obstruction could be seen at a glance. Less than a mile ahead the river bent sharply to the left, and after describing almost a semicircle turned again into its old course. It was in this loop that the ice, at first merely hampered in its descent, had at last been caught as in a gorge, and the advance guard of the mass now lay before us, layer piled on layer, block welded to block, the whole frozen together in rugged shapes, rising out of the water like a fringe of rocks, just as pitiless, just as impenetrable. Far off, beyond the bend, the glimmer of open water could be perceived, but between it and us the ice field stretched for more than a mile. One by one the passengers appeared above the stairway, and had soon aggregated themselves into groups, from which came the sounds of eager, in some cases excited, conversation. By the majority,

further advance was not to be thought of; a few were content to await the starting of the ice, which they thought might happen at any moment; one alone suggested the wisdom of a retrograde movement.

The captain evidently had a plan of his own, and as soon as day had fully lighted up the scene he took prompt measures for putting his scheme to the test. We heard him give an order to the engineer, and then, before any of us could anticipate what would follow, we found the Muravieff moving forward at full speed in the direction of the ice barrier. A few moments later a loud crash was heard, as the steamer, shivering from stem to stern, buried herself in the obstruction. The engines were at once reversed, and the Muravieff retreated slowly from the cavity which her hull had left in the ice field; but on reaching her former position she once more advanced to the attack, these movements being again and again repeated. At first it had seemed the captain's purpose to force his way through the barrier, — a plan which, had it been entertained, would have abundantly deserved the epithet of foolhardy. Gradually we became aware of the more reasonable elements of the method of action resolved upon. In the first place, be it said, the Muravieff was in no danger; iron-sided, otherwise strongly built, she had nothing to fear from rough usage. Her battery of the ice barrier, moreover, contemplated something much more easy of accomplishment than a downright destruction of the obstacle by dint of repeated blows. It was at least probable that, with fresh masses pressing against the upper side of the field, the ice might start, leaving the bend once again clear; and what would be more likely to aid such a movement than a series of persistent taps from the prow of the Muravieff?

The day grew slowly to noon, the afternoon succeeded; at sundown we

were still struggling with our foe in front. Slice after slice had been cut from the ice mass, now to right and now to left; slice after slice, separated from the bank by the broad hull of the steamer, had first lingered near us, and then gone down with the lazy current southwards; but after a day's work the block was as immovable as ever, while the Muravieff, judging by marks on shore, had not advanced sensibly from her first position. A night of rest followed, and then the Muravieff resumed her attack upon the barrier. Before noon a companion steamer, also laden heavily with merchandise, reached the scene of the block, and was for some time enabled to aid us, though but feebly, in our efforts to push forward. In the afternoon we had succeeded in reaching a patch of extremely thin ice, near the right bank of the river, and there found comparatively easy progress for a quarter of a mile. Then came the barrier again, more formidable than ever. Night at last fell redly, threatening new troubles, above all prophesying the direst enemy that we had encountered yet.

On the morning of the third day I rose just before sunrise, and found the scene transformed. The thermometer had fallen ten degrees; the Muravieff lay motionless, frozen to the barrier, of which she had now become almost part and parcel; all around, everything not living, was stiff and stark. The natural desolateness of the spectacle had taken a new and forbidding aspect in the wan light and frosty air; right and left long stretches of steppe joined their deserts of brown with the sullen hues of the ice field, making a scape of land and river that looked bare as if swept by a hurricane. One seemed, in fine, to be gazing on a petrified world, timeless as well as motionless, when all of a sudden a bright ray shot across the scene from the southeastern horizon. A few minutes later a round red ball had climbed into sight, and was tipping with fire

some of the landmarks now so familiar to us: the long low building with a tower, to our right, not unlike a church; the river cliff above the bend in front; the bluff flanking the steppe-like plains on our left.

This beam of sunlight, heightening by contrast the bitter cold of the morning, and betraying the utter isolation of our position, as well as the hopelessness of our struggles, fell upon faces in which not a little consternation was beginning to be depicted. Throughout the first two days of their detention in the Volga the passengers had adapted themselves to the circumstances of their position not only with great good-humor, but with some of that elevation of spirits so often produced, as a sort of reflex action, by sudden or unexpected change in the character of one's experiences. Social fraternization had almost given the aspect of a single family to a company whose elements were decidedly heterogeneous; visits from cabin to cabin had brought together people not at all inter-sympathetic; while what chess failed to accomplish in the way of assimilation was wrought by cards, above all by music. That the situation had any peril could not have entered into the thoughts of a single passenger; most of those on board, encouraged by the temporary success of the second day, were looking forward to an early resumption of their journey. But when the third day came and found the Muravieff frozen in, when the report ran from mouth to mouth that the provisions were becoming exhausted, and when the keenest vision failed to detect the slightest sign of a habitation in all the landscape round, then it was that a feeling of genuine alarm became almost general among the passengers.

Yet the captain did not give up his plan. He set the whole of his crew to the work of breaking up the ice around the steamer, and, this task accomplished, the Muravieff was led time after time against her old enemy. I need not

further describe the labors of the third day. They proved fruitless, and when the fourth morning dawned the steamer was again frozen in, this time inextricably. One resource alone presented itself to the passengers, — that of making the best of their way to shore, and resuming their journey in the conveyances of the post-road. This saving scheme was all the more practicable because of the presence on the right bank of a number of peasants, who had seen the erratic movements of the steamer, and, having taken a business-like view of the situation, had hurried down to the river bank with a supply of carts and wagons. How royally welcome were these great rough fellows, in huge sheepskins and ponderous sandals, only we to whom their services meant so much can at all appreciate. To walk on foot to a distant village must have proved fatal to not a few of the passengers, a considerable number of whom were ladies; snow was falling and a wind abroad, the keenest I ever felt.

The peasants conveyed us safely over the four miles or thereabouts which separated our place of landing from the nearest station of the post-road. I ought here to explain that, strictly speaking, Russia has no roads, in the West-European sense of the word. The so-called roads are no more than broad, well-beaten paths or tracks connecting villages with each other, traversing the steppe, or running across country between great towns; but none of them have been “made,” — constructed after the fashion, for example, of the French *chaussées*. The post-road in Russia is simply the road or way taken by the post-cart in parts of the country where there is no line of railway; for sake of directness it usually follows the line of telegraph posts. Fortunately for the passengers of the Muravieff, the line of telegraph wire, and therefore the post-road, coincides with the course of the Volga, at times approaching, at times

receding from, the river brink. The post-road is thus used for the postal service in Russia, but the passenger who takes that road cannot therefore be said to travel by the post-cart. He may never see the official vehicle at all. What he does is to hire the means of travel from those who are bound by contract to supply the postal authorities with the carts and horses needed to fill up the gap in the railway system.

The post-road between Yenotaiivsk, the point at which we left the Muravieff to her winter quarters, and Tsaritsyn is divided into lengths of from ten to fifteen miles, each length or stretch ending in a station, of which the proprietor is the government letter-carrier, in accordance with the arrangement just described, as far as the next stopping-place. This *stantsia* is a kind of tea-house or refreshment-room. It is built of wood, and usually contains one, sometimes two, spacious waiting-rooms, the windows of which look out upon the courtyard. The station is always well heated, but it is not provided with beds, so that travelers are obliged to sleep in their furs, on the benches or floors of the waiting-room. So far as my own experience is concerned, I can recall only a single bed throughout my journey to Tsaritsyn. It is true that ladies are sometimes able to avoid this, the most disagreeable of all forms of “roughing it” along the post-road, but the exception is experienced only when the proprietor has succeeded in persuading some member of his family to surrender her resting-place for the night, and after the traveler has consented to pay specially for what is called “extra accommodation.”

In some respects it was well that the manufacturer and his wife, the student and myself, were enabled to carry out our prearranged plan of keeping together at least as far as Chorny Yar, since our joint arrangement with the proprietors of the stations both lessened our expenses and facilitated our move-

ments. Nevertheless, we suffered much from delay. Procrastination is the ineradicable vice of the Tsar's letter-carriers, and they are masters of the situation into the bargain. Sometimes they will detain you a whole day, often for the mere purpose of gathering together as large a party as possible, and sending it off at a minimum of cost per individual for driving and horse fodder. But when a *chinovnik*, or government official, rides up, horses and vehicles appear with magical rapidity. There is a great cracking of whips, the proprietor casts his own personal exertions into the scale, and the representative of bureaucracy is dispatched to his destination at the head of a cavalcade long enough to satisfy the emperor himself. Officials enjoy the right of way along these post-roads over all other travelers whatsoever, and woe to the man, traveler or carrier, who is found meddling with their supremacy!

In our case, moreover, the pleasures of actual travel formed by no means such a fair set-off against the pains of delay as would justify memory of the one in suppressing within us any specific recollection of the other. The roads were on the whole excellent, but the vehicles in which we traversed them menaced not a little the integrity of our desire as travelers to push on. Most of them were carts or wagons, neither elegant nor comfortable; I must describe the horses used as probably the smallest and withal the sorriest nags to be seen in any part of Europe. One of the rudest of the post-carts — and two of us had it in the form of a first dose, administered by the peasants of Yenotavsk — might have belonged primordially to the category of that well-known Russian cart, the *telega*, but it had undergone too much degradation to be confidently claimed for any vehicular species. The spinal column, for example, showed a well-developed and by no means systematic curvature, while

the rib-like processes arching upwards from it on each side had become open enough to permit of easy descents to the earth on the part of the passenger and his luggage. The *tarantass* presented itself in a variety of forms: sometimes it resembled a droshky, with the seats placed back to back; occasionally it reminded me of an English butcher's shandry, with inclosing sides. Not infrequently the men of the party were thrust into a square, box-like conveyance, — a sort of Boston herdic with the top knocked out.

What it was to ride four hundred versts across country in carts of that ilk the reader will best appreciate when he knows the atmospheric conditions of our journey up to Tsaritsyn. I shall tell him, then, that the mercury fell with a tolerably regular descent throughout the trip, and that on the warmest day there were moments when the Réaumur scale indicated 28 degrees of frost, — moments when to touch metal in the open air was to be seared as with a red-hot iron, and when water thrown up fell to the ground in a shower of ice. Now, to preserve sensations of bodily warmth at such times as these, even to enjoy the negative comfort of a sensible absence of cold, were alike impossible. Wrappings we had in plenty, and the tendency to use many of them was little resisted; yet their effects were cumulative simply in magnifying the personal aspects of the party. The more multi-fold were our garments the more painful was the attack of the frost after it had penetrated them; the cooling — rather let me say, freezing — of the thickest of them was only a matter of time. We might sally forth from the station yard fresh and warm, yet half an hour's riding would never fail to exhaust our largest stores of caloric, and leave every subsequent step of our progress to be stamped upon our memories with an acute sense of physical pain, from which, owing to the unavoidable exposure and

the impossibility of motion apart from the vehicle itself, there was no escape.

There were, of course, times when our spirits ran so high as to make the exercise exhilarating, and awaken us somewhat to the picturesque aspects of experiences by no means commonplace. Poor as were the vehicles themselves, each had the great bow with its jingling bells, — that familiar feature of the Russian troika, — and when the drivers took it into their heads to “go like the wind,” as they called it, our progress supplied a quite campanian corrective to the monotony of the environing landscape. For a time our way ran through a part of the country wild and desolate in the extreme. In one stretch of fifteen miles we did not glimpse a single habitation. The stations are mere oases of wood lost in immense tracts of steppe land, without bush or tree. On each side of the traveler the country extends bare and level as far as the horizon; or should snow enter into the prospect, as it did for us, then the dull, blinding sameness of the spectacle becomes almost unbearable. A journey, moreover, through plains like these has an effect both provocative and tantalizing, — the facility for seeing long distances at once excites and disappoints the imagination. In a hilly country, like, for example, my own Derbyshire, the nearness of the peaks is an unexpected companionship from far away, shortening the longest day’s journey, and making picturesque the traveler’s progress from horizon to horizon. The Russian steppe, on the other hand, exaggerates all distances, for it is smooth and open as the sea, shrinking away from the feet of man — himself a mere speck in its midst — in a vast neutral-tinted concave, whose well-nigh insufferable monotony is prolonged until it meets the greater and deeper concave of the sky. Under such circumstances as these, — the cold not only forbidding conversation, but depriving us of the slightest desire for it, — we fell into unwonted

moods of reflection, and learned to practice not a little of that grim and patient resistance to physical pain to which the Great Russian has been inured for centuries.

Nothing could be happier or more welcome than the spirit in which, after long and exhausting rides, we were received at most of the stations. The proprietor and all his staff often came out to assist us in dismounting, and to deposit us and our luggage as speedily as possible under the hospitable roof of the well-warmed stantsia. It is true that the *cuisine* of the post-road is yet in its infancy; that anything more choice than tea, milk, wines, bread, and salted fish is usually unattainable, however ready the traveler may be to pay for more liberal fare. The passenger traffic over the post-road is much too small and uncertain to justify any special provision for the entertainment of travelers, who are for the most part people of the merchant class, remarkable for the simplicity of their tastes and the smallness of their necessities; hence the station proprietors do not feel themselves called upon to supply anything more elaborate than simple food like that which is consumed by their own families. For myself, I found this diet, after so much appetizing exercise in the open air, much more satisfying than it could have been under other circumstances. On occasions, moreover, it was modified in unexpected ways. One proprietor supplied several draughts of milk from the Russian bison, — a somewhat greasy but highly nourishing fluid. Another cooked some river lampreys, serving them up with the pickled mushrooms which are so eagerly eaten throughout Russia. A third provided me with a dish of sterlet.

We reached the stations at all hours of day and night. At times they were empty and silent; oftener they were almost too full of passengers to receive any more. The busy aspect of the stantsia was then a spectacle in itself. Open-

ing the door suddenly, half an hour before the wagons are expected, you find yourself in the midst of a group strangely picturesque and interesting. Half a dozen distinct parties, some of their members seated, others standing, have aggregated themselves about as many small tables, whereon a steaming samovar jostles several tea-glasses, a large bowl of milk, a bottle of wine, and probably a plate of fish, as well as a supply of bread, in the form known as *kalach*. The floor is strewn with half-open traveling-bags, from which various breakfast appliances and luxuries have just been withdrawn; confusion reigns paramount. For a moment, everybody seems to be eating, drinking, and talking at the same time; groups exchange gossip in all parts of the room; the clatter of plates and glasses, reinforced even by the occasional pop of a champagne cork, struggles feebly up through the loud hum of interlaced voices. What surprises you most of all, perhaps, is to learn that these traveling parties met for the first time on the preceding night. Yet they are as intimate as if their acquaintance had existed for years. The family names have not yet been spoken, and are unknown; these jovial, sociable, good-hearted people are simple Piotr Ivanoviches and Anna Petrovnas to each other. It is in countries further west that genial spirits exact pledges of respectability before coalescing.

The first of the group to leave table and prepare himself for the next drive is Stepan Andréevich, a bustling, active man of about middle age, whose plump cheeks have trembled, since we first saw him, with many a peal of explosive laughter. First donning a heavy sheepskin, he binds it tightly to his waist by a leathern belt, into which he thrusts a revolver. He then arranges his *bashlyk*, — a strange head gear of coarse cloth, used to protect face and ears from the wind, descending with its strings almost as far as the belt, ending

above in a sharp peak, higher than the wearer's pate by a foot. Stepan Andréevich finally thrusts his feet into a pair of felt boots, reaching as high as his knees, and thus attired mounts his horse and rides away; looking at some distance much more like a knight of the Middle Ages than a realistic Russian merchant, going on a business expedition of thirty or forty miles.

In the window corner of the room sit two ladylike women, smoking cigarettes — one of them, the elder, a doctor on her way to the capital, the other a student returning to Moscow. The uniformed and epauleted youth who obtains permission to drink their health is a young soldier, called by military duty to Tsarítsyn. A haggard, indescribable figure, which has contrived to learn French and plays chess, — a sort of educated peasant in the *rôle* of farmer, — is making its way to Arkhangel. Fully a dozen of the rest are merchants, for they wear the attire of their class, and carry about with them in small bags the sugar necessary to their comfort when tea-drinking. Ivan Gavrilovich is evidently richer than any of his commercial brethren, as we may gather from the furs upon which he has been reposing, and from the rings that glitter upon his fingers; yet, more parsimonious than all, he places a cube of sugar between his teeth, and is thus enabled to drink four or five glasses of tea in succession without further encroachment upon the treasures of his saccharine store. His wife attracts almost general attention. She has an agreeable face, oval in form, of smooth outlines, yet her great charm for the Russian merchants is the marble paleness of her features, above all the plump fullness of her whole figure. "What beauty!" ejaculates one of her admirers. "And what fatness!" adds another, completing the argument.

Further northward welcome modifications began to appear in the character

of the landscape. Slight undulations, along the declivities of which the drivers urged their horses at almost breakneck speed; a night drive in the moonlight under the right cliff of the Volga, followed by a trot over the ice of an extensive river bend to the left; a miniature ravine, deftly avoided; and on a slight eminence, the ruins of one of those ancient walled towns known to Russian archæologists as *gorodishché*, — such appearances and experiences as these pleasantly replaced the earlier monotony of the post-road. At times we passed long trains of camels drawing merchandise, each animal attached by a string to the wagon in front, the whole in charge of about half a dozen armed drivers. Numerous windmills, standing in rows upon the plain, notified us of our approach to the first of the larger villages through which our route lay; we found it a struggling aggregation of one-story wooden houses, a hundred of them scattered over ground capable of accommodating a thousand with ease. It afterwards fell to my lot to see many Russian villages, but I was never able to discover the slightest deviation from the general plan in accordance with which they all seemed to be constructed. I have elsewhere spoken of the relation, in this country, of the native to his domicile, and of the domicile to his environment; for truly, if ever dwelling-house be autochthonous, it is so in Russia. Hence these villages, shifting and unsettled as the populations to which they give shelter; built on the arid plain, in the gorges of ravines, on the banks or in the deltas of rivers; to-day engulfed in a landslide or to-morrow overwhelmed by a thunderstorm, yet oftener still scattered far and wide by the winds after the flames have done their work, — these villages, I say, symbolize and typify Russian life, its wide horizons, its straggling aims, its migrant fancies, its instability, its restlessness, better, perhaps, than anything else ever can.

The growing human interest of the journey was simply one of the signs of our nearness to that half-way point which I had hoped to attain by the Muravieff. At Chorny Yar, a town of a few thousand inhabitants, my trip terminated as member of the party to whose fortunes I had been attached since leaving the winter quarters of a forlorn steamboat at Yenotaiivsk. As individual traveler, I readily accepted an invitation to spend a day with my friend the manufacturer before again committing myself to the mercies of the post-road. In a snug and cozy parlor, the comforts of which seemed to all of us unspeakable, we discussed the situation with a zeal as collective as if a decision were to affect not one only, but the whole four. It had taken three full days and nights to reach Chorny Yar by the Russian diligence, as the student playfully called it; to complete the journey to Tsarítsyn by the post-road would therefore exact three days and nights more of combined progress and delay, to say nothing of jolting, famine, and brigands. In fine, it was deemed best that I should hire a carriage, and proceed to my destination independently of the station proprietors and the post-road. My friends aided me in the choice of a vehicle, inquired into the character of the driver, and fixed an hour at which he was to present himself on the following morning.

After a night of luxurious rest I resumed my journey. The new carriage was a sort of cross between an English gig and shandry, covered in and mounted upon stout springs. It proved a source of much comfort to me, but it failed to justify the expectations that had been formed of its speed. The fault lay, of course, not with the vehicle, but with the driver, who drank heavily in the villages, kept his horses — his solicitude for the animals amounting to a passion — at a slow trot all the way, and thought that twenty miles a day was

as much as ought to be expected from a Russian *yamshchik* by the emperor himself. Once I had to take the reins, and threaten to leave the man behind; to get rid of him altogether was impossible, however strongly that course appeared to me the preferable alternative. On another occasion he nearly overthrown me into a ravine half concealed by snow. To see him in lucid moments was, I admit, to be disposed in his favor; to deal with him when he had surrendered the reins to alcohol was to suffer indescribably from his mingled *naïveté* and clumsiness.

Observe that the situation was both disagreeably and unexpectedly new. I had discarded the post-carts altogether, and, though nobody could hinder me from traveling along the post-road, I had lost all right to accommodation at the stations, and could not even purchase a glass of tea in the humblest of them. For two nights longer, at least, I was to be on the road, and for the repose of those nights I should have to depend upon the chance hospitality of villagers. That an intoxicated driver would be of much service to me I could not hope. To push on as rapidly as possible was evidently the best way out of the dilemma, and for some hours I succeeded in keeping the horses at a fair pace. It was, nevertheless, dusk before we turned into the broad roads of the next village.

The driver halted at the door of a house standing somewhat alone, and occupying part of the space of a large courtyard. Our first knock brought to the outlet a young man, dressed like a farm hand, who, on hearing of our necessities, at once invited us in. Leaving the driver to enter the courtyard and stable his horses there, I groped my way with some difficulty through a room quite dark, the floor of which had been strewn with straw. A line of bright light finally appeared, and slowly grew to the width of an open doorway, through

which I stepped, after my guide, into the kitchen. The light shed by two oil lamps, suspended from the roof, fell upon a spectacle novel even to me. An immense whitewashed brick stove, strongly resembling a stout square chimney, was radiating an almost stifling heat throughout the apartment; from ledges in the brickwork ran four or five rows of shelves to similar ledges in the opposite wall. The lowest of these cross-boards had a distance of about six feet from the floor; the apertures between them were little more than a foot and a half in width. From one of the shelves I noticed the dependence of bed-clothes, and on closer observation I saw that on the lower shelf a man and his wife had already retired for the night. From the next aperture a somewhat youthful figure leaned lazily out to listen to the conversation, and also to gain a glimpse of the visitor. Two robust-looking girls were busily at work when I entered, the one knitting stockings, the other spinning. But the work was at once thrown aside, and in a few minutes this hospitable household had prepared for me a rude but welcome meal.

In the conversation which followed I learned that I had taken refuge in the domicile of three married brothers, engaged in agriculture, who were living together, with their wives. The six had organized their work on a communistic plan, for the house and land belonged to them in common, and their earnings went into a common purse. That the women were a year or two older than their husbands was in thorough accordance with the customs of the Russian peasantry. The parents who have sons marry them as early as possible, in order that a second pair of working arms may be brought into the household, since married lads continue to find a home, with their wives, beneath the paternal roof. The parents who have daughters, on the contrary, keep them unmarried as long as possible, in order that the

working strength, which in case of marriage would be surrendered to the father-in-law, may be retained at home.

From these three families I gained much information concerning country people and their ways, the women carrying on the conversation until late into the night. But when at last the time came for retirement I found myself in somewhat of a dilemma. Two chairs, an old bench, and several stools were the only furniture which the place contained; to occupy one of the shelves was out of the question; to take to the floor was, to say the least, undignified. I cut the knot by spreading my furs on the bench; comfortably deposited whereon, I remember finding myself just beneath the household icon. A glance at the Madonna would have assured me even in a nest of professional robbers, and I fell asleep forthwith. The house was astir next morning at four o'clock, although it then lacked many hours of daylight. My driver, who had found comfortable lodgings for the night in an outhouse, joined me at breakfast, and at eight A. M., in the gray dawn just beginning to steal over the landscape, we were ready to depart. One preliminary alone remained, that of paying for our accommodation; but the charge made by these simple people was so small — five copeks, that is to say, scarcely three cents of American money — that I had to insist upon my own estimate of the value of our entertainment.

On the second evening we reached a village about an hour before midnight. Here I found a kind of inn, at which something equivalent to the English "lodgings for man and beast" was offered. I had no sooner concluded arrangements with the landlord, and settled myself for repose, when the noise of the tramping of many feet was suddenly heard. The domestics called out *Burlaki!* and at once every one ran to the door. In the bright moonlight I saw a great crowd surging past, with a

march as persistent and an aspect as multitudinous as that of a tidal wave; above it ascended the roar, not of the sea, but of voices, — of mutterings, ejaculations, shouts, cries, of wild exclamations, of delirious screams, of drunken songs, of howls uttered in the vertigo of intoxication. The numbers of this human flood seemed such as no man could count; only after the first bewilderment was over could it be seen that the mass moving by was composed wholly of men. Illuminating at first only the total confusion of the spectacle, the moon began to light up separate clusters, groups, and finally individuals. The strangest figures then came into sight: beings attired fantastically, some in rags, others well-nigh nude; countenances besmeared with soot, imparting to the eye a demoniacal glare by the simplest effects of contrast; heads overflowing with matted disorder. In a moment the mass had swept past, and the sound of its vanishing came up on the night air like the retreating voice of many waters. I had simply witnessed a migration of the *burlaki*, or river boatmen, from point to point on the Volga, yet the spectacle was one that I have never fancied even in my dreams.

On reaching the village of Popovitskaya, the following afternoon, an unexpected difficulty presented itself. There was no possibility, we were informed, of proceeding further, the road being blocked by brigands. As a piece of coronation clemency, many of the southern prisons had been opened in the interest of certain non-political criminals, and the objects of the emperor's favor in the autumn were now pursuing a successful career of robbery; sweeping the steppe in bands, despoiling the traveler of his horses and baggage, shooting him dead should he resist. At first my driver refused point-blank to proceed. He pointed to our defenseless condition, both of us being unarmed. Then he told me, as a clincher, that the horses

were borrowed, and that he would have to replace them should they be stolen. Having no time to waste, I insisted on going forward, — our journey had already been prolonged to an outrageous extent. He thereupon asked me to remain in the village until daylight on the following morning. "The robbers," he added, "won't be abroad, and we shall have company." I declined his proposition, knowing that a night frittered away meant a whole day lost. Moreover, by traveling in the night I hoped to reach Tsaritsyn early enough on the following day to catch the afternoon train for the north. Finally I promised to make good his horses in case they were stolen, and he consented very reluctantly to start; muttering, as we set out from Popovitskaya at dusk, a phrase which meant that he committed himself to the will or favor of God.

Twenty-eight versts of desolate country, mist-covered and all aglimmer with the light of a hidden moon, we traversed that night; myself in not a little apprehension, my driver whistling continually, after the fashion of his class, to hold evil afar off. Towards the morning, we overtook a well-armed party in charge of a camel caravan, and were glad to follow in its rear. On reaching Sarepta I was informed that our escape was a mere chance; that only a week before two travelers had sallied forth from the settlement, armed to the teeth, and had been brought back lifeless, — murdered and robbed by the brigands. But we were now out of all danger. From Sarepta it is only five or six hours' ride to Tsaritsyn, and I was thus enabled to catch the afternoon train to the north, after ten days' journeying by river and road.

Edmund Noble.

A SILENT GUEST.

TO H. E. C.

WE sit and chat in the familiar place, —

We two, where in those other years were three, —

Till, suddenly, you turn your eyes from me,

And in the empty air I see a face,

Serenely smiling with the old-time grace,

And we are three again. All silently

The third guest entered; and as silent we,

Held mute by very awe for some brief space.

And then we question, Has he come to stay?

Was heaven lonely to the child of earth?

Was there no nectar in immortal bliss

To warm lips thirsting for a mortal kiss?

Has the new lesson taught the old love's worth?

The still ghost hears, and smiles, and — goes his way.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

LONDON, June, 1887.

PAUL PATOFF.

XVI.

If any of the party could have guessed what Gregorios Balsamides and I were doing on that dark night, they would not have slept as soundly as they did. It was an evil night, a night for a bad deed, I thought, as I looked out of the carriage window, when we were clear of the houses and streets of Pera. The black clouds drove angrily down before the north wind, seeming to tear themselves in pieces on the stars, as one might tear a black veil upon steel nails. The wind swept the desolate country, and made the panes of the windows rattle even more loudly than did the hoofs and wheels upon the stony road. But the horses were strong, and the driver was not a shivering Greek, but a sturdy Turk, who could laugh at the wind as it whistled past his ears, striking full upon his broad chest. He drove fast along the rising ground, and faster as he reached the high bend which the road follows above the Bosphorus, winding in and out among the hills till it descends at last to Therapia.

"The clouds look like the souls of the lost to-night," said Balsamides, drawing his fur coat closely around him. "One can imagine how Dante conceived the idea of the scene in hell, when the souls stream down the wind."

"You seem poetically inclined," I answered.

"Why not? We are out upon a romantic errand. Our lives are not often romantic. We may as well make the best of it, as a beggar does when he gets a bowl of rice."

"I should fancy you had led a very romantic life," said I, lighting a cigarette in the dark, and leaning back against the cushions.

"That is what women always say

when they want a man to make confidences," laughed Balsamides. "No, I have not led a romantic life. I pass most of my time sitting on my horse in the hot sun, or the driving snow, preserving, or pretending to preserve, the life of his Majesty from real or imaginary dangers. Or else I sit eight or nine hours a day chatting and smoking with the other adjutants. It is not a healthy life. It is certainly not romantic."

"Not as you describe it. But I judged from the ease with which you made the preparations for this expedition that you had done things of the sort before."

My friend laughed again, but turned the subject.

"I hope that when we meet your friends, to-morrow morning, we may have something to show for our night's work," he said. "Fancy what an excitement there would be if we brought Alexander Patoff back with us! Not that it is at all probable. We may bring back nothing but broken bones."

"I do not think Selim will hurt us much," I answered. "He is not exactly an athlete. I would risk a fight with him."

"I dare say. But there may be plenty of strong fellows about the premises. There are the four *caïdjs*, the boatmen, to begin with. There is a coachman and probably two grooms. Very likely there are half a dozen big *harnâls* about."

"That makes thirteen," I said. "Six and a half to one, or four and a third to one, if we count upon our own driver."

"You may count upon him," replied Gregorios. "He is an old soldier, and as strong as a lion. In case of necessity he will call the watch from *Yeni Kôj*. There is a small detachment of infantry there. But we shall not have to resort to such measures. I believe that I can

make the Khanum confess. If so, I can make her order Selim to give up Patoff, if he is alive."

"And if he is dead?"

"It will be the worse for the Khanum and her people. She is not in good odor at the palace. It would not take much to have her exiled to Arabia, even though she be dying, as they say she is. That is the question. Let me only find her alive, and I will answer for the rest."

"She might very well refuse to confess, I fancy," I remarked, surprised at my friend's tone of conviction.

"I believe not," he said shortly. Then he remained silent for some time.

My nerves are good, but I did not like the business, though I knew it was undertaken for a good purpose, and that if we were successful we should be conferring great and lasting happiness upon more than one of my friends. I had heard many queer stories of wild deeds in the East, and in my own experience had been concerned in at least one strange and unhappy story, which had ended in my losing sight forever of a man who was very dear to me. I do not think that the fact of having been in danger necessarily brings with it a liking for dangerous adventures, though it undoubtedly makes a man more fit to encounter perils of all kinds. Few men are absolutely careless of life, and those who are do not of necessity court death. It is one thing to say that one would readily die at any moment; it is quite another to seek risks and to incur them voluntarily. The brave man, as a general rule, does not feel a thrill of pleasure until the struggle has actually begun; when he is expecting it he is grave and cautious, lest it should come upon him unawares. This, at least, I believe to be the character of the Northern man, and I think it constitutes one of his elements of superiority.

Balsamides is an Oriental, and looks at things very differently. In his belief, death will come at its appointed time,

whether a man stay at home and nurse his safety, or whether he lead the front in battle. The essence of fatalism is the conviction that death must come at a certain time, no matter what a man is doing, nor how he may try to protect himself. This is the reason why the fanatic Mussulman is absolutely indifferent to danger. He firmly believes that if he is to die death will overtake him at the plough as surely as in storming an enemy's battery. But he believes also that if he dies fighting against unbelievers his place in Paradise will be far higher than if he dies upon his farm, his ambrosial refreshment more abundant, and the dark-eyed houris who will soothe his eternal repose more beautiful and more numerous. The low-born hamal in the street will march up to the mouth of the guns without so much as a cup of coffee to animate him, with an absolute courage not found in men who have not his unswerving faith. To him Paradise is an almost visible reality, and the attainment of it depends only on his individual exertions. But what is most strange is the fact that this indifference to death is contagious, so that Christians who live among Turks unconsciously acquire much of the Moslem belief in fate. The Albanians, who are chiefly Christians, are among the bravest officers in the Turkish army, as they are amongst the most faithfully devoted to the Sultan and to the interests of the Empire.

Balsamides was in a mood which differed widely from mine. As we clattered over the rough road in the face of the north wind, I was thinking of what was before us, anticipating trouble, and determining within myself what I would do. If I were ready to meet danger, it was from an inward conviction of necessity which clearly presented itself to me, and I consequently made the best of it. But Balsamides grew merry as we proceeded. His spirits rose at the mere thought of a fight, until I almost

fancied that he would provoke an unnecessary struggle rather than forego the pleasure of dealing a few blows. It was a new phase of his character, and I watched him, or rather listened to him, with interest.

"This is positively delightful," he said in a cheerful voice.

"What?" I inquired, with pardonable curiosity.

"What? In an hour or two we may have strangled the Lala, have forced the old Khanum to confess her iniquities, kicked the retainers into the Bosphorus, and be on our way back, with Alexander Patoff in this very carriage! I cannot imagine a more delightful prospect."

"It is certainly a lively entertainment for a cold night," I replied. "But if you expect me to murder anybody in cold blood, I warn you that I will not do it."

"No, but they may show fight," he said. "A little scuffle would be such a rest after leading this monotonous life. I should think you would be more enthusiastic."

"I shall reserve my enthusiasm until the fight is over."

"Then it will be of no use to you. Where is the pleasure in talking about things when they are past? The real pleasure is in action."

"Action is not necessarily bloodshed," said I. "Active exercise is undoubtedly good for mind and body, but when you take it by strangling your fellow-creatures" —

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Balsamides. "What is the life of one Lala more or less in this world? Besides, he will not be killed unless he deserves it."

"With your ideas about the delight of such amusements, you will be likely to find that he deserves it. I do not think he would be very safe in your keeping."

"No, perhaps not," he answered, with a light laugh. "If he objects to letting me in, I shall take great pleasure in

making short work of him. I am rather sorry you have put on that uniform. Your appearance will probably inspire so much respect that they will all act like sheep in a thunderstorm, — huddle together and bleat or squeal. It is some consolation to think that unless I appeared with an adjutant they would not believe that I came from the palace."

"It is a consolation to me to think that my presence may render it unnecessary for you to strangle, crucify, burn alive, and drown the whole population of Yeni Kōj," I answered. "I dare say you have done most of those things at one time or another."

"In insurrections, such as we occasionally have in Albania and Crete, it is imperative sometimes to make an example. But I am not bloodthirsty."

"No; from your conversation I should take you for a lamb," said I.

"I am not bloodthirsty," continued Gregorios. "I should not care to kill a man who was quite defenseless, or who was innocent. Indeed, I would not do such a thing on any account."

"You amaze me," I observed.

"No. But I like fighting. I enter into the spirit of the thing. There is really nothing more exhilarating, — I even believe it is healthy."

"For the survivors it is good exercise. Those who do not survive are, of course, no longer in a condition to appreciate the fun."

"Exactly; the fun consists in surviving."

"One does not always survive," I objected.

"What is the difference?" exclaimed Balsamides, who probably shrugged his shoulders, in his dark corner of the carriage. "A man can die only once, and then it is all over."

"A man can also live only once," said I. "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

"Very little," answered Balsamides, with a laugh. "I would rather have

been a living lion for ever so short a time, and be dead, than be a Pera dog forever. The Preacher would have been nearer to the truth if he had said that a living man is better than a dead man. But the Preacher was an Oriental, and naturally had to use a simile to express his meaning."

Suddenly the carriage stopped in the road. Then, after a moment's pause, we turned to the right, and began to descend a steep hill, slowly and cautiously, for the night was very dark and the road bad.

"We are going down to Yeni K $\ddot{o}$ j," said Balsamides. "In twenty minutes we shall be there. I will get out of the carriage first. Remember that once there you must not speak a word of any language but Turkish."

Slowly we crept down the hill, the wheels grinding in the drag, and jolting heavily from time to time. There were trees by the roadside, — indeed, we were on the outskirts of the Belgrade forest. The bare boughs swayed and creaked in the bitter March wind, and as I peered out through the window the night seemed more hideous than ever.

"By the bye," said I, suddenly, "we have no names. What am I to call you, if I have to speak to you?"

"Anything," said Balsamides. "She does not know the name of the court physician, I suppose. However, you had better call me by his name. She might know, after all. Call me Kalopithaki Bey. You are Mehemet Bey. That is simple enough. Here, we are coming to the house, be ready, they will open the door if they recognize the palace carriage through the lattice. Of course every one will be up if the old lady is dying, and it is not much past twelve. The man has driven fast."

The wheels rattled over pavement, and we drew up before the door of Laleli's house. We both descended quickly, and Balsamides went up the broad steps which led to the door and knocked.

Some one opened almost immediately, and a harsh voice — not Selim's — called out, —

"Who is there?"

"From the palace, by order of his Majesty," answered Balsamides, promptly. I showed myself by his side, and, as he had predicted, the effect produced by the adjutant's uniform was instantaneous. The man made a low salute, which we hastily returned, and held the door wide open for us to pass; closing it and bolting it, however, when we had entered. I noticed that the bolts slid easily and noiselessly in their sockets. The man was a sturdy and military Turk, I observed, with grizzled mustaches and a face deeply marked with small-pox.

We entered a lofty vestibule, lighted by two hanging lamps. The floor was matted, but there was no furniture of any description. At the opposite end a high doorway was closed by a heavy curtain. A large Turkish mangál, or brazier, stood in the middle of the wide hall. The man turned to the right and led us into a smaller apartment, of which the walls were ornamented with mirrors in gilt frames. A low divan, covered with satin of the disagreeable color known as magenta, surrounded the room on all sides. Two small tables, inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, stood side by side in the middle of the apartment.

"Buyurun, be seated, Effendimlir," said the man, who then left the room. A moment later we heard his harsh voice at some distance: —

"Selim, Selim! There are two Effendilir from Yıldız-Kiöshk in the selamlek!"

We sat down to wait.

"The porter is a genuine Turk, and not a Circassian. A Circassian would have said 'Effendilir,' without the 'm,' in the vocative when he spoke to us, as he did when he used it in the nominative to Selim."

I reflected that Balsamides had good

nerves if he could notice grammatical niceties at such a moment.

XVII.

In a few moments Selim, the hideous Lala, entered the room, making the usual salutation as he advanced. He must have recognized Balsamides at once, for he started and stood still when he saw him, and seemed about to speak. But my appearance probably prevented him from saying what was on his lips, and he stood motionless before us. Balsamides assumed a suave manner, and informed him that he was sent by his Majesty to afford relief, if possible, to Laleli Khanum Effendi. His Majesty, said Gregorios, was deeply grieved at hearing of the Khanum's illness, and desired that every means should be employed to alleviate her sufferings. He begged that Selim would at once inform the Khanum of the physician's presence, as every moment might be of importance at such a juncture.

Selim could hardly have guessed the truth. He did not know the court doctor by sight, and Balsamides played his part with consummate coolness. The negro could never have imagined that a Frank and a foreigner would dare to assume the uniform of one of the Sultan's adjutants, — a uniform which he knew very well, and which he knew that he must respect. He was terrified when he recognized in the Sultan's medical adviser the man who had scattered the crowd in the bazaar, and who had so startled him by his references to the ring, the box, and the chain. He was frightened, but he knew he could not attempt to resist the imperial order, and after a moment's hesitation he answered.

"The Khanum Effendi," he said, "is indeed very ill. It is past midnight, and no one in the harem thinks of sleep. I will prepare the Khanum for the Effendi's visit."

Thereupon he withdrew, and we were once more left alone. I confess that my courage rose as I grew more confident of the excellence of my disguise. If the Lala himself had no doubts concerning me, it was not likely that any one else would venture to question my identity. As for Balsamides, he seemed as calm as though he were making an ordinary visit.

"They will make us wait," he said. "It will take half an hour to prepare the harem for my entrance. The old lady may be dying, but she will not sacrifice the formalities. It is no light thing with such as she to receive a visit from a Frank doctor."

He spoke in a low voice, lest the porter in the hall should hear us. But he did not speak again. I fancied he was framing his speech to the Khanum. The preparations within did not take so long as he had expected, for scarcely ten minutes had elapsed when Selim returned.

"Buyurun," said the negro, shortly. The word is the universal formula in Turkey for "walk in," "sit down," "make yourself comfortable," "help yourself."

Balsamides glanced at me, as we both rose from our seats, and I saw that he was perfectly calm and confident. A moment later I was alone.

Gregorios followed Selim into the hall; then, passing under the heavy curtain and through a door which the Lala opened on the other side, he found himself within the precincts of the harem, in a wide vestibule not unlike the one he had just quitted, though more brilliantly lighted, and furnished with low divans covered with pale blue satin. There was no one to be seen, however, and Balsamides followed the negro, who entered a door on the right-hand side, at the end of the hall. They passed through a narrow passage, entirely hung with rose-colored silk and matted, but devoid of furniture, and then Selim

raised a curtain and admitted Gregorios to the presence of the sick lady.

The apartment was vast and brilliantly illuminated with lamps. Huge mirrors in gilt frames of the fashion of the last century filled the panels from the ceiling to the wainscoting. In the corners and in every available space between the larger ones, small mirrors bearing branches of lights were hung, and groups of lamps were suspended from the ceiling. The whole effect was as though the room had been lighted for a ball. The Khanum had always loved lights, and feeling her sight dimmed by illness she had ordered every lamp in the house to be lighted, producing a fictitious daylight, and perhaps in some measure the exhilaration which daylight brings with it.

The floor of the hall was of highly polished wood, and the everlasting divans of disagreeable magenta satin, so dear to the modern Turkish woman, lined the walls on three sides. At the upper end, however, a dais was raised about a foot from the floor. Here rich Siné and Giordès carpets were spread, and a broad divan extended across the whole width of the apartment, covered with silk of a very delicate hue, such as in the last century was called "bloom" in England. The long stiff cushions, of the same material, leaned stiffly against the wall at the back of the low seat, in an even row. Several dwarf tables, of the inlaid sort, stood within arm's-length of the divan, and on one of them lay a golden salver, bearing a crystal jar of strawberry preserves, and a glass half full of water, with a gold spoon in it. In the right-hand corner of the divan was the Khanum herself.

The old lady's dress was in striking contrast to her surroundings. She wore a shapeless, snuff-colored gown, very loose and only slightly gathered at the waist. As she sat propped among her cushions, her feet entirely concealed beneath her, she seemed to be inclosed in

a brown bag, from which emerged her head and hands. The latter were very small and white, and might well have belonged to a young woman, but her head was that of an aged crone. Balsamides was amazed at her ugliness and the extraordinary expression of her features. She wore no head-dress, and the bit of gauze about her throat, which properly speaking should have concealed her face, did not even cover her chin. Her hair was perfectly black in spite of her age, and being cut so short as only to reach the collar of her gown, hung straight down like that of an American Indian, brushed back from the high yellow forehead, and falling like stiff horse-hair over her ears and cheeks when she bent forward. Her eyes, too, were black, and were set so near together as to give her a very disagreeable expression, while the heavy eyebrows rose slightly from the nose towards the temples. The nose was long, straight, and pointed, but very thin, and the nostrils, which had once been broad and sensitive, were pinched and wrinkled by old age and the play of strong emotions. Her cheeks were hollowed and yellow, as the warped parchment cover of an old manuscript, seamed with furrows in all directions, so that the slightest motion of her face destroyed one set of deep-traced lines only to exhibit another new and unexpected network of wrinkles. The upper lip was long and drawn down, while the thin mouth curved upwards at the corners in a disagreeable smile, something like that which seems to play about the long, slit lips of a dead viper. This unpleasant combination of features was terminated by a short but prominent chin, indicating a determined and undeviating will. The ghastly yellow color of her face made the unnatural brightness of her beady eyes more extraordinary still.

To judge from her appearance, she had not long to live, and Balsamides realized the fact as soon as he was in her presence. It was not a fever; it was no

sudden illness which had attacked her, depriving her of strength, speech, and consciousness. She was dying of a slow and incurable disease, which fed upon the body without weakening the energies of the brain, and which had now reached its last stage. She might live a month, or she might die that very night, but her end was close at hand. With the iron determination of a tyrannical old woman, she kept up appearances to the last, and had insisted on being carried to the great hall and set in the place of honor upon the divan to receive the visit of the physician. Indeed, for many days she had given the slaves of her harem no rest, causing herself to be carried from one part of the house to another, in the vain hope of finding some relief from the pain which devoured her. All night the great rooms were illuminated. Day and night the slaves exhausted themselves in the attempt to amuse her: the trained and educated Circassian girl translated the newspapers to her, or read aloud whole chapters of Victor Hugo's *Misérables*, one of the few foreign novels which have been translated into Turkish; the almehs danced and sang to their small lutes; the black slaves succeeded each other in bringing every kind of refreshment which the ingenuity of the Dalmatian cook could devise; the whole establishment was in perpetual motion, and had rarely in the last few days snatched a few minutes of uneasy rest when the Khanum slept her short and broken sleep. It chanced that Laleli had all her life detested opium, and was so quick to detect its presence in a sweetmeat or in a sherbet that now, when its use might have soothed her agonies, no member of her household had the courage to offer it to her. Her sleepless days and nights passed in the perpetual effort to obtain some diversion from her pain, and with every hour it became more difficult to satisfy her craving for change and amusement.

Balsamides came forward, touching his hand to his mouth and forehead; and then approaching nearer, he awaited her invitation to sit down. The old woman made a feeble, almost palsied gesture with her thin white hand, and Gregorios advanced and seated himself upon the divan at some distance from his patient.

"His Majesty has sent you?" she inquired presently, slowly turning her head and fixing her beady eyes upon his face. Her voice was weak and hoarse, scarcely rising above a whisper.

"It is his Majesty's pleasure that I should use my art to stay the hand of death," replied Balsamides. "His Majesty is deeply grieved to hear of the Khanum Effendi's illness."

"My gratitude is profound as the sea," said Laleli Khanum, but as she spoke the viper smile wreathed and curled upon her seamed lips. "I thank his Majesty. My time is come, — it is my kaddr, my fate. Allah alone can save. None else can help me."

"Nevertheless, though it be in vain, I must try my arts, Khanum Effendim," said Balsamides.

"What are your arts?" asked the sick woman, scornfully. "Can you burn me with fire, and make a new Laleli out of the ashes of my bones?"

"No," said Gregorios, "I cannot do that, but I can ease your pain, and perhaps you may recover."

"If you can ease my pain, you shall be rich. But you cannot. Only Allah is great!"

"If the Khanum will permit her servant to approach her and to touch her hand" — suggested Balsamides, humbly.

"Gelinis, come," muttered Laleli. But she drew the pale green veil that was round her throat a little higher, so as to cover her mouth. "What is this vile body that it should be any longer withheld from the touch of the unbeliever? What is your medicine, Giaour? Shall the touch of your unbelieving hand,

wherewith you daily make signs before images, heal the sickness of her who is a daughter of the prophet of the Most High?"

Balsamides rose from his seat and came to her side. She shrank together in her snuff-colored, bag-shaped gown, and hesitated before she would put out her small hand, and her eyes expressed ineffable disgust. But at last she held out her fingers, and Gregorios succeeded in getting at her wrist. The pulse was very quick, and fluttered and sank at every fourth or fifth beat.

"The Khanum is in great pain," said Gregorios. He saw indeed that she was in a very weak state, and he fancied she could not last long.

"Ay, the pains of Gehennam are upon me," she answered in her hoarse whisper, and at the same time she trembled violently, while the perspiration broke out in a clammy moisture on her yellow forehead.

Gregorios produced a small case from his pocket. It is the magical transformer of the modern physician.

"The prick of a pin," said he, "and your pain will cease. If the Khanum will consent?"

She was in an access of terrible agony, and could not speak. Gregorios took from his case a tiny syringe and a small bottle containing a colorless liquid. It was the work of an instant to puncture the skin of Laleli's hand, and to inject a small dose of morphine, — a very small dose indeed, for the solution was weak. But the effect was almost instantaneous. The Khanum opened her small black eyes, the contortion of her wrinkled face gave way to a more natural expression, and she gradually assumed a look of peace and relief which told Gregorios that the drug had done its work. Even her voice sounded less hoarse and indistinct when she spoke again.

"I am cured!" she exclaimed in sudden delight. "The pain is gone, — Allah be praised, the pain is gone,

the fire is put out! I shall live! I shall live!"

Not one word of thanks to Gregorios escaped her lips. It was characteristic of the woman that she expressed only her own satisfaction at the relief she experienced, feeling not the smallest gratitude towards the physician. She clapped her thin hands, and a black slave girl appeared, one of those called halaik, or "creatures." The Khanum ordered coffee and chibouques. She had never accepted the modern cigarette.

"The relief is instantaneous," remarked Balsamides, carefully putting back the syringe and the bottle in the little case, which he returned to his pocket.

"Tell me," said the old woman, lowering her voice, "is it the magic of the Franks?"

"It is, and it is not," answered Gregorios, willing to play upon her superstition. "It is, truly, very mysterious, and a man who employs it must have clean hands and a brave heart. And so, indeed, must the person who benefits by the cure. Otherwise it cannot be permanent. The sins which burden the soul have power to consume the body, and if there is no repentance, no device to undo the harm done, the magic properties of the fluid are soon destroyed by the more powerful arts of Satan."

The Khanum looked anxiously at Balsamides as he spoke. At that moment the black slave girl returned, bearing two little cups of coffee, while two other girls, exactly like the first, followed with two lighted chibouques, a mangal filled with coals, two small brass dishes upon which the bowls of the pipes were to rest, so as not to burn the carpet, and a little pair of steel firetongs inlaid with gold. At a sign the three slaves silently retired. The Khanum drank the hot coffee eagerly, and, placing the huge amber mouthpiece against her lips, began to inhale the smoke. Gregorios followed her example.

"What is this you say of Satan destroying the power of your medicine?" asked Laleli, presently.

"It is the truth, Khanum Effendim," answered Balsamides, solemnly. "If, therefore, you would be healed, repent of sin, and if you have done anything that is sinful, command that it be undone, if possible. If not, your pain will return, and I cannot save you."

"How do you, a Giaour, talk to me of repentance?" asked Laleli, in scornful tones. "While you try to extract the eyelash from my eye, you do not see the beam which has entered your own."

"Nevertheless, unless you repent my medicine will not heal you," returned Gregorios, calmly.

"What have I to repent? Shall you find out my sin?"

"That I be unable to find it out does not destroy the necessity for your repenting it. The time is short. If your heart is not clean you will soon be writhing in a worse agony than when I charmed away your pain."

"We shall see," retorted the Khanum, her features wrinkling in a contemptuous smile. "I tell you I feel perfectly well. I have recovered."

But she had hardly spoken, and puffed a great cloud of aromatic smoke into the still air of the illuminated room, when the smile began to fade. Balsamides watched her narrowly, and saw the former expression of pain slowly returning to her face. He had not expected it so soon, but in his fear of producing death he had administered a very small dose of morphine, and the disease was far advanced. Laleli, however, though terrified as she felt that the agony she had so long endured was returning after so brief a respite, endeavored bravely to hide her sufferings, lest she should seem to confess that the Giaour was right, and that it was the presence of the devil in her heart which prevented the medicine from having its full effect. Gradually,

as she smoked on in silence, Gregorios saw that the disease had got the mastery over her again, and that she was struggling to control her features. He pretended not to observe the change, and waited philosophically for the inevitable result. At last the unfortunate woman could bear it no longer; the pipe dropped from her trembling hand, and the sweat stood upon her brow.

"I wonder whether there is any truth in what you say!" she exclaimed, in a voice broken with the pain she would not confess.

"It is useless to deny it," answered Balsamides. "The Khanum Effendim is already suffering."

"No, I am not!" she said between her teeth. But the perspiration trickled down her hollow cheeks. Suddenly, unable to hide the horrible agony which was gnawing in her bosom, she uttered a short, harsh cry, and rocked herself backwards and forwards.

"It is even so," said Balsamides, eyeing her coldly, and not moving from his place as he blew the clouds of smoke into the warm air. "My medicine is of no use when the soul is dark and diseased by a black deed."

"Where is the medicine?" cried the wretched woman, swaying from side to side in her agony. "Where is it? Give it to me again, or I shall die!"

"It cannot help you unless you confess your sin," returned her torturer indifferently.

"In the name of Allah! I will confess all, even to you an unbeliever, if you will only give me rest again!" cried Laleli. From the momentary respite the pain seemed far greater than before.

"If you will do that, I will try and save you," answered Balsamides, producing the case from his pocket. He had been very far from expecting the advantage he had obtained through the combination of the old woman's credulity and extreme suffering. But in his usual

cold fashion he now resolved to use it to the utmost. Laleli saw him take the syringe from the case, and her eyes glittered with the anticipation of immediate relief.

"Speak," said Gregorios, "confess your sin, and you shall have rest."

"What am I to confess?" asked the old woman, hungrily watching the tiny instrument in his fingers.

"This," answered Balsamides, lowering his voice. "You must tell me what became of a Russian Effendi, whose name was Alexander, whom you caused to be seized one night in the last week of" —

Again Laleli cried out, and rocked her body, apparently suffering more than ever.

"The medicine!" she whispered, almost inaudibly. "Quick — I cannot speak — I am dying of the pain." The perspiration streamed down her yellow wrinkled face, and Balsamides feared the end was come.

"You must tell me first, or it will be of no use," he said. But he quickly filled the syringe, and prepared to repeat the former operation.

"I cannot," groaned Laleli. "I die — quick! Then I will tell."

A physician might have known whether the woman were really dying or not, but Balsamides' science did not go so far as that. Without further hesitation he pricked the skin of her hand and injected a small quantity, a very little more than the first time. The effect was not quite so sudden as before, but it followed after a few seconds. The signs of extreme suffering disappeared from the Khanum's face, and she once more looked up.

"Your medicine is good, Giaour," she said, with the ghost of a disdainful laugh. But her voice was still very weak and hoarse.

"It will not save you unless you confess what became of the Frank," said Gregorios, again putting his instrument

into the case, and the case into his pocket.

"It is very easy for me to have you kept here, and to force you to cure me," she answered, with a wicked smile. "Do you think you can leave my house without my permission?"

"Easily," returned Balsamides, coolly. "I have not come here unprotected. His majesty's adjutant is outside. You will not find it easy to take him prisoner."

"Who knows?" exclaimed Laleli. "The only thing which prevents me from keeping you is, that I see you have very little of your medicine. It is a good medicine. But I do not believe your story about repentance. It may serve for Franks; it is not enough for a daughter of the true prophet."

"You shall see. If you wish to avoid further suffering, I advise you to tell me what became of Alexander Patoff, and to tell me quickly. I was wrong to give you the medicine until you had confessed, but if you refuse I have another medicine ready which may persuade you."

"What do I know of your unbelieving dogs of Russians?" retorted the old woman, fiercely.

"You know the answer to my question well enough. If you do not tell me within five minutes what I want to know, I will tell you what the other medicine is."

Laleli relapsed into a scornful silence. She was better of her pain, but she was angry at the physician's manner. Balsamides took out his watch, and began to count the minutes. There was dead silence in the spacious hall, where the lights burned as brightly as ever, while the heavy clouds of tobacco smoke slowly wreathed themselves around the chandeliers and mirrors. The two sat watching each other. It seemed an eternity to the old woman, but the dose had been stronger this time, and she was free from pain. At last Balsamides shut his watch and returned it to his pocket.

"Will you, or will you not, tell me what became of Alexander Patoff, whom you caused to be seized in or near Agia Sophia, one night in the last week of the month of Ramazân before the last?"

Laleli's beady eyes were fixed on his as he spoke, with an air of surprise, not unmingled with curiosity, and strongly tinged with contempt.

"I know nothing about him," she answered steadily. "I never caused him to be seized. I never heard of him."

"Then here is my medicine," said Gregorios, coldly. "It is a terrible medicine. Listen to the pleasure of his Majesty the Hunkyar." He rose, and pressed the document to his lips and forehead.

"What!" cried Laleli, in sudden terror, her voice gathering strength from her fright.

"It is an order, dated to-day, to arrest Laleli Khanum Effendi, and to convey her to a place of safety, where she shall await the further commands of his Majesty."

"It is false," murmured the Khanum. But her white fingers twisted each other nervously. "It is a forgery."

"So false," replied Balsanides, with cold contempt, "that the adjutant is waiting outside, and a troop of horse is stationed within call to conduct you to the place of safety aforesaid. I can force you to lay his Majesty's signature on your forehead and to follow me to my carriage, if I please."

"Allah alone is great!" groaned the Khanum, her head sinking on her breast in despair. "Kadèr, — it is my fate."

"But if you will deliver me this man alive, I will save you out of the hands even of the Hunkyar. I will say that you are too ill to be removed from your house, — unless I give you my medicine," he added, flattering her hopes to the last.

"Give me time. I know nothing — what shall I say?" muttered Laleli, incoherently, her thin fingers twitching

at the stuff of her snuff-colored gown, while as she bent her head her short, coarse, black hair fell over her yellow cheeks, and concealed her expression from Gregorios.

"You have not much time," he answered. "The pain will soon seize you more sharply than before. If I arrest you, your sentence will be banishment to Arabia, — not for this crime, but for that other which you thought was pardoned. If I leave you here without help, my sentence upon you is pain, pain and agony until you die. It is already returning. I can see it in your face."

"I must have time to consider," said Laleli, her old firmness returning, as it generally did in moments of great difficulty. She looked up, tossing back her hair. "How long will you give me?"

"Till the morning light is first gray in the sky above Beikos," replied Gregorios, without hesitation. "But for your own sake you had better decide sooner."

Laleli was silent. She must have had the strongest reasons for refusing to tell the secret of Alexander's fate, for the penalty of silence was a fearful one. She felt herself to be dying, but the morphine had revived in her the hope of life, and she loved life yet. But to live and suffer, to go through the horrors of an exile to Arabia, to drag her gnawing pain through the sands of the desert, was a prospect too awful to be contemplated. As the effects of the last dose administered began to disappear, and her sufferings recommenced, she realized her situation with frightful vividness. Still she strove to be calm and to baffle her tormentor to the very end. If she had not felt the unspeakable relief she had gained from his medicine, she would have wished to die, but she had tasted of life again. The problem was how to preserve this new life while refusing to answer the question Gregorios had asked of her. She was so clever, so thorough-

ly able to deal with difficulties, that if she could but have relief from her sufferings, so that her mind might be free to work undisturbed, she still hoped to find the solution. But the pain was already returning. In a few minutes she would be writhing in agony again.

"I will wait until morning, — it is not many hours now," said Balsamides, after a pause. "But I strongly advise you to decide at once. You are beginning to suffer, and I warn you that unless you confess you shall not have the medicine."

"I lived without it until you came," answered Laleli. "I can live without it now, if it is my fate." Her voice trembled convulsively, but she finished her sentence by a great effort.

"It is not your fate," returned Gregorios. "You cannot live without it."

"Then at least I shall die and escape you," she groaned, but even in her groan there was a sort of scorn. On the last occasion she had indeed exaggerated her sufferings, pretending that she was at the point of death in order to get relief without telling her secret. She had always believed that at the last minute Balsamides would relent, out of fear lest she should die, and that she could thus obtain a series of intervals of rest, during which she might think what was to be done. She did not know the relentless character of the man with whom she had to deal.

"You cannot escape me," said Balsamides, sternly. "But you can save me trouble by deciding quickly."

"I have decided to die!" she cried at last, with a great effort. She groaned again, and began to rock herself in her seat upon the divan.

"You will not die yet," observed Gregorios, contemptuously. He had understood that he had been deceived the previous time, and had determined to let her suffer.

Indeed, she was suffering, and very terribly. Her groans had a different

character now, and it was evident that she was not playing a comedy. A livid hue overspread her face, and she gasped for breath.

"If you are really in pain," said Balsamides, "confess, and I will give you relief."

But Laleli shook her head, and did not look up. He attributed her constancy to an intention to impose upon him a second time by appearing to suffer in silence rather than to sell her secret for the medicine. He looked on, quite unmoved, for some minutes. At last she raised her head and showed the deathly color of her face.

"Medicine!" she gasped.

"Not this time, unless you make a full confession," said Balsamides calmly. "I will not be deceived again."

The wretched woman cast an imploring glance at him, and seemed trying to speak. But he thought she was acting again, and did not move from his seat.

"You understand the price," he said, slowly taking the case from his pocket. "Tell what you know, and you shall have it all, if you like."

The old Khanum's eyes glittered as she saw the receptacle of the coveted medicine. Her lips moved, producing only inarticulate sounds. Then, with a convulsive movement, she suddenly began to try and drag herself along the divan to the place where Gregorios sat. He gazed at her scornfully. She was very weak, and painfully moved on her hands and knees, the straight hair falling about her face, while her eyes gleamed and her lips moved. Occasionally she paused as though exhausted, and groaned heavily in her agony. But Balsamides believed it to be but a comedy to frighten him into administering the dose, and he sat still in his place, holding the case in his hand and keeping his eyes upon her.

"You cannot deceive me," he said coldly. "All these contortions will not prevail upon me. You must tell your secret, or you will get nothing."

Still Laleli dragged herself along, apparently trying to speak, but uttering only inarticulate sounds. As she got nearer to him, still on her hands and knees, Gregorios thought he had never seen so awful a sight. The straight black hair was matted in the moisture upon her clammy face; a deathly, greenish livid hue had overspread her features; her chin was extended forward hungrily and her eyes shone dangerously, while her lips chattered perpetually. She was very near to Balsamides. Had she had the strength to stretch out her hand she could almost have touched the small black case he held. He thought she was too near, at last, and his grip tightened on the little box.

"Confess," he said once more, "and you shall have it."

For one moment more she tried to struggle on, still not speaking. Balsamides rose and quietly put the case into his pocket, anticipating a struggle. He little knew what the result would be. The miserable creature uttered a short cry, and a wild look of despair was in her eyes. Suddenly, as she crawled upon the divan, she reared herself up on her knees, stretching out her wasted hands towards him.

"Give — give" — she cried. "I will tell you all — he is alive — he is — a wan —"

Her staring black eyes abruptly seemed to turn white, and instantly her face became ashy pale. One last convulsive effort, — the jaw dropped, the features relaxed, the limbs were unstrung, and Laleli Khanum fell forward to her full length upon her face on the peach-colored satin of the divan.

She was dead, and Gregorios Balsamides knew it, as he turned her limp body so that she lay upon her back. She was quite dead, but he was neither startled nor horrified; he was bitterly disappointed, and again and again he ground his heel into the thick *Siné* carpet under his feet. What was it to him

whether this hideous old hag were dead in one way or another? She had died with her secret. There she lay in her shapeless bag-like gown of snuff-colored stuff, under the brilliant lights and the gorgeous mirrors, upon the delicate satin cushions, her white eyes staring wide, her hands clenched still in the death agony, the coarse hair clinging to her wet temples.

Presently the body moved, and appeared to draw one — two — three convulsive breaths. Gregorios was startled, and bent down. But it was only the very end.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, half aloud, "they often do that." Indeed, he had many times in his life seen men die, on the battlefield, on the hospital pallet, in their beds at home. But he had never seen such a death as this, and for a moment longer he gazed at the dead woman's face. Then the whole sense of disappointment rushed back upon him, and he hastily strode down the long hall, under the lamps, between the mirrors, without once looking behind him.

XVIII.

Balsamides found Selim outside the door at the other end of the passage, sitting disconsolately upon the divan. The Lala turned up his ugly face as Gregorios entered, and then rose from his seat, reluctantly, as though much exhausted. Balsamides laid his hand upon the fellow's arm and looked into his small red eyes.

"The Khanum is dead," said the pretended physician.

The negro trembled violently, and throwing up his arms would have clapped his hands together. But Balsamides stopped him.

"No noise," he said sternly. "Come with me. All may yet be well with you; but you must be quiet, or it will be the worse for you." He held the Lala's

arm, and led him without resistance to the outer hall.

"Mehemet Bey! Mehemet Bey!" I heard him call, and I hastened from the room where I had waited to join him in the vestibule. He was very pale and grave. On hearing him enter, the porter appeared, and silently opened the outer door. Balsamides addressed him as we prepared to leave the house.

"The Khanum Effendi is dead," he said. "Selim will accompany us to the palace, and will return in the morning."

The man's face, deeply marked with the small-pox and weather-beaten in many a campaign, did not change color. Perhaps he had long expected the news, for he bowed his head as though submitting to a superior order.

"It is the will of Allah," he said in a low voice. In another moment we had descended the steps, Selim walking between us. The coachman was standing at the horses' heads in the light of the bright carriage lamps. Balsamides entered the carriage first, then I made Selim get in, and last of all I took my seat and closed the door.

"Yildiz-Kioshk!" shouted Balsamides out of the window to the driver, and once more we rattled over the pavement and along the rough road. I imagined that the order had been given only to mislead the porter, who had stood upon the steps until we drove away. I knew well enough that Balsamides would not present himself at the palace with me in my present disguise, and that it was very improbable that he would take Selim there. I hesitated to speak to him, because I did not know whether I was to continue to personate the adjutant or to reveal myself in my true character. I had comprehended the situation when I heard my friend tell the porter that the Khanum was dead, and I congratulated myself that we had secured the person of Selim without the smallest struggle or difficulty of any kind. I argued from this, either that the Khanum

had died without telling her story, or else that she had told it all, and that Selim was to accompany us to the place where Alexander was buried or hidden.

At last we turned to the left. Balsamides again put his head out of the window, and called to the coachman to drive on the Belgrade road instead of turning towards Pera. The negro started violently when he heard the order given, and I thought he put out his hand to take the handle of the door; but my own was in the hanging loop fastened to the inside of the door, and I knew that he could not open it. The road indicated by Gregorios leads through the heart of the Belgrade forest.

The fierce north wind had moderated a little, or rather, as we drove up the thickly wooded valley, we were not exposed to it as we had been upon the shore of the Bosphorus and on the heights above. Overhead, the driving clouds took a silvery-gray tinge, as the last quarter of the waning moon rose slowly behind the hills of the Asian shore. The bare trees swayed and moved slowly in the wind with the rhythmical motion of aquatic plants under moving water. I looked through the glass as we drove along, recognizing the well-known turns, the big trees, the occasional low stone cottages by the road-side. Everything was familiar to me, even in the bleak winter weather; only the landscape was inexpressibly wild in its leafless grayness, under the faint light of the waning moon. From time to time the Lala moved uneasily, but said nothing. We were ascending the hill which leads to the huge arch of the lonely aqueduct which pierces the forest, when Balsamides tapped upon the window. The carriage stopped in the road and he opened the door on his side and descended.

"Get down," he said to Selim. I pushed the negro forward, and got out after him. Balsamides seized his arm firmly.

"Take him on the other side," he

said to me in Turkish, dragging the fellow along the road in the direction of a stony bridle-path which from this point ascends into the forest. Then Selim's coolness failed him, and he yelled aloud, struggling in our grip, and turning his head back towards the coachman.

"Help! help!" he cried. "In the name of Allah! They will murder me!"

From the lonely road the coachman's careless laugh echoed after us, as we hurried up the steep way.

"It is a solitary spot," observed Balsamides to the terrified Selim. "You may yell yourself hoarse, if it pleases you."

We continued to ascend the path, dragging the Lala between us. He had little chance of escape between two such men as we, and he seemed to know it, for after a few minutes he submitted quietly enough. At last we reached an open space among the rocks and trees, and Balsamides stopped. We were quite out of earshot from the road, and it would be hard to imagine a more desolate place than it appeared, between two and three o'clock on that March night, the bare twigs of the birch-trees wriggling in the bleak wind, the faint light of the decreescent moon, that seemed to be upside down in the sky, falling on the white rocks, and on the whitened branches torn down by the winter's storms, lying like bleached bones upon the ground before us.

"Now," said Balsamides to the negro, "no one can hear us. You have one chance of life. Tell us at once where we can find the Russian Effendi whose property you stole and sold to Marchetto in the bazaar."

In the dim gloom I almost fancied that the black man changed color, as Gregorios put the question, but he answered coolly enough.

"You cannot find him," he said. "You need not have brought me here to ask me about him. I would have told

you what you wanted to know at Yeni K j, willingly enough."

"Why can he not be found?"

"Because he has been dead nearly two years, and his body was thrown into the Bosphorus," answered the Lala defiantly.

"You killed him, I suppose?" Balsamides tightened his grip upon the man's arm. But Selim was ready with his reply.

"You need not tear me in pieces. He killed himself."

The news was so unexpected that Balsamides and I both started and looked at each other. The Lala spoke with the greatest decision.

"How did he kill himself?" asked Gregorios sternly.

"I will tell you, as far as I know. The Bekj  of Agia Sophia, the same who admitted the Effendi, took me up by the other staircase. Franks are never allowed to pass that way, as you know. When we were half-way up, holding the tapers before us, we stumbled over the body of a man lying at the foot of one of the flights, with his hand against the wall. We stooped down and examined him. He was quite dead. 'Selim,' said the Bekj , who knows me very well, 'the Effendi has fallen down the stairs in the dark, and has broken his neck.' 'If we give the alarm,' said I, 'we shall be held responsible for his death.' 'Leave it to me,' answered the Bekj . 'Behold, the man is dead. It is his fate. He has no further use for valuables.' So the Bekj  took a ring, and a tobacco-box, and the watch and chain, and some money which was in the man's pockets. Then he said we should leave the corpse where it was. And when the prayers in the mosque were over, before it was day, he got a vegetable-seller's cart, and put the body in it and covered it with cabbages. Then we took it down to the point below Top Kapu Serai, where the waters are swift and deep. So we threw him in, for he was but a

dog of a Giaour, and had broken his neck in stumbling where it was forbidden to go. Is it my fault that he stumbled?"

"No," answered Balsamides, "it was not your fault if he stumbled, and the Bekji was a Persian fox. But you robbed his body, and divided the spoil. What share did the Bekji take?"

"He took the ring and the tobacco-box and the money, for he was the stronger," answered the Lala.

"Selim," said Balsamides quietly, "before the Khanum died to-night she said that Alexander Patoff was alive. If so, you are lying. You are a greater liar than Moseylama, the false prophet, as they say in your country. But if not, you are a robber of dead bodies. Therefore, Selim, say a Fâtihah, for your hour is come."

With that, Balsamides drew a short revolver from his pocket, and cocked it before the man's eyes. The negro's limbs relaxed, and with a howl he fell upon his knees.

"Mercy! mercy! In the name of Allah!" he cried. "I have told all the truth, I swear by the grave of my father" —

"Don't move," said Gregorios, with horrible calm. "You will do very well in that position. Now — say your Fâtihah, and be quick about it. I cannot wait all night."

"You are not in earnest, Gregorios?" I asked in English, for my blood ran cold at the sight.

"Very much in earnest," he answered in Turkish, presenting the muzzle of the pistol to the Lala's head. "This fellow shall not laugh at our beards a second time. I will count three. If you do not wish to say your prayers, I will fire when I have said three. One — two" —

"He is alive!" screamed the Lala, before the fatal "three" was spoken by Balsamides. "I have lied: he is alive! Mercy! and I will tell you all."

"I thought so," said Balsamides, coolly uncocking his pistol and putting it back into his pocket. "Get up, dog, and tell us what you know."

Selim was literally almost frightened to death, as he kneeled on the sharp stones at our feet. He could hardly speak, and I dragged him up and made him sit upon the trunk of a fallen tree. I was indeed glad that he was still alive, for though Balsamides had not yet told me the events of the night, I could see that he was in no humor to be trifled with. Even I, who am peaceably disposed towards all men, felt my blood boil when the fellow told how he and the Bekji had robbed the body of Alexander Patoff, and thrown it into the Bosphorus, for fear of being suspected. But the whole story seemed improbable, and I had a strong impression that Selim was lying. Perhaps nothing but the fear of death could have made him confess, after all, and Balsamides had a way of making death seem very real and very near.

"I will tell you this, Selim," said Gregorios. "If you will give me Alexander Patoff Effendi to-night, alive, well, and uninjured in any way, you shall go free, and I will engage that you shall not be hurt. You evidently wished to keep the Khanum's secret. The Khanum is dead, and her secrets are the Padishah's, like everything else she possessed. You are bound to deliver those secrets to my keeping. Therefore tell us shortly where the Russian is, that we may liberate him and take him home at once."

"He is alive and well. That is to say, he has been well treated," answered Selim. "If you can take him, you may take him to-night, for all I care. But you must swear that you will then protect me."

"Filthy liquor in a dirty bottle!" exclaimed Balsamides angrily. "Will you make conditions with me, you soul of a dog in a snake's body?"

"Very well," returned the Lala cunningly. "But if you should kill me by mistake before I have taken you to him, you will never find him."

"I have told you that you shall not be hurt, if you will give him up. That is enough. My word is good, and I will keep it. Speak; you are safe."

"In the first place, we must go back to Yeni Kôj. You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming up here on such a night as this."

"I want no comments on my doings. Tell me where the man is."

"I will take you to him," said the Lala.

"Well, then, get up and come back to the carriage," said Balsamides, seeing it was useless to bandy words with the fellow. Moreover, it was bitterly cold in the forest, and the idea of being once more in the comfortable carriage was attractive. Again we took Selim between us, and rapidly descended the stony path. In a few moments we were driving swiftly away from the arches of the aqueduct in the direction whence we had come.

Before we had reached the door of Laleli's house, Selim asked Balsamides to stop the carriage. We got out, and he took us up a narrow and filthy lane between two high walls. The feeble light of the moon did not penetrate the blackness, and we stumbled along in the mud as best we could. After climbing in this way for nearly ten minutes, Selim stopped before what appeared to be a small door sunk in a niche in the wall. I heard a bunch of keys jingling in his hand, and in a few seconds he admitted us. Balsamides held him firmly by the sleeve, as he turned to lock the door behind us.

"You shall not lock it," he said in a low voice. "Are we mice to be caught in a trap?"

Having made sure that the door was open, he pushed Selim forward. We seemed to be in a very spacious garden,

surrounded by high walls on all sides. The trees were bare, excepting a few tall cypresses, which reared their black spear-like heads against the dim sky. The flower-beds were covered with dark earth, and the gravel in the paths was rough, as though no one had trod upon it for a long time. The walls protected the place from the wind, and a gloomy stillness prevailed, broken only by the distant sighing of trees higher up, which caught the northern gale.

Selim followed the wall for some distance, and at last stood still. We had reached one angle of the garden, and as well as I could see the corner made by the walls was filled by a low stone building with latticed windows, from one of which issued a faint light. Going nearer, I saw that the lattices were not of wood, but were strong iron gratings, such as no man's strength could break. The door in the middle of this stone box was also heavily ironed. Selim went forward, and again I heard the keys rattle in his hands. Almost instantly the shadow of a head appeared at the window whence the light came. While the Lala was unfastening the lock I went close to the grating. I was just tall enough to meet a pair of dark eyes gazing at me intently through the lowest bars.

"Alexander Patoff, is it you?" I asked in Russian.

"Good God!" exclaimed a trembling voice. "Have the Russians taken Constantinople at last? Who are you?"

"I am Paul Griggs," I answered. "We have come to set you free."

The heavy door yielded and moved. I rushed in, and in another moment I clasped the lost man's hand. Gregorios, far more prudent than I, held Selim by the collar as a man would hold a dog, for he feared some treachery.

"Is it really you?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe my eyes. Alexander looked at me once, then broke

into hysterical tears, laughing and crying and sobbing all at once. He was, indeed, unrecognizable. I remembered the descriptions I had heard of the young dandy, the gay officer of a crack regiment, irreproachable in every detail of his dress, and delicate as a woman in his tastes. I saw before me a man of good height, wrapped in an old Turkish kaftan of green cloth lined with fur, his feet thrust into a pair of worn-out red slippers. His dark brown hair had grown till it fell upon his shoulders, his beard reached half-way to his waist, his face was ghastly white and thin to emaciation. The hand he had given me was like a parcel of bones in a thin glove. I doubted whether he were the man, after all.

"We must be quick," I said. "Have you anything to take away?" He cast a piteous glance at his poor clothing.

"This is all I have," he said in a low voice. Then, with a half-feminine touch of vanity, he added, "You must excuse me; I am hardly fit to go with you." He looked wildly at me for a moment, and again laughed and sobbed hysterically. The apartment was indeed empty enough. There was a low round table, a wretched old divan at one end, and a sort of bed spread upon the floor, in the old Turkish fashion. The whole place seemed to consist of a single room, lighted by a small oil lamp which hung in one corner. The stuccoed walls were green with dampness, and the cold was intense. I wondered how the poor man had lived so long in such a place. I put my arm under his, and threw my heavy military cloak over his shoulders. Then I led him away through the open door. The key was still in the lock without, and Balsamides held Selim tightly by the collar. When we had passed, Gregorios, instead of following us, held the Lala at arm's-length before him. Then he administered one tremendous kick, and sent the wretch flying into the empty cell; he locked the

door on him with care, and withdrew the keys.

"I told you I would protect you," he called out through the keyhole. "You will be quite safe there for the present." Then he turned away, laughing to himself, and we all three hurried down the path under the wall, till we reached the small door by which we had entered the garden. Stumbling down the narrow lane, we soon got to the road, and found the carriage where we had left it. There was no time for words as we almost lifted the wretched Russian into the carriage and got in after him.

"To my house in Pera!" cried Balsamides to the patient coachman. "Pek tehabuk! As fast as you can drive!"

"Envét Effendim," replied the old soldier, and in another moment we were tearing along the quiet road at break-neck speed.

Hitherto Alexander Patoff had been too much surprised and overcome by his emotions to speak connectedly, or to ask us any questions. When once we were in the carriage and on our way to Pera, however, he recovered his senses.

"Will you kindly tell me how all this has happened? Are you a Turkish officer?"

"No," I answered. "This is a disguise. Let me present you to the man who has really liberated you, — Balsamides Bey."

Patoff took the hand Gregorios stretched out towards him in both of his, and would have kissed it had Gregorios allowed him.

"God bless you! God bless you!" he repeated fervently. He was evidently still very much shaken, and in order to give him a little strength I handed him a flask of spirits which I had left in the carriage. He drank eagerly, and grasped even more greedily the case of cigarettes which I offered him.

"Ah!" he cried, in a sort of ecstasy, as he tasted the tobacco. "I feel that I am free."

I began to tell him in a few words what had happened: how we had stumbled upon his watch in the bazaar, had identified Selim, and traced the Lala to Laleli Khanum's house; how the Khanum had died while Balsamides was there, just as she was about to tell the truth; how we had dragged Selim into the forest, and had threatened him with death; and how at last, feeling that since his mistress was dead he was no longer in danger, the fellow had conducted us to Alexander's cell in the garden. I told him that his brother and mother were in Pera, and that he should see them in the morning. I said that Madame Patoff had been very ill in consequence of his disappearance, and that every one had mourned for him as dead. In short, I endeavored to explain the whole situation as clearly as I could. While I was telling our story Balsamides never spoke a word, but sat smoking in his corner, probably thinking of the single kick in which he had tried to concentrate all his vengeance.

As we drove along the dawn began to appear, — the cold dawn of a March morning. I asked Balsamides whether it would be necessary to change my clothes before entering the city.

"No," he answered, "we shall be at home at sunrise. The fellow drives well."

"I shall have to ask you to take me in for a few hours," said Alexander. "I am in a pitiable state."

"You must have suffered horribly in that den," observed Balsamides. "Of course you must come home with me. We will send for your brother at once,

and when you are rested you can tell us something of your story. It must be even more interesting than ours."

"It would not take so long to tell," answered Patoff, with a melancholy smile. In the gray light of the morning I was horrified to notice how miserably thin and ill he looked; but even in his squalor, and in spite of the long hair and immense beard, I could see traces of the beauty I had so often heard described by Paul, and even by Cutter, who was rarely enthusiastic about the appearance of his fellows. He seemed weak, too, as though he had been half starved in his prison. I asked him how long it was since he had eaten.

"Last night," he said, wearily, "they brought me food, but I could not eat. A man in prison has no appetite." Then suddenly he opened the window beside him, and put his head out into the cold blast, as though to drink in more fully the sense of freedom regained. Balsamides looked at him with a sort of pity which I hardly ever saw in his face.

"Poor devil!" he said, in a low voice. "We were just in time. He could not have lasted much longer."

We reached the outskirts of Pera, and Alexander hastily withdrew his head and sank back in the corner, as though afraid of being seen. He had the startled look of a man who fears pursuit. At last we rattled down the Grande Rue, and stopped before the door of Balsamides' house. It was six o'clock in the morning, and the sun was nearly up. I thought it had been one of the longest nights I ever remembered.

F. Marion Crawford.

LE ROI MANQUE.

EARLY in the month of February, 1680, Louis XIV. of France dispatched Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, with Madame de Maintenon, to meet and welcome the bride of his son, the Princess Marie Anne Victoire of Bavaria, then approaching Paris by the slow stages of a royal progress.

It had been tacitly agreed that the dauphin of France should be early married. Monseigneur, as he was styled by will of the king, was the only legitimate son of Louis, and possessed a curiously anomalous character. With all the weakness of the Bourbon race, he had none of its ability, and lived a cipher at court, his personality always failing to climb to the height of his exalted position. Yet never had life opened more brightly than his. His early military campaigns disclosed the promise of qualities which failed to develop to fruition. He issued from the hands of the great Bossuet, his instructor, apparently without receiving any permanent impression from the scheme of education so lucidly explained in the bishop's book, *The Education of the Dauphin*. He seemed soon to have been regarded as practically out of the line of succession, one of those curious intermediate organizations occurring in nature, which appear hardly to attain to separate existence, but which are indispensable in preserving the unity of successive generations. He indeed boasted, later in life, that, as the son and father of kings, he was content not to reign in person.

It is hardly probable that Monseigneur was seriously consulted in the choice of a wife. He took everything meekly from the paternal hand. — a snub, a tip, a wife, what you will! The king arranged all matters connected with the marriage of his son with the Bavarian princess, Marie Anne Victoire,

the daughter of Henriette Adelaide of Savoy, granddaughter of Henry IV. through her mother, Christine of France. In addition to the illustrious personages whom the king, as we have seen, dispatched to meet the bride, a secret messenger was sent, commissioned to transmit to his royal master a true and faithful account of the personal appearance of the princess. Madame de Maintenon assured the king, in repeated letters, that the Bavarian princess was agreeable in person, perfect in figure, with fine throat, hands, and arms; and that much wit and dignity were associated in her, with a very natural desire to please. "Sire," reported Sanguin, the secret messenger, "you will be perfectly satisfied with Madame la Dauphine after the first shock is over." Nothing is said of the impression to be made by Monseigneur upon his youthful bride. She probably had her own hopes and expectations, and had written to the dauphin a pretty, maidenly letter, embellished with various graceful *nuances* of style. Louis had not only tutored his son in the proper etiquette to be observed by royal personages on such occasions, but had prepared for his use a sort of geographical chart of a lover's delicately graduated attentions, somewhat like the *Carte du Tendre* of Mademoiselle Scudéry. But that fatal first *coup d'œil* of the long nose and forehead of the princess! — it was that which doubtless caused the dauphin, though so well instructed, to forget to salute the bride on handing her from her carriage, upon her arrival.

But the king was satisfied with his choice, and graciously accepted all her imputed graces; and the obsequious courtiers were also in raptures over Madame la Dauphine's fine teeth, hair, figure, hands, and throat. She was really a

good and sensible woman, but the stock of solid German virtues which was a portion of her dowry proved, alas, both useless and unwelcome at the frivolous French court. She probably cherished a few illusions, which vanished all too soon, for it speedily appeared that never was human being so misplaced. Did a lady in waiting whisper some graceful scandal in her ear, she would withdraw coldly, saying, "I have no curiosity." She did not like play, nor hunting, nor gossip, but reading, both prose and poetry, and "to please the king." She would be seized with a most inopportune desire to confess herself, when there was only the uncomprehending ear of a French priest to receive the confession. However, it did not much matter; absolution was always sure to follow a royal confession. A little round of duty was faithfully performed, but it was duty held so close to the dauphine's honest vision as almost to obscure heaven itself. Still, out of sympathy as she was with her environment, she was clever enough to take in her true position as wife of an inferior man, who was also an indifferent husband and a despised prince. She recognized, alas, that her own value in the social equation was simply as prospective mother of an heir to the throne of France. As the hope of a child was deferred, the spirits of the dauphine drooped, for she felt already closing around her the isolation which earlier oppressed the gentle Queen Maria Theresa.

However, on the 6th of August, 1682, the world of Paris went mad with joy, for a son was born to the dauphin, another Louis, who received the title of Duke of Burgundy. The king showed his delight by suspending the rules of court etiquette, and (royal condescension could no further go) all who would approach his sacred person were allowed to do so. Everybody was happy, or feigned to be; but one class of human beings needed no spur to joy, the pri-

soners for debt, for whose release the king appropriated 1,000,000 crowns. The Swiss Guards went mad with the unreasoning joy of the Frenchman, which is born of nothing, and which is kin to far different emotions. So they danced about the hogsheads which had been brimming with wine, and set fire to whatever combustible material they could find, whether it was the planks intended for the fine flooring, or the poles, of the Duc d'Aumont's sedan-chair. When there was nothing else to burn, the straw *paillasses* of the Guards served for fuel.

Of what spiritual descent was the young Louis, Duke of Burgundy, whose advent was thus hailed? It would have puzzled one, curious in matters of heredity, to select for him a spiritual progenitor from among his ducal and royal ancestors, beginning with handsome Antony of Bourbon, and descending the line to Monseigneur. Physically he was their humble debtor, for theirs was a noble race, whose personal traits, so marked and so distinguished, were a heritage to be desired. They had other gifts, too, in their hands, valor, strength, ability, persuasion. Whose figure is more sternly grand than the Constable, Charles? — he of whom said English Henry, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, "If he were my subject, he should not long keep his head upon his shoulders," so haughty was his mien. But he was forced, by royal ingratitude and by royal spoliation from his native land, in the hope of redress through the favor of a foreign prince. We all know how the story ended, in what disappointment and despair, and must believe that the dying Bayard's words to the Constable — "Pity me not. I die as a man of honor. It is I who should pity you, to find you serving against your prince, your country, your oath" — found echo in a heart which had yet been tempted to revolt by every species of infamous wrong.

It was not from him, however, that the

latest of his line inherited, nor from the first of the crowned Bourbons, Henry of Navarre. In the memoirs of many close observers, we have preserved to us a true portrait of the king whom all loved and many distrusted. Brave in war, true in friendship, but false when the smiles of fair ladies were the price of treachery, honest in the conviction of the moment, a winning summary of apparently opposing characteristics, Henry was the idol of a people who, however, took their own private precautions against him. Still less were the young prince's gods those of Louis the Magnificent, fourteenth of his name. It is hard to believe that a heart which fed on the husks of ceremony and self-indulgence had ever felt a throb of generous enthusiasm for the sufferings of his people. At best the feeling was short-lived, and the king whose reign was made glorious by the lustre of the greatest names in French history is to-day best remembered by the women's hearts he broke, by the precious blood he spilled, and by the genius used for the insufficient end of justifying to the world the policy of the self-styled god who sat upon the French throne.

Of what spiritual fibre were the parents of the young Duke of Burgundy we have already seen. To the temperament inherited from the dauphine was doubtless due the strongly religious nature of her sons, especially of the two elder. The mother was short-lived, but up to the time of her death — when the little Louis was eight years old — she no doubt gave to her children all the tender care possible to royal parentage. It is pleasant to know that her heart must at last have been satisfied, not only in the joy of motherhood, but in the consciousness of having performed her whole duty to the state and to her family.

The governor of the young prince, the Duc de Beauvilliers, was a most fortunate selection; one more important

still in its secondary results. Obligated to select a preceptor for his charge, his choice fell upon the Abbé Fénelon, then associated with the Society of St. Sulpice. Of the youth of the young prince up to this date we have little or no information. Saint Simon, however, while depreciating Fénelon, and ignoring any influence he may have had in developing the Duke of Burgundy's character, draws a startling picture of the prince's early traits and dispositions. "His youth," he says, "made every one tremble: stern and choleric to the last degree, and even against inanimate objects impetuous with frenzy; incapable of suffering the slightest resistance, even from the hours or the elements, without flying into a passion that threatened to destroy his body; obstinate to excess; in short, abandoned to every passion, and transported by every pleasure. Naturally disposed towards cruelty, he looked down upon all men as from the sky, as atoms with whom he had nothing in common." To this picture are added evidences of the early precocity of an intellect which astonished everybody by its extent and vivacity.

Such was the pupil confided to the care of the Abbé Fénelon. And what was the teacher, as he appeared to other eyes than the prejudiced ones of Saint Simon? I think there are few literary portraits more exquisite than Henri Martin's description of Fénelon: "that noble and touching figure; one of the purest and most beloved that remains engraved on the heart of France." "Never was man more completely revealed by his physiognomy. The fine proportions of his large features and of his whole person; the fire of his eyes, tempered by an incomparable sweetness; his serious and smiling mouth, half unclosed, as if to suffer his soul to pour itself out upon all about him, exercised an almost irresistible fascination around him; inspiring men with an overpowering sympathy, and women with a chaste

and impassioned attraction which seemed not to belong to this world. One felt that in this tender nature the heart had inherited all that had been ravished from the senses by priestly oaths. . . . The combat against nature had left but slight traces on that physiognomy. Scarcely a remnant of melancholy mingled a shadow with the serene joy which breathed from it. Spinoza had only known by austere intellect the joy of the soul that possesses God. Fénelon knew it by feeling; and it was not that light without heat of rational evidence, but all the flame of divine love, which made his countenance radiant, and illumined his discourses. Thence the equal charm of his face and his speech. One was moved before he had opened his lips; he was ravished, fascinated, when he had spoken. Whether he spoke or wrote, the same harmonious and inexhaustible abundance overflowed without effort from a heart which nothing could exhaust."

For his pupil's instruction Fénelon prepared a series of books, the first of which was the *Fables*, followed by the *Dialogues of the Dead*. In the latter work famous historic personages were opposed to each other, for the purpose of contrasting governments and of advocating theories of political reform. The great prose poem of *Télémaque* did not appear until a much later period, and, in fact, did much to precipitate Fénelon's fall. Henri Martin calls it "an *Odyssey*, transformed by Plato and Christianity." The formation of a model kingdom is its fundamental idea, and its ideal society is founded upon principles of truth and justice. This society is not a republic, but a constitutional monarchy, governed by just laws, which deprive the king of all power of arbitrary rule. Extraordinary as was such doctrine administered to the heir of the most absolute of monarchs, it was less strange than the constitution of the ideal court. Or, rather, there is no court, pomp, or ceremony; the tilling of the

ground and the exercise of other arts of peace are the occupations of the people. In fact, the whole system of education of the prince was directed towards uprooting all established hereditary customs, that the seed of high endeavor, founded on principles of right and justice, might, in ground so prepared, spring up and bear the fruit of righteous deeds. There were enough scandalized courtiers at hand to convey promptly to the king information of the dangerous tendencies of the Abbé Fénelon. Incapable of reform himself, unable even to perceive its need in his own rule, Louis became at last suspicious of the influence to which the heir to the throne had become exposed, and the bestowal upon the abbé of the archbishopric of Cambrai was a virtual exile, since it removed Fénelon from the court for nearly three fourths of the year. Still, strange as it may seem, it was religious difficulties, not political, which precipitated the bishop's final fall. Much of the theoretical teaching of Fénelon must have seemed to the king as the dreams and hopes of a visionary, whose relation to practical ends was vague and harmless. But Fénelon's association with Madame Guyon, and his supposed bias in favor of the doctrines of her following, roused against him the opposing forces of all parties in the church. His book, *Examination of the Maxims of the Saints*, created for him a bitter and powerful enemy in Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, who appealed to the king to crush both heresy and heretic. Fénelon's book was condemned by the Pope, and he himself sentenced by the king to absolute banishment to his diocese. Fénelon submitted, with that complete renunciation which marked a true son of the church, to the will of his earthly sovereign and to the mandate of the Pope. From his retreat at Cambrai he still, from time to time, as occasion presented, wrote to his former pupil words of tender counsel. They met again in

this world but twice, and even then the expression of their love was repressed by the presence of the king's witnesses.

And what had his companionship, guidance, friendship, accomplished for his beloved pupil? It is still an open question what share education and environment have in forming the youthful character. We have seen what were the temper and habits of the Duke of Burgundy when confided to the care of Fénelon, and so marvelous was the change wrought in him during the formative period that Saint Simon, to avoid yielding to the preceptor any share in the result, prefers to ascribe the whole to a miracle of divine grace wrought upon the prince between his eighteenth and twentieth years. "From the abyss," he says, "he came out affable, gentle, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, humble." The first unaided steps he took led him towards asceticism, as the natural expression of his ardent religious zeal. A devotee was most inconvenient as a grandson, the king finding the virtues of his heir a constant reproach to himself, while the courtiers looked forward with amusing dismay to the future reign of a sovereign who frowned with unconcealed disgust upon the licentiousness of the day, was not inclined towards strictly harmless pleasure in excess, and found the day too short for his studies, for prayer, and for pious reading. Fénelon then wrote to his pupil: "Religion does not consist in a scrupulous observance of petty formalities. It consists for every one in the virtues proper to one's condition. A great prince ought not to serve God as a hermit or a private individual." A certain lack of decision, for which the teacher often rebuked his pupil, resulted from the purely intellectual pursuits of the young prince. Living in a world of ideas, before his faculties were coördinated, he found the difficulty experienced by all students, of adjusting theoretical principles to the

requirements of practical life. Perhaps a more remarkable character never developed under so strange surroundings. In a court where pleasure was the aim and end of life, where sin sat triumphant on the chief seats, and where all higher and nobler things were but a jest and mockery, grew into manhood a youth absolutely pure, serious, earnest, devout, whose chief delight was to formulate and elaborate the plans for public reform which, with his master's aid, he had conceived; a prince who looked forward to the crown solely that he might serve his people effectually, and realize some of his cherished hopes and projects. Alas! these were destined to remain only unsubstantial visions. That he was committed to the narrow policy of the Roman Catholic Church, that his aims were too high, his habits too ascetic, for the requirements of court life, was the common reproach of those who could neither understand nor appreciate him. It is certainly true that the history of the royal family of France offered little precedent to govern the courtiers' action.

The influence which proved most powerful in softening the angularities of the young duke's character was that of the duchess, to whom, when a mere boy, he had been married. Marie Adélaïde, his young wife, was the daughter of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, one of the most accomplished, subtle, and faithless men of his times. Thoroughly acquainted with the character of the French court, he was convinced that the future queen of France should be educated in the country of her adoption. He had therefore consented to the early marriage, for some years a merely nominal one, which took place on the 16th of October, 1696. The Savoyard princess had been thoroughly instructed in the part she was to play, and in the traits of character of the king and Madame de Maintenon, the two persons whose favor it was essential she should gain. She parted from her Italian attendants with-

out emotion, and was so fortunate as thoroughly to charm the king from the moment of meeting. Writing to Madame de Maintenon, he says of her: —

“She is most graceful, and has the handsomest figure I have ever seen; dressed to be the model of a painter, with lively and beautiful eyes, eyelashes black and admirable, a clear complexion, white and red, the most beautiful flaxen hair that can be seen, and the most abundant. She is thin, as is proper at her age, with a vermilion mouth, full lips, white teeth, long and ill-arranged, hands well made, but of the color of her age.”

Saint Simon, who was enthusiastically devoted to both husband and wife, draws a much less flattering picture of the princess, but at a later period: “She was regularly plain, with cheeks hanging, a forehead too prominent, a nose without meaning, thick, biting lips, hair and eyebrows of dark chestnut and well planted, the most speaking and most beautiful eyes in the world, few teeth, and those all rotten, about which she was the first to speak and jest, the most beautiful complexion and skin, the throat long, with the suspicion of a goitre, which did not ill become her; her head carried gallantly, majestically, gracefully, her mien noble, her smile most expressive, her figure long, round, slender, easy, perfectly shaped, her walk that of a goddess upon clouds. Grace accompanied her every step and shone through her most ordinary conversation. She wished to please even the most useless and most ordinary persons, and yet without making an effort to do so. You were tempted to believe her wholly and solely devoted to those with whom she found herself. . . . She was the ornament of all diversions, the life and soul of all pleasure.”

She won the selfish affection of the king, and, what was still more important, that of Madame de Maintenon, by her personal attractions and by

means of her ready wit, which taught her how to employ her knowledge of their characters. Of her wonderful tact Saint Simon says, “In public, serious and measured with the king and timidly decorous with Madame de Maintenon, whom she never addressed except as ‘ma tante,’ — thus prettily confounding friendship and rank. In private, prattling, skipping, flying around them; now perched upon the sides of their arm-chairs, now playing upon their knees, she clasped them round the neck, embraced them, rumbled them, tickled them under the chin, tormented them, rummaged their tables, their papers, their letters, broke open the seals and read the contents, in spite of opposition, if she saw that her waggeries were likely to be taken in good part.”

Thus from the first, as I have said, she succeeded in charming the king and Madame de Maintenon, who always regarded her with indulgent affection; but the price paid for such favor was not light. It meant always being ready, under every stress of circumstance and all conditions of body, to amuse and interest the king; never betraying weariness, pain, exhaustion, if the monarch chose that the world should amuse itself. It entailed seeing him every day, on going out or coming in; if up half the night at some court ball, still going to embrace the king at his waking, that he might be entertained with a description of the *fête*. Even during the reign of the brevet queens, the king would never allow the most delicate condition of woman to prevent the favorite's appearing in full dress upon all occasions, nor to let it interfere with her accompanying him in his carriage upon excursions or on long journeys. The great Louis piously thanked God when, by accident, the hope of a child was lost to the Duchess of Burgundy, because now there would be no obstacle to her paying attention to his every caprice.

So charming a creature as the duchess

could not fail to exert a strong influence over her husband, when finally allowed to share his life. His ascetic habits gradually yielded to her sportive attempts to attract him to her little court, full of gay girls and youthful matrons. His friend says, "The bark of the tree little by little softened, without affecting the solidity of the trunk." Although her natural instinctive desire to please exposed the duchess, in a society where scandal was the breath of life, to suspicions of coquetry, it is still quite certain that her whole love was her husband's, whose interests she espoused with ardent zeal, lending the aid of her shrewd practical nature to his more visionary temperament.

The early military campaigns of the Duke of Burgundy had proved him possessed of courage, coolness, and military intelligence. After the siege of Briesbach, he returned to court, and did not rejoin the army until 1708, when he was given joint command with Vendôme of the French forces serving in Flanders. The public condition of France was terrible, only exceeded in general misery by the desolation caused by the wars of the Fronde. The long war of the Spanish Succession had been followed by the fatal attempt of the French king to support the claims of the Pretender to the English crown. Now, Villiers commanding in the Alps, and the Duc d'Orléans in Spain, Vendôme and the dauphin were sent to oppose Marlborough in Flanders, in the hope of exciting a revolution in Belgium, while the Duke of Berwick with six thousand men made a descent upon Scotland, to raise again the standard of the Stuarts. There were never men more unlike than the two commanders so unfortunately associated. Vendôme, the grandson of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées, was a man of ability, but his personal character, if it were not stained with crime, was tainted with almost every vice. In Saint Simon's pages he appears in so horrible

a light that one would fain believe his historian biased by prejudice of a personal nature. It was hinted that his great favor with the king was due to Louis XIV.'s known partiality for non-commissioned children, but it was probably obtained by Vendôme's shrewd tact and power of adroit flattery. As his equal in command he was given the Duke of Burgundy, cold, serious, chaste, high principled, abhorring both through nature and grace the habits which Vendôme took no pains to conceal, and of which, indeed, he felt no shame. From the very opening of military operations, the two commanders were at variance on every question of strategy, and the fatal delay caused by this want of unity gave opportunity to Prince Eugene, on the failure of the Scottish expedition, to join forces with Marlborough, and oppose a formidable body to the French. Still, the first engagements resulted favorably for the armies of France; but although the occupation of Ghent and Bruges gave them every advantage of position, yet the want of harmony prevailing between the French generals caused immeasurable disaster. They hesitated when prompt action was of vital importance, made uncertain moves when combined attack might have changed the fate of war, allowed the enemy to bring in its supply trains under every favorable circumstance, until defeat became inevitable through the general want of confidence in its leaders which pervaded the army.

On the other side were the great soldiers Prince Eugene and Marlborough, — commanders whose previous victories had been won by virtue of a perfect understanding of each other's tactics, and of entire accord on all points of strategy.

The conflicting judgments which early appeared when the defense of the Dender or the Scheldt river was discussed continued throughout that fatal campaign to its deplorable sequel in the

capitulation of Lille and its heroic garrison under *Maréchal Boufflers*.

As victory after victory advanced the allied army into French Flanders, Vendôme's despair at the threatened loss of the brilliant reputation he had won drove him to apply to the king to decide military questions whose simplest conditions Louis could not know, and of which, therefore, it was impossible that he should wisely judge. In the mad rage of disappointment and conscious error, Vendôme addressed insulting language to the prince, who met it with the calmness of Christian courage. It was, however, most unfortunate that the religious practices of the Duke of Burgundy — his employing hours of fateful import in invoking divine help by means of processions and masses — should have weakened his influence with the army at large, although his personal character was revered and his courage unassailed. At last, when the precious conquests of the early years of the king's reign had been irretrievably lost, and French Flanders dismembered from the realm, both commanders were summoned to Paris, where, through the efforts of Vendôme, the Duke of Burgundy found himself in deep disgrace. The strong attachment which Louis at a later period felt for his grandson was then wanting, to suggest excuse or palliation to the offended king. The prince's severity of morals accused him, his well-known political principles displeased him, and he lent a willing ear while Vendôme cast reproach upon the duke's military fame and exalted his own course of action. Some one was wanted upon whom to throw the blame of the late terrible reverses, and the Duke of Burgundy supplied that want. With the displeasure of the king as warrant and precedent, the little world of the court hastened ostentatiously to neglect him. The *bourgeoisie* lampooned him and made merry songs at his expense, while his father, *Monseigneur*, openly

joined the cabal against him. It was at this period that a faint, flickering fire of ambition was lighted in the heart of the grand dauphin. His coterie, in which was included Vendôme, encouraged him with hopes of sovereignty, which the daily increasing infirmities of the king rendered more flattering; and it was said that a sketch of his coronation robes was found among *Monseigneur's* papers, on his decease. That the royal and public disfavor with which the Duke of Burgundy was regarded was not permanent was due to the Duchess of Burgundy. Further military command was, however, refused to the duke, in spite of his passionate entreaties.

The king had hearkened exclusively to the representations of Vendôme; it was therefore necessary to obtain from him an impartial hearing of the case, — a favor difficult to secure, since, having once taken his position, he was rarely open to influence directly exerted. Open appeal or undisguised opposition to the king was always worse than useless, and this none knew better than *Madame de Maintenon*. To shake any opinion Louis had formed, to bring him to the desired view of a subject, required the utmost tact and address. He must have the question so artfully suggested to his mind as to induce the belief that he had himself originated the change of base. The woman's hand which in fact held the reins of government was actually believed by the king to be best suited to strictly feminine occupations. *Madame de Maintenon* sat quietly in her apartment, with her needlework in hand, while Louis worked with his ministers. A furtive nod, a significant glance, a suspicion of a shrug, conveyed to the ministers instruction as to the necessary omissions, additions, evasions, to be made in their papers. All documents presented to the king were inspected by *Madame de Maintenon*, who, by the exercise of her own delicate tact, brought round her royal master to the desired point.

But although she undoubtedly did much favorably to dispose the king towards his grandson, yet the glories of the victory were won by the young Duchess of Burgundy. She acquainted herself with every detail of the matters in dispute during the unfortunate campaign in Flanders, seeking information wherever it could be obtained. Her case being skillfully arranged, she succeeded in presenting it to the king; exercising all the arts of tact and address which her quick intellect could suggest, and with the warmth of ardent pleading taught by her woman's heart. It would be too detailed to follow all the strategic moves required by the conditions of the case. There were a few warm friends of the duke's to support his cause, men of high character, like the Duc de Beauvilliers and the Duc de Chevreuse, to whom the vices of Vendôme were most abhorrent. At last the king's eyes were opened to the true nature of the favorite upon whom he had so long lavished his bounty. Smarting under the humiliation of defeat upon defeat, ending in the loss of territory whose acquisition had been the glory of his youth, Louis was finally prepared to visit with deserved disgrace the man to whose unfaithfulness such defeat and loss could be plainly ascribed. The light of royal favor was little by little withdrawn from Vendôme. No military commission was issued to him, nor hope of such in the future; next, his generalship was demanded. He met this with apparent cheerful submission, though with deep inward mortification. But the Duchess of Burgundy was unsatisfied; as long as her husband's enemy still paid his court to the king, and was permitted to appear at Meudon and at Marly, her vengeance was incomplete. At her urgent request, it was hinted to the Duc de Vendôme that his presence at Meudon was not agreeable to the duchess, which meant his immediate withdrawal. Marly, that palace of delights, was still open to the unlucky man,

but again a hint was given of the duchess's wishes, and, shut out from that Eden, what remained to the banished one but obscurity and social extinction?

On the 14th of April, 1711, the grand dauphin died, but, save that he chose a most inconvenient mode of exit from this world, — exposing to the dangers of contagion from small-pox people who had always carefully ignored Monseigneur, — there were very few to lament his death. One of the most curious of the many picturesque scenes described by Saint Simon is that portraying the groups about Monseigneur's death-bed and assembled in the antechamber. Full-dressed conventional grief was there in the person of Madame, who arrived howling at Meudon in the middle of the night; moderate affection, too, represented by the king, who, having no anxiety concerning the succession (Monseigneur, even as a cipher, not adding value to that equation), shed a few scanty tears; a little genuine sorrow also, shown by the Princesse de Conti, who was said to love her half-brother. All these elements were present, and some true unalloyed grief, — that of the servants of the grand dauphin, who, prostrating themselves before the king, bewailed themselves, and besought him to pity their lost condition. There was grief of still another kind to disturb that death-bed, the despair of the Duchesse de Berri, the daughter of the Duc d'Orléans, who was also the grandchild of the king and Madame de Montespan, — despair at the elevation of her envied sister-in-law, the new dauphine.

If life's end seals the sum of life's work, what other emotion could Monseigneur's death have awakened? For years he had been a nobody at court, engaged in petty cabals, not against his dreaded father, but against his son, whose virtues he both feared and detested. He copied the king's vices, in a futile, absurd fashion, and had his own coterie, who looked forward to ag-

grandizement in the event of Monseigneur's accession to the throne. Ludicrously enough, he had also his left-handed wife, a brown, stolid, fat Made-moiselle Choin, who, after the prince's death, sank back into obscurity. Let us lay upon Monseigneur's grave the memory of his life's one noble act, his earnest protest against the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Monseigneur being left to his valets, the world of courtiers thronged to pay homage to the new dauphin in his own apartment, which at once became the centre of excited interest.

From this period the king, whose health had long been visibly failing, made a point of drawing the Duke of Burgundy into the consideration of all state measures, compelling his attendance at the meetings of the privy council, and thus making him familiar with public affairs, while he acquainted himself with the dauphin's ability and tested his judgment. "Here," he said, referring to his grandson, "is a young prince who will soon succeed me, and by his virtue and piety will make the church still more flourishing and the kingdom happier." The duke applied himself with marked and lively interest to his new duties, and, incited by the king and Madame de Maintenon, the tide of court favor rolled to the feet of the royal pair. That closing scene of the drama was bright with all the promise that earthly favor could give.

On the 5th of February, 1712, the dauphine was attacked with what appeared to be the pain and inflammation frequently occasioned by her defective teeth. Still, she was as usual in attendance upon the king, and at last, though then suffering exquisite torture from a small centre of pain beneath the temple, rose from her bed, and, in her morning robe, played at cards with the king. Another day developed livid spots under the skin, which were really symptomatic of purple measles, an epidemic then fa-

tally prevalent in Paris. But these spots, in the existing state of medical science, were very generally assumed to be unmistakable proofs of poison. To this supposition confirmation was lent by the disappearance of a box of fine Spanish snuff, given to the dauphine by the Duc de Noailles at the beginning of her illness. The box could never afterwards be found. But the serious illness of any distinguished person, who stood in the way of some one else, was always regarded as presumptive proof of poison, and the removal of the box was doubtless due to fear of the king's displeasure should he discover that the dauphine was addicted to snuff-taking. After being put to the torture by the greater question of emetics, frequent and violent, and by the lesser question of repeated bleeding in the foot, — all under the supervision of the chief executioners, known as the king's physicians, — it was found that even the previous perfect physical condition of the dauphine could not resist the combined forces of disease and remedies. It was suggested to her that she confess herself and take the sacrament, — "only in case of accidents." She was surprised, — she had expected to live so long, — but prepared for death calmly; only refusing in her last hours the Jesuit confessor whom the arbitrary king had forced upon her, and sending for one of the sect called Recollets.

The dauphin had watched by her bedside silently, almost apathetically, stunned by the magnitude of his affliction, and also by the approach of the same dreaded disease, whose symptoms soon were unmistakably present.

Nothing could exceed the horror and apprehension of the court at the blow which thus descended upon the kingdom, the royal family, and society itself, which had centred around the youthful pair. On the 18th of February the dauphin too died, and was followed in a few days by his eldest son, the rosy

little Duc de Bretagne. The baby, Duc d'Anjou, the only remaining member of the little family, was seized with the same disease which had proved so fatal to the others, and, as the strange malady was still believed to be due to the effects of poison, the child's recovery was ascribed to an antidote administered by his governess, the Duchesse de Ventadour. This lovely boy, fondly named in early youth by his people "*Le Bien Aimé*," the son of a high-souled, noble father, grew up to be Louis XV.! At least it can be said in his favor that he never ceased to feel and express gratitude to the Duchesse de Ventadour for a service which to the world, alas, was but an equivocal benefit.

The general suspicions that poison had carried to the grave the family of the heir to the throne were certainly sustained by strange reports. Boudin, chief physician to the king, warned the dauphine, a day or two before her seizure, that he had received undoubted proof of a plot to poison the dauphin and herself. Twenty-four hours after this communication was made, but disregarded, a message of like import was received in dispatches from the king of Spain. Popular suspicion pointed at once to the Duc d'Orléans, whose daughter had been recently married to the next heir to the throne, the Duc de Berri, as author of the triple murder. He was a man of depraved habits, yet of fine intellect and cultivated tastes, one of which, the passion for chemical research, had long caused him to be regarded as dabbling in the black arts. From chemistry to murder there is naturally but a step, and the duke barely escaped falling a victim — and a most innocent one — to popular fury. Saint Simon openly accuses the Duchesse de Berri of the crime, not only because she would directly benefit thereby, but because she was a woman of most horribly depraved habits, and vicious to the core, who eventually fell a victim, at an early age,

to the consequences of her excesses. But the survival of the little Duc d'Anjou put an end to suspicions of both father and daughter, in which, happily, the king never shared. We all know now that, although the dauphin and his family were undoubtedly poisoned, it was by means of poison received through residence in the ill-drained, ill-ventilated royal houses, and not administered by the victims' nearest relatives.

The blow which removed his grandson and heir fell with crushing weight upon the king. Although he survived until 1715, it was only as a broken-hearted, feeble old man. The joy and delight of his later years, the loving, winning dauphine, took with her all that had of late made his age and infirmities less burdensome. Yet he struggled with his grief, saying to Villiers, with weeping, "You see my condition: in one month to lose my grandson, my granddaughter, and their son, all of great promise, and tenderly loved. God is punishing me." Then, rising, he added, heroically, "Let us leave my domestic misfortunes, and see how to avert those of the kingdom."

The grief of all France at the death of the dauphin was deep and lasting. Men long survived who, bewailing the nation's loss, believed that had so pure and upright a prince but lived the monarchy might have been preserved, and much of the subsequent evil been averted. The best thinkers of our day are not persuaded of this. It is conceded that the great ability of the lost prince, directed by his personal worth and by his liberal opinions, would have granted to his kingdom many much-desired measures of reform, and doubtless the fall of monarchical rule might have been deferred. But the enlightenment of the dauphin was but partial, as was that of his master, Fénelon, and would always have been fettered by his absolute adherence to a narrow religious system, which must have made his govern-

ment one of limited benefit to his people. To us it is difficult of belief that this true and noble lover of his fellow-men should see neither cruelty nor injustice in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and many of the reforms planned by Fénelon and his pupil were in their very nature ideally perfect, but entirely impracticable. Martin, who calls him "a St. Louis, strayed into the generation of Voltaire," says he would have ruled in a spirit inverse to that of

the age. Perhaps, after all, we must acknowledge that it was happier for France and for himself that the life of this pure, true man was fated to be so short.

From the death-bed of the dauphine Saint Simon led him to his own room. "He cast upon me a look that pierced my soul, and went away. I never saw him again. May I, by the mercy of God, see him eternally where God's goodness has doubtless placed him!"

Ellen Terry Johnson.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST.

I.

PERSONALITY.

THE boyish belief that on the other side of our globe all things are of necessity upside down is startlingly brought back to the man when he first sets foot at Yokohama. If his initial glance does not, to be sure, disclose the natives in the every-day feat of standing calmly on their heads, an attitude which his youthful imagination conceived to be a necessary consequence of their geographical position, it does at least reveal them looking at the world as if from the standpoint of that eccentric posture. For they seem to him to see everything topsy-turvy. Whether it be that their antipodal situation has affected their brains, or whether it is the mind of the observer himself that has hitherto been wrong in undertaking to rectify the inverted pictures presented by his retina, the result, at all events, is undeniable. The world stands reversed, and, taking for granted his own uprightness, the stranger unhesitatingly imputes to them an obliquity of vision, a state of mind outwardly typified by their cat-like obliqueness of expression.

If the inversion be not precisely of the kind he expected, it is none the less striking, and impressively more real. If personal experience has thoroughly convinced him that the inhabitants of that under side of our planet do not adhere to it head downwards, like flies on a ceiling, — his early *a priori* deduction, — they still appear quite as antipodal, mentally considered. Intellectually, at least, their attitude sets gravity at defiance. For to the mind's eye their world is one huge, comical antithesis of our own. What we regard intuitively in one way from our standpoint, they as intuitively observe in a diametrically opposite manner from theirs. To speak backwards, write backwards, read backwards, is but the *a b c* of their contrariety. The inversion extends deeper than mere modes of expression, down into the very matter of thought. Ideas of ours which we deemed innate find in them no home, while methods which strike us as preposterously unnatural appear to be their birthright. Indeed, to one anxious to conform to the manners and customs of the country, the only road to right lies in following unswervingly that course which his inherited instincts assure him to be wrong.

Yet these people are human beings ; with all their eccentricities they are men. Physically we cannot but be cognizant of the fact, nor mentally but be conscious of it. Like us, indeed, and yet so unlike are they that we seem, as we gaze at them, to be viewing our own humanity in some mirth-provoking mirror of the mind, — a mirror that shows us our own familiar thoughts, but all turned wrong side out. Humor holds the glass, and we become the sport of our own reflections. But is it otherwise at home ? Do not our personal presentments mock each of us individually our lives long ? Who but is the daily dupe of his dressing-glass, and complacently conceives himself to be a very different appearing person from what he is ? And who, when by chance he catches sight in like manner of the face of a friend, can keep from smiling at the caricatures which the mirror's left-for-right reversal makes of the asymmetry of his features, — caricatures all the more comical for being utterly unsuspected by their innocent original ? Perhaps, could we once see ourselves as others see us, our surprise in the case of foreign peoples might be less pronounced.

Regarding, then, the Far Oriental as a man, and not simply as a phenomenon, we discover in his peculiar point of view a new importance, — the possibility of using it stereoptically. For his mind-photograph of the world can be placed side by side with ours, and the two pictures combined will yield results beyond what either alone could possibly have afforded. Thus harmonized, they will help us to realize humanity. For only by such a combination of two different aspects do we ever perceive substance and distinguish reality from illusion. What our two eyes make possible for material objects, the earth's two hemispheres may enable us to do for mental traits. Only the superficial never changes its expression ; the appearance of the solid varies with the standpoint

of the observer. In dreamland alone does everything seem plain, and there all is unsubstantial.

To say that the Japanese are not a savage tribe is of course unnecessary ; to repeat the remark anything but superfluous, on the principle that what is a matter of common notoriety is very apt to prove a matter about which uncommonly little is known. At present we go half-way in recognition by bestowing upon them a demi-diploma of mental development called semi-civilization, neglecting, however, to specify in what the fractional qualification consists. If the suggestion of a second moiety, as of something directly complementary to them, were not indirectly complimentary to ourselves, the expression might pass ; but, as it is, the self-praise is rather too obvious to carry conviction. For Japan's claim to culture is not based solely upon the exports with which she supplements our art, nor upon the paper, china, and bric-a-brac with which she adorns our rooms ; any more than Western science is adequately represented in Japan by our popular imports there of kerosene oil, matches, and beer. Only half civilized the Far East presumably is, but it is so rather in an absolute than a relative sense ; in the sense of what may be, not of what is. It is so as compared, not with us, but with the eventual possibilities of human development. As yet, neither system, Western nor Eastern, is perfect enough to serve in all things as standard for the other. The light of truth has reached each hemisphere through the medium of its own mental crystallization, and this has polarized it in opposite ways, so that now the rays that are normal to the eyes of the one only produce darkness to those of the other. For the Japanese civilization is not a negation, but an inversion, of our own. It is not in the polish that the real difference lies ; it is in the substance polished. In politeness, in delicacy, they have as a people no peers. Art has

been their mistress, though science has never been their master. Perhaps for this very reason that art, not science, has been the Muse they courted, the result has been all the more widespread. For culture there is not the attainment of the few, but the common property of the people. If the peaks of intellect rise less eminent, the plateau of general elevation is higher. But little need be said to prove the civilization of a land where ordinary tea-house girls are models of refinement, and common coolies, when not at work, play chess for pastime.

If Japanese ways look odd at first sight, they but look more so on closer acquaintance. In a land where to allow one's understanding the freer play of indoor life one begins, not by taking off his hat, but by removing his boots, he gets at the very threshold a hint that humanity is to be approached the wrong end to. When, after thus entering a house, he tries next to gain admittance to the mind of its occupant, the suspicion becomes a certainty. He discovers that this people think, so to speak, backwards; that before he can hope to comprehend them, or make himself understood in return, he must learn to present his thoughts arranged in inverse order from the one in which they naturally suggest themselves to his mind. His sentences must all be turned inside out. The same seems to be true of the thoughts they embody. He finds himself lost in a labyrinth of language. The further he goes the more obscure the whole process becomes, until, after long groping about for some means of orienting himself, he lights at last upon the clue. This clue consists in "the survival of the unfittest."

In the civilization of Japan we have presented to us a most interesting case of partially arrested development. For there, while the main principles of social progress stopped growing, the growth of its details continued unchecked. Little wonder is it that the result should ap-

pear peculiar to peoples of a more normal evolutionary past. The proverbial collar and pair of spurs for sole clothing would look none the less odd to a stranger for being a costume of purely native invention. Something akin to such a case of unnatural selection has there taken place. The orderly procedure of natural evolution was disastrously supplemented by man. For the fact that in the growth of their tree of knowledge the branches developed out of all proportion to the trunk is due to a practice of culture-grafting.

From before the time when they began to leave records of their actions the Japanese have been a nation of importers, not of merchandise, but of ideas. They have invariably shown the most advanced free-trade spirit in preferring to take somebody else's ready-made articles rather than to try to produce any brand-new conceptions themselves. They continue to follow the same line of life. A hearty appreciation of the things of others is still one of their most winning traits. What they took they grafted bodily upon their ancestral tree, which in consequence came to present a most unnaturally diversified appearance. For though not unlike other nations in wishing to borrow, if their zeal in the matter was slightly excessive, they were peculiar in that they never assimilated what they took. They simply inserted it upon the already existing growth. There it remained, and thrived, and blossomed, nourished by that indigenous Japanese sap, taste. But like grafts generally, the foreign boughs were not much modified by their new life-blood, nor was the tree in its turn at all affected by them. Connected with it only as separable parts of its structure, the cuttings might have been lopped off again without influencing perceptibly the condition of the foster-parent stem. The grafts in time grew to be great branches, but the trunk remained through it all the trunk of a sapling. In other words, the nation

grew up to man's estate, keeping the mind of its childhood.

What is thus true of the Japanese is true likewise of the Koreans and of the Chinese. The three peoples, indeed, form so many links in one long chain of borrowing. China took from India, then Korea copied China, and lastly Japan imitated Korea. In this simple manner they successively became possessed of a civilization which originally was not the property of any one of them. In the eagerness they all evinced in purloining what was not theirs, and in the perfect content with which they then proceeded to enjoy what they had taken, they remind us forcibly of that happy-go-lucky class in the community which prefers to live on questionable loans rather than work itself for a living. Like those same individuals, whatever interest the Far Eastern peoples may succeed in raising now, Nature will in the end make them pay dearly for their lack of principal.

The Far Eastern civilization resembles, in fact, more a mechanical mixture of social elements than a well-differentiated chemical compound. For in spite of the great variety of ingredients thrown into its caldron of destiny, as no affinity existed between them, no combination resulted. The power to fuse was wanting. Capability to evolve anything is not one of the marked characteristics of the Far East. Indeed, the tendency to spontaneous variation, Nature's mode of making experiments, would seem there to have been an enterprising faculty that was exhausted early. Sleepy, no doubt, from having got up betimes with the dawn, these inhabitants of the lands of the morning began to look upon their day as already far spent before they had reached its noon. They grew old young, and have remained much the same age ever since. What they were centuries ago, that at bottom they are to-day. Take away the European influence of the last twenty years, and each man

might almost be his own great-grandfather. Scratch his previous Chinese education, and you find still the everlasting Tartar. In race characteristics he is yet essentially the same. The traits that distinguished these peoples in the past have been gradually extinguishing them ever since. Of these traits, stagnating influences upon their career, perhaps the most important is the great quality of impersonality.

If we take, through the earth's temperate zone, a belt of country whose northern and southern edges are determined by certain limiting isotherms, not more than half the width of the zone apart, we shall find that we have included in a relatively small extent of surface almost all the nations of note in the world, past or present. Now if we examine this belt, and compare the different parts of it with one another, we shall discover a very remarkable fact. *The peoples inhabiting it grow steadily more personal as we go west.* So unmistakable is this gradation that one is almost tempted to ascribe it to cosmical rather than to human causes. It is as marked as the change in color of the human complexion observable along any meridian, which ranges from black at the equator to blonde toward the pole. In like manner, the sense of self grows more intense as we follow in the wake of the setting sun, and fades steadily as we advance into the dawn. America, Europe, the Levant, India, Japan, each is less personal than the one before. We stand at the nearer end of the scale, the Far Orientals at the other. If with us the I seems to be of the very essence of the soul, then the soul of the Far East may be said to be impersonality.

Curious as this characteristic is as a fact, it is even more interesting as a factor. For what it betokens of these peoples in particular may suggest much about man generally. It may mark a stride in theory, if a standstill in practice. Possibly it may help us to some

understanding of ourselves. Not that it promises much aid to vexed metaphysical questions, but as a study in sociology it may not prove so vain.

And for a thing which is always with us, its discussion may be said to be peculiarly opportune just now. For it lies at the bottom of the most pressing questions of the day. Of the two great problems that stare the Western world in the face at the present moment, both turn to it for solution. Agnosticism, the foreboding silence of those who think, socialism, communism, and nihilism, the petulant cry of those who do not, alike depend ultimately for the right to be upon the truth or the falsity of the sense of self.

For if there be no such actual thing as personality, if the feeling we call by that name be naught but the transient illusion the Buddhists would have us believe it, any faith founded upon that as basis vanishes as does the picture in a revolving kaleidoscope, — less enduring even than the flitting phantasmagoria of a dream. If the ego be but the passing shadow of the material brain, at the disintegration of the gray matter we shall cease to be. At the thought we seem to stand straining our gaze, on the shore of the great sea of knowledge, only to watch the fog roll in, and hide from our view even those headlands of hope that, like beseeching hands, stretch out into the deep.

So more materially. If personality be a delusion of the mind, what motive potent enough to excite endeavor in the breast of an ordinary mortal remains? Philosophers, indeed, might still work for the advancement of mankind, but mankind itself would not continue long to labor energetically for what should profit only the common weal. Take away the stimulus of individuality, and action is paralyzed at once. For with most men only the promptings of personal advantage afford sufficient incentive to effort. Destroy

this force, then any consideration due it lapses, and socialism is not only justified, it is raised instantly into an axiom of life. The community, in that case, becomes itself the unit, the indivisible atom of existence. Socialism, then communism, then nihilism, follow in inevitable sequence. That even the Far Oriental, with all his numbing impersonality, has not touched this goal may at least suggest that personality is a fact.

But first, what do we know about its existence ourselves?

Very early in the course of every thoughtful childhood an event takes place, by the side of which, to the child himself, all other events sink into insignificance. It is not one that is recognized and chronicled by the world, for it is wholly unconnected with action. No one but the child is aware of its occurrence, and he never speaks of it to others. Yet to that child it marks an epoch. So intensely individual does it seem that the boy is afraid to avow it, while in reality so universal is it that probably no human being has escaped its influence. Though subjective purely, it has more vividness than any external event; and though strictly intrinsic to life, it is more startling than any accident of fate or fortune. This experience of the boy's, at once so singular and yet so general, is nothing less than the sudden revelation to him one day of the fact of his own personality.

Somewhere about the time when sensation is giving place to sensitiveness as the great self-educator, and the knowledge gained by the five bodily senses is being fused into the wisdom of that mental one we call common sense, the boy makes a discovery akin to the act of waking up. All at once he becomes conscious of himself; and the consciousness has about it a touch of the uncanny. Hitherto he has been aware only of matter; he now first realizes mind. Unwarned, unprepared, he is suddenly ushered before being, and

stands awe-struck in the presence of — himself.

If the introduction to his own identity was startling, there is nothing reassuring in the feeling that this strange acquaintanceship must last. And last it does. It becomes an unsought intimacy he cannot shake off. Like to his own shadow he cannot escape it. To himself a man cannot but be at home. For years this alter ego haunts him, for he imagines it an idiosyncrasy of his own, a morbid peculiarity he dare not confide to any one, for fear of being thought a fool. Not till long afterwards, when he has learned to live familiarly with his ever-present ghost, does he discover that others have had like spectres themselves.

Sometimes this dawn of consciousness is preceded by a long twilight of soul-awakening; but sometimes, upon more sensitive and subtler natures, the light breaks with all the suddenness of a sunrise at the equator, revealing to the mind's eye an unsuspected world of self within. But in whatever way we may awake to it, the sense of personality, when first realized, appears already, like the fabled Goddess of Wisdom, full grown in the brain. From the moment when we first remember ourselves we seem to be as old as we ever seem to others afterwards to become. We grow, indeed, in knowledge, in wisdom, in experience, as our years increase, but deep down in our heart of hearts we are still essentially the same. To be sure, people pay us more deference than they used to do, which suggests a doubt at times whether we may not have changed; small boys of a succeeding generation treat us with a respect that causes us inwardly to smile, as we think how little we differ from them, if they but knew it. For at bottom we are not conscious of change from that morning, long ago, when first we realized ourselves. We feel just as young now as we felt old then. We are but amused at the world's

discrimination where we can detect no difference.

Every human being has been thus "twice born:" once as matter, once as mind. Nor is this second birth the birthright only of mankind. All the higher animals probably, possibly even the lower too, have experienced some such realization of individual identity. However that may be, certainly to all races of men has come this revelation; only the degree in which they have felt its force has differed immensely. It is one thing to the apathetic, fatalistic Turk, and quite another matter to an energetic, nervous American. Facts, fancies, faiths, all show how wide is the variance in feelings. With them no introspective *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* overexcites the consciousness of self. But with us, as with those of old possessed of devils, it comes to startle and stays to distress. Too apt is it to prove an ever-present, undesirable double. Too often does it play the part of uninvited spectre at the feast, whose presence no one save its unfortunate victim suspects. The haunting horror of his own identity is to natures far less eccentric than Kenelm Chillingly's only too common a curse. To this companionship, paradoxical though it sound, is principally due the peculiar loneliness of childhood. For nothing is so isolating as a persistent idea which one dares not confide.

And yet, — stranger paradox still, — was there ever any one willing to exchange his personality for another's? Who can imagine foregoing his own self? Nay, do we not cling even to its outward appearance? Is there a man so poor in all that man holds dear that he does not keenly resent being accidentally mistaken for his neighbor? Surely there must be something more than mirage in this deep-implanted, wide-spread instinct of the human race.

But however strong the conviction now of one's personality, is there aught

to assure him of its continuance beyond the confines of its present life? Will it awake on death's morrow and know itself, or will it, like the body that gave it lodgment, disintegrate again into indistinguishable spirit dust? Close upon the heels of the existing consciousness of self treads the shadow-like doubt of its hereafter. Will analogy help to answer the grewsome riddle of the Sphinx? Are the laws we have learned to be true for matter true also for mind? Matter we now know is indestructible; yet the form of it with which we once were so fondly familiar vanishes never to return. Is a like fate to be the lot of the soul? That mind should be capable of annihilation is as inconceivable as that matter should cease to be. Surely the spirit we feel existing round about us on every side now has been from ever, and will be for ever to come. But that portion of it which we each know as self, is it not like to a drop of rain seen in its falling through the air? Indistinguishable the particle was in the cloud whence it came; indistinguishable it will become again in the ocean whither it is bound. Its personality is but its passing phase from a vast impersonal on the one hand to an equally vast impersonal on the other. Thus seers preached in the past; so modern science is hinting to-day. With us the idea seems the bitter fruit of material philosophy; four thousand years ago it was looked upon as the fairest flower of faith. What is dreaded now as the impious suggestion of the godless was then revered as a sacred tenet of religion.

Shorter even than his short three-score years and ten is that soul's life of which man is directly cognizant. Bounded by two seemingly impersonal states is the personal consciousness of which he is made aware: the one the infantile existence that precedes his boyish discovery, the other the gloom that grows with years, — two twilights that fringe the two borders of his day. But

with the Far Oriental life is all twilight. For in Japan and China both states are found together. There, side by side with the present unconsciousness of the babe exists the belief in a coming unconsciousness for the man. So inseparably blended are the two that the known truth of the one seems, for that very bond, to carry with it a conviction of the other. Can it be that the personal, progressive West is wrong, and the impersonal, impassive East right? Surely not. Is the other side of the world in advance of us in the development of mind, even as it precedes us in time; or just as our day is its night, may it not be far in our rear? Is not its seeming wisdom rather the precociousness of what is destined never to go far?

Brought suddenly upon such a civilization, after the blankness of a long ocean voyage, one is reminded instinctively of the feelings of that bewildered individual who, after a dinner at which he had eventually ceased to be himself, was by way of pleasantry left out over night in a graveyard, on their way home, by his humorously inclined companions; and who, on awaking alone, in a still somewhat dubious condition, looked around him in surprise, rubbed his eyes two or three times to no purpose, and finally muttered in a tone of awestruck conviction, "Well, either I'm the first to rise, or I'm a long way behind time!"

Whether their failure to follow the natural course of evolution results in bringing them in at the death just the same or not, these people are now, at any rate, stationary not very far from the point at which we all set out. They are still in that childish state of development before self-consciousness has spoiled the sweet simplicity of nature. An impersonal race seems never to have fully grown up.

Partly for its own sake, partly for ours, this most distinctive feature of the Far East, its marked impersonality, is

well worthy particular attention; for while it collaterally suggests pregnant thoughts about ourselves, it directly underlies the deeper oddities of a civilization which is the modern eighth wonder of the world. We shall see this as we look at what these people are, at what they were, and at what they hope to become; not historically, but psychologically, as one might perceive, were he but wise enough, in an acorn, besides the nut itself, two oaks, that one from which it fell and that other which from it will rise. These three states, which we may call its potential past, present, and future, may be observed and studied in three special outgrowths of a race's character: in its language, in its every-day thoughts, and in its religion. For in the language of a people we find embalmed the spirit of its past; in its every-day thoughts, be they of arts or sciences, is wrapped up its present life; in its religion lie enfolded its dreamings of a future. From out each of these three subjects in the Far East impersonality stares us in the face. Upon this quality as a foundation rests the Far Oriental character. It is individually rather than nationally that I propose to scan it now. It is the action of a particle in the wave of world development I would watch, rather than the propagation of the wave itself. Inferences about the movement of the whole will follow of themselves a knowledge of the motion of its parts.

But before we attack the subject esoterically, let us look a moment at the man as he appears in his relation to the community. Such a glance will suggest the peculiar atmosphere of impersonality that pervades the people.

However lacking in cleverness, in merit, or in imagination a man may be, there are in our Western world, if his existence there be so much as noticed at all, three occasions on which he appears in print. His birth, his marriage, and his death are all duly chronicled in type, perhaps as sufficiently typical of

the general unimportance of his life. Mention of one's birth, it is true, is an aristocratic privilege, confined to the world of English society. In democratic America, no doubt because all men there are supposed to be born free and equal, we ignore the first event, and mention only the last two episodes, about which our national astuteness asserts no such effacing equality.

Accepting our newspaper record as a fair enough summary of the biography of an average man, let us look at these three momentous occasions in the career of a Far Oriental.

In the first place, then, the poor little Japanese baby enters this world in a sadly impersonal manner, for he is not even vouchsafed a birthday. He begins his separate existence, indeed, after the fashion of mortals generally, at a definite instant of time, but no commemorative notice is ever taken of the fact. On the contrary, he is at once spoken of as a year old, and this age he remains until the beginning of the next calendar year. At its advent, he is credited with another year himself. So are all the rest of the community. New Year's Day is a common birthday for everybody, a sort of impersonal anniversary for his whole world. This is a highly convenient custom, no doubt, but conducive at least to a sinking of one's own identity in that of the community.

It fares hardly better with the Far Oriental in the matter of marriage. Though he is the person most interested in the result, he is not permitted any say in the affair whatever. The matter is entirely a business transaction, undertaken by his father and conducted through regular marriage brokers. In it he plays only the part of a marionette. His revenge for being thus bartered out of what might be the better half of his life he takes eventually on the next succeeding generation.

His death is a sort of apotheosis. Notably is this the case in China and

Korea, but the custom prevails also in Japan. By it he joins the great company of ancestors, who are to these peoples of almost more consequence than living folk. In Japan a mortuary tablet is set up to him at home; on the continent the ancestors are given a

building of their own. Their tombs are temples and pleasure pavilions in one, consecrated not simply to rites and ceremonies, but to family gatherings and general jollification. And he ends by living as a demigod who only existed as a man.

Percival Lowell.

FOUR NOVELS.

AN intimation is given at the close of Mr. Crawford's *Saracinesca*¹ that the novel is a prologue to a more eventful fictitious drama, founded upon the fortunes of a Roman family, active in the history of Italy during the last twenty years. Such an explanation is almost necessary to account for what otherwise might be judged a somewhat prodigal use of characters without action, and movement without critical situations. If Mr. Crawford has merely been getting his pieces into position, it is easy to see why he has been willing to expend so much energy in acquainting his readers with their qualities, and permitting his persons to disregard the opportunities given for dramatic action.

The scene of the story is laid in Rome, in 1865 and 1866, and the principal figures are members of great Roman families, or typical representatives of Roman society, that society which was conscious then of its coming changes. There is only incidental dealing with political events and principles, the chief interest resting in the relations of Prince Saracinesca to Corona d'Astrardente, who for half the book is wife to a superannuated dandy, and for the rest is a widow waiting for the conventional days of mourning to pass before she shall marry Saracinesca. There is something almost scornful in the indifference with which

Mr. Crawford treats his opportunities for making an ordinary novel with *risque* situations. He brings together the material for a great bonfire of human passion, and when the reader looks to see the match applied and a blaze burst forth, it turns out that the author had no such ignoble intentions, but was thinking of building a house. There is intrigue of a petty sort, and there are small jealousies and trifling events, — a ball, a duel, a picnic, — but the interesting fact about the book, which differentiates it from chronicles of small beer, is that the author does not overvalue his incidents, nor work them as if he had procured them at great cost. He is interested in his persons, and he is anticipating a large use of their qualities. Meanwhile, the range of their activity is necessarily circumscribed, and he is forced to introduce them to the reader by means of unimportant external events and situations. One feels that opportunity only is wanting. Given that, and the men and women of the drawing-room would be heroes of the battle-field, leaders in political life, centres of the large social salon.

That Mr. Crawford manages to convey this impression is an evidence of the kind of interest which he takes in his work and supposes in his readers. It would be entirely possible to take Prince Saracinesca, and the Duchessa d'Astrardente, and Donna Tullia, and Del Ferici,

¹ *Saracinesca*. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

and Astrardente, and the minor characters of this story, and by a minute characterization and subtle analysis of their relations to each other build upon the incidents of the tale an elaborate history, and yet leave the reader with a fatigued sense of an unnecessary intimacy of acquaintance. Instead, after reading Saracinesca, one feels sufficiently at home in the society introduced to look forward with animation to such further and fuller development of the characters as history may warrant. In a word, the world at large is not minutely analytic in its discrimination of persons, and it is doubtful if the writers of fiction are in their own persons as analytic as they find themselves when engaged in the clever process of refining upon the characters of their invention. A novelist, therefore, who is true to the broad exhibitions of nature, and contents himself with seeing in the persons of his drama what any person of high, but not diseased, intelligence can readily apprehend and follow, and then directs his attention to giving free play to his figures within normal lines of action, — such a novelist is pretty sure to win a hearty response from healthy-minded readers, who do not set an inordinate value on epigrams and those adroit wordy encounters which are commoner in carefully wrought fiction than in ordinary life.

As we have already intimated, there is an historic background to Saracinesca, and the reader has reason to feel some confidence in the accuracy of Mr. Crawford's delineation. We should feel a more unhesitating confidence if we had not seen in *An American Politician* how a clever observer may catch at some half truths, and construct a social and political world which has length and breadth, but no depth; superficially life-like, but destitute of any reality. Possibly a Roman of to-day might dissent from Mr. Crawford's general view of the condition of affairs in Rome at the time of this story, but to one remotely

acquainted with the Italy of twenty years ago there is a firmness of touch and an ease of movement among the figures of the past which generate confidence. Indeed, the opportunity for a successful piece of historical fiction is admirable. The time is not so distant that the writer must get up his history from books and documents, yet it is sufficiently far away to permit good perspective. Moreover, a revolution separates it from the present; and when there has been a break in apparent continuity, the reader can more easily detach the period treated from his own personal consciousness, and thus can see it more distinctly as a completed period. We congratulate Mr. Crawford on his choice of subject, and the book which follows Saracinesca ought to be even better, by reason of the larger movements in which its characters will naturally be engaged. There is a certain absence of poetic imagination about this writer which prevents him from gaining a mastery over his readers; but he has a constructive faculty, a power of manipulating his material, and an outside sense of artistic treatment which give his readers a delightful assurance that he will keep them interested to the end, and not betray them into any unworthy occupation of thought.

It is perhaps straining a point to speak of Mr. Bunner's *The Story of a New York House*¹ as a novel. It would be a little more accurate to call it a romance, but it is, after all, scarcely more than a series of dissolving views, in which a house in New York city, built some eighty years ago, is the central point, until it disappears in the last scene, a heap of bricks and mortar and dust. Slight as the book is, it disappoints one, not by its slowness, but by its incompleteness as a work of art. There is, properly speaking, no story, either of a

¹ *The Story of a New York House*. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

house or of a household, although three generations flit in and out, and the successive families keep pace with the decay of the mansion. There is a mere suggestion of contrast in the opposing Van Rippers and Dolphs, and the indebtedness of one family to the other, which might have served to emphasize the alternations of fortune, is scarcely more than an undeveloped hint.

We suspect that Mr. Bunner has been captivated by the poetic possibilities in the fortunes of a building amid the fast following waves of New York life, but has not sufficiently considered the necessity either of giving the building itself a distinct personality, or of making the changes of life within it graphic and vital. As it is, one carries away from the book rather a succession of faint fashion-plates of life. All the author's force has been spent on *nuances*, and there is no unity of structure. One has to guess at the substance from the shadows cast; and while this is an agreeable task in a lyric or an episode, one feels that an insufficient basis has been offered for a piece of continuous prose fiction. If, with all the little graces of this book, there had been the added charm of a story involving some true interplay of the double streams of New York society, the old family, that is, and the *nouveau riche*; or if the house had been so vigorously projected as to be itself an actor in the rapidly shifting scenes of metropolitan activity, we should have felt that Mr. Bunner had made a distinct effort in a field of literature very tempting to a man of poetic sensibilities.

What possibilities lay in the subject will at once appear when one realizes that this New York house was built in 1807, presumably in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and was then far out of town, in country fields, and apparently beyond the reach of the city's stony feet; that when it was torn down, less than fourscore years afterward, it had sunk to the degradation of a tene-

ment house in a squalid neighborhood, while the city stretched for miles beyond it. Thus the lifetime of an octogenarian had been enough for a building in New York to pass through all the changes of fortune and decay. How rapidly must life flow in a great city when a house is too old to live at eighty; and what a panorama of swiftly moving scenes from its windows could be seen, what interior transitions of society could be noted! We are more than ever disappointed that Mr. Bunner should have neglected a capital opportunity. He seems only to have trifled with his art, and published some studies for a picture.

Sidney Luska, in his novel *The Yoke of the Thorah*,¹ has set himself a serious task, and has conceived the situation admirably. We wish his execution were worthier of the conception. A young Jew, an artist by profession, falls in love with a Christian girl. He has been brought up in strict conformity to Jewish rules by his uncle, a rabbi, but, like many Christians in regard to their creed, his acceptance of the Jewish system has been simply an acquiescence in a traditional belief; it has never been held as a matter of personal, conscious faith. Hence, when love takes possession of him, the knowledge that his religion forbids the union of a Jew with a Christian interposes no real barrier to his purpose; it is simply thrust into the background by the power which holds him. Nevertheless, this knowledge has an outward representative in the person of the orthodox uncle, and the young Jew, accordingly, by an instinct of self-preservation, refrains from informing the rabbi of his intention until the evening before the time set for the wedding, and takes the added precaution of providing for an immediate voyage to Europe with his bride.

When at last he is obliged to make his purpose known the rabbi is outraged,

¹ *The Yoke of the Thorah*. By SIDNEY LUSKA. New York: Cassell & Co.

but instantly falls back upon his creed, calmly announces that God will in some way prevent the marriage from taking place, and from that time for the next twenty-four hours is in waiting by his nephew, ready to be at his hand when the blow shall fall. The young man has no power of resistance equal to his uncle's unswerving confidence in the immediate interposition of the Almighty, and grows more and more nervous, until his condition culminates, at the very moment of the marriage ceremony, in an epileptic fit, which both he and his uncle take for a divine visitation.

The marriage is not only interrupted, it is broken off; for Elias, under conviction that his destiny has been sealed, abandons the girl, and subsides into a condition of mental and spiritual coma. His uncle, well satisfied with the result of the divine interposition, desires to clinch matters, and urges the young man into Judaic society, with the consequence, finally, of a marriage with a Jewish maiden. After a while Elias emerges from the stupor in which he has been living, and the whole meaning of his acts dawns upon him. He wakes to a recognition of the misery which he has caused Christine, the girl whom he threw overboard, and to the falsity of his present position. His old passion returns, but he is forbidden to gratify it, and he crushes his sentiment, leading a double life, — an outward one of conformity to the situation, an inner tempestuous one of baffled love and poignant remorse. The tide of feeling rises until he can bear it no longer. Under pretense of a journey, he leaves his home and takes quarters in the city, not far from the home of the girl whom he longs to see, if only to obtain her forgiveness and tell her the truth. The hope of he scarcely knows what buoys him, when suddenly, in a casual fashion he learns that she is to be married on the morrow. In a confused, half-crazy state he writes her a letter, begging

her to meet him at a certain trysting-place, known to them both, in Central Park. He goes there to keep the appointment he has made, and is found dead on the ground by some children, a few hours later.

It will be seen that this writer, who has made Jewish life his special field, has taken a strong theme, and treated it in an unconventional fashion. Whether or no the psychological condition of Elias Bacharach, after his epileptic fit, would receive the certificate of a doctor we do not know, — novelists nowadays ought to have a medical education, as formerly they needed a legal one, — but there seems nothing unreasonable about it, though extremely unpleasant. Granting its fidelity to abnormal nature, the reader is hurried along by the somewhat audacious originality of the story and a force which is effective though assumed. We dislike these excursions into the realm of epilepsy; we think the novelist's art suffers too much from monstrosities and the use of objectionable material, but we are bound to say that Sidney Luska has kept clear of mistakes which a less hardy novelist might have made. He did wisely in suppressing all the intermediate life of Christine, for example, and especially he did well in not patching up the wrecked Elias at the end. The tragic conclusion was the only rational one. The letter, also, which Elias writes to Christine is a masterpiece of incoherence, and the old rabbi is as skinny to the imagination as it was possible to make him.

Yet with all this freshness and vividness of conception there is a depressing element in the book, which we can only characterize in general terms as lack of good taste. The opening scenes, presenting Christine and her father, make such an impression on the reader that before matters have come to a crisis with the lovers he begins to suspect, in his wicked imagination, that old Redwood is, to use a slang phrase, laying for Elias, and

that Christine will turn out to be a lure. The author manages to cheapen almost every person in the book. In his pictures of Jewish life he may be faithful to a single phase, but he never once suggests to the reader that there is any other than a vulgar one. His hero shrinks into a very poor piece of humanity, and the heroine, as we intimated, strikes the reader as a piece of spoiled goods. But does not all this come naturally from the integral conception of the book? Instead of dealing with the profound subject of intermarriage between races and religions, and bringing out the nobility of struggle, the writer has chosen to swamp the whole matter in a treatment based on physiological excesses. Is it strange that the men and women of his book should be educated animals?

Miss Baylor appears to deprecate criticism of her book by calling it on the title-page "a homely narrative."¹ A novel it is not, any more than her delightful *On Both Sides* was a novel, and possibly she may never learn to produce a fully developed story; but she is so liberally equipped on a side where novelists are often lame that we are eager to see her win that large prize which seems just within her grasp. In this book she has chosen to depict life in the mountains of Virginia, and has confined herself to people who are very near the soil. There is a hero, whose narrative is told, and it is easy to believe that the circumstances of his career are copied faithfully from life. He is a mountaineer who has a touch of poetry in his nature, poetry which expresses itself in the love of music and of beauty in every form, and with a tendency to vagabondage, so naturally indicative of the artistic temperament on a lower scale. He marries a lovely girl, and his marriage might be looked upon as the preservative force; but his wife dies, leaving an infant boy, and John Shore, in a moment of passion-

ate regret, leaves his home and wanders no one knows whither. Suddenly he reappears just as the war opens, to find his son grown and his neighbors vaguely stirred over the affairs of Virginia. He helps to form a company, and is off again.

On his return with his comrades, he finds his boy Alfred, who is a dumb-witted fellow, married to a shrew, and, oppressed by the unlovely surroundings of his old home, he instinctively makes over the house to his son, shakes off the dust from his feet, and bids another everlasting farewell to his mountain home. A score of years passes, during which he travels far and wide over the country, gathering no moss, but getting a good deal of friction, and at last, in a fit of weary homesickness, draws near his old home. A few miles away he falls in with a monster picnic, in which all his old companions are engaged, and joins the party. A railway accident on the return carries off one of poor John Shore's legs, and he is stranded, a miserable cripple, at his son's door.

Now begins the narrative proper, for heretofore the author has been getting her characters and scenery in place. The reader, who has been thoroughly interested, has his appetite whetted for a story, but as he nears the end of the volume he finds that he is to have no story. It would be a very unemotional reader, however, who would cast away the book at any point after he had made such a discovery, for the figure of John Shore attaches itself to one's affection in a remarkable degree, — so much so, in fact, that at the very close one dreads to read the final pages, for fear the author is to be needlessly cruel in her logic. For there is presented the person of this luckless but lovable man wearing out his days in a feeble conflict with fate, who has a merciless ally in the wife of Alfred Shore. On the side of John, how-

Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1887.

¹ *Behind the Blue Ridge*. A Homely Narrative. By FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR. VOL. LX. — NO. 359. 27

ever, is a most winsome figure in the shape of Willy boy, an urchin who grows up under John's protecting affection. These two, the old man and the little orphan, limp through the rest of the book in a manner to touch the heart of anybody less callous than Mrs. Alfred Shore, and the appeal is made not by any mawkish sentimentality, but by a combination of pathos and humor, rare indeed.

We are disposed to quarrel with Miss Baylor, as we have intimated, for the unnecessarily painful termination, and

we think the incident of Matilda's fright might have been used to better advantage. Why not kill her instead of poor John Shore? The ineffective close indicates a general artistic defect in the writer; but when all such exceptions are taken, there remains a book of such exuberant, genuine humor, such delightful portraiture, such fresh disclosure of wayward, lovable humanity, that we can only ask of Miss Baylor, whether she can write novels or not, to continue to introduce us to the world which her genius has revealed to her.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Evil Effect of Over-praise.

AT the beginning of his career an author — especially if he be a poet, and chances to possess a particularly sensitive set of nerves — is almost certain to exaggerate the importance and influence of adverse criticism. Later on he will probably discover that there are worse things than "slashing notices." — namely, "slashing" praises. By the exercise of a little observation he will see that the latter can make even a man of merit ridiculous, and that the former, if unjust, can make nobody ridiculous save the reviewer himself. Malignant criticism has never yet succeeded in killing even the slightest piece of genuine creative work. How frequently it has killed the critic!

It has been said that no author — that is, no author of ability — can be written down except by himself. This is true with a qualification. He can be written down and out of sight, temporarily at least, if his enemies have the nerve and the diabolical adroitness outrageously to overpraise him. But this is an office of such subtle cruelty that no one but a friend ever thinks of undertaking it.

Ah, dear critic, if you wish to deliver a staggering blow to some young author who has offended you by what you suspect to be good literature, praise him extravagantly for the qualities which he does n't possess. Pick out his faults and call them felicities. If he is a verse-maker, compare him with Tennyson and Browning, to the obvious disadvantage of those over-rated persons. If he is a novelist, let it broadly be intimated that beside him Scott and Thackeray and George Eliot were but innocent children in the art of fiction. This *will* bring down your man. Disparagement can't do it.

Unmerited adulation has two baleful effects: one is to render the victim satisfied with himself, — and self-satisfaction is the death of talent and the paralysis of genius, — and the other is to draw down on him the indifference or the contempt of those very readers who were previously ready to accept his work at its honest value. Now, Brown has a neat touch in the lyrical way; Jones has printed two or three pleasant prose sketches in the magazines; Robinson may possibly write an interesting novel

—if he lives long enough. You feel kindly towards these three young gentlemen; their spurs are yet to be won, and, so far as you are concerned, you wish them success in the winning. But when you read in the columns of *The Daily Discoverer* that Milton might have been proud to write Brown's last triolet (it was a charming little triolet; you could n't have told it from one of Dobson's), or that Hawthorne's mantle has fallen upon the shoulders of Jones (without hurting him any), or that Robinson's new novel is superior to Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, — when, I say, you light on these dazzling literary verdicts, you are apt, if you have a spark of kindness left in you, to feel sorry for Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They have been put in an absurd attitude. If they are the modest, sensible fellows you suppose them to be, it will take them years to recover their self-respect. If they have complacently swallowed all this treacle, they are dead men. In any case, they have received such a set-back in general estimation as no amount of savage abuse could have procured for them. Savage abuse would have been forgotten in forty-eight hours; but this dismal panegyric is a thing that has got to be lived down, — to be obliterated, if possible, by higher achievements than anybody has ever expected at the hands of these unfortunates. Henceforth they may well add to their regulation prayers: "Save us from our friends, and from all undue praise, good Lord, deliver us!"

From my point of view it was no kind thing Mr. Howells did awhile ago for Tolstoi. I wonder how many warm admirers of the eminent Russian turned cold on being informed that he is "incomparably the greatest writer of fiction who ever lived." Incomparably? — shade of misguided Shakespeare! I venture to doubt if there are two English-speaking men on the earth's surface who subscribe to that dictum. Tolstoi

is a great writer, but he has yet to produce a work of such transcendent grandeur as to make it improper for the masterpieces of other languages to be compared with it. One has one's own taste in these matters, and, though individual opinion is much like those advertised lost things which are described as "of no value to anybody but the owner," one prefers to hold on to it.

Personally, the apotheosis of Tolstoi will strike me as premature until he has given the world finer fiction than we find, for instance, in *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, or *The Newcomes*, or *Adam Bede*, or *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Yes, I admit it, dear Mr. Howells, I admit it unblushingly, I *do* believe in Puss-in-Boots and Jack the Giant-Killer.

Concerning
Crispus At-
tucks.

—There is a singular appropriateness in the time chosen by the Massachusetts legislature to vote a monument to Crispus Attucks and his fellow-rioters. The present year has been signalized by dangerous riots at various points, in some of which property and life have been in serious peril. As mob-law claims and threatens ascendancy, it is certainly most fitting that a State which has not yet erected a monument to a single patriotic statesman or general should give precedence to men whose merit consisted in their making their own law and endeavoring to carry it into execution.

In studying the history of their case, I am surprised at having reached conclusions entirely at variance with my previous belief and feeling. I had always regarded the quartering of British troops in Boston as a piece of audacious tyranny. It now seems to me the very measure which the peace and well-being of the town imperatively required. Mobs had gutted, sacked, and plundered several houses and offices of public functionaries; had stolen or destroyed all the lieutenant-governor's plate, furniture,

pictures, and papers, and driven him and the governor to take refuge in the Castle. Even Samuel Adams denounced these doings as "high-handed outrages," and we have abundant testimony that they were wrought under the maddening stimulus of strong drink. The proportion of "roughs" to the population of the then small town was menacingly great, and there was no organized or efficient police. The orderly citizens needed protection. The crown officers needed and rightfully demanded support in the discharge of their imperative duties. It was a state of things in which, if ever, military force was not only justifiable, but necessary. To be sure, the soldiers ordered to Boston were "British troops," but what else should they have been? No one then denied that Boston was under the British government, or even anticipated independence of it. The leaders of legitimate opposition to the existing rule must have been sensibly relieved, and have slept more quietly, for the presence of disciplined soldiers.

So far from any gain having accrued to the patriot cause from the rampancy of mob-law, the country probably lost by means of it many who would have been among its most valuable citizens. Hutchinson, born in Boston, a graduate of Harvard College, and, as his posthumous papers show, friendly to the last to his native province, had his house attacked twice, pillaged, and well-nigh demolished, on suspicions which remain to this day unproved. It is not at all unlikely that he would have cast in his lot with the friends of liberty, had it not been for arguments, illogical indeed, but for this none the less cogent, urged upon him by unmerited wrong, indignity, and obloquy. Among the emigrant Tories there were many natives of Massachusetts, with strong local attachments, worthily respected and beloved in their several communities,—precisely such men as would have deemed peace and

order indispensable to social well-being, and as were likely to have the scales, nearly equipoised, turned against the cause so largely buttressed by irresponsible brute force. But for the Boston mobs, a large proportion of these men, now recognized as among the members of society whom their fellow-citizens could least afford to lose, might have been saved for their country.

When the proposed monument is erected, it is to be hoped that full justice will be done to the parentage of Attucks. He is commonly called a negro. It seems certain that he was a half-breed Indian, his mother having been a negress, or, more probably, a mulatto. Thus, as regards the non-combative African race, he may have been only a quadroon. It was by virtue of his Indian ancestry that he was a man of gigantic stature and of unsurpassed strength and ferocity, that he led the mob with a savage war-whoop, and that, had he not been shot, he would undoubtedly have slain the soldier whose gun he had seized, and whom he had already knocked down. Let the monument render honor to the race to which the prime honors of that illustrious night are due.

We might claim also, in behalf of our Irish fellow-citizens, that Carr, who was an Irishman, have his name either omitted in the commemorative inscription on the monument, or inserted with the explanatory statement that he lived long enough to repent of his part in the affair, and to justify in full the action of the British soldiers.

— It occurred to me suddenly, this morning, that I had never been appropriately thankful for the sphericity of the earth. In truth, I had never given the subject any considerable thought. Enough that the earth *was* a sphere! Now, however, I began all at once to imagine how different our human lot and condition might be, were the planet, as some have

Beneficent
Effects of
the Earth's
Sphericity.

dreamed, nothing but a square flat surface. In that case, it is evident that only a very small proportion of us who inhabit it could possibly be accommodated near the centre,—if I may be allowed to express myself thus ungeometrically. By far the greater number would necessarily find ourselves at long distances from it, while not a few would have to seek quarters along the edges, or be tucked away in some one of the four corners. And this difficulty would be not lessened, but rather quadrupled, if the earth were a cube, instead of only one side of a cube. In either event, the world would have the disadvantages of an ordinary rectangular concert-room, in which the principal part of the audience must perforce take up with poorer seats than they see some of their fellow-auditors enjoying. Human nature remaining as it is, it is plain enough what jealousy and strife such inequalities would occasion. How would *you* feel, most meek and amiable of readers, to be rooted for life in some outlying district, some edge or corner of the world?

All such unhappy complications, it will be at once perceived, are forever obviated by the simple fact of the planet's rotundity; for there is no spot upon its surface but is just as near the centre as is every other spot. Indeed, every spot *is* the centre; not of the globe itself, to be sure, but of its superficial area. Not a soul of all earth's millions but has the nadir plumb beneath his feet, and the zenith directly above his head; not one but is at the fixed point, the true axis, about which the sphere's circumference is described. There is no village, no hamlet, no lonely hut, but the horizon stretches around it in a perfect ring. Straight to that village, hamlet, or hut all the radii run. To recur to our former comparison, the practical, equalizing effect of this is like what would result if a concert-room were circular, with the performers at the centre, and the listeners in a single annular row about

them, every chair just as near the stage as every other.

This view of the matter I do not remember ever to have seen so much as hinted at, and I am therefore inclined to believe the foregoing observations strictly original; but, like many other discoveries, this of mine will doubtless seem simple and easy enough as soon as it is once pointed out. Moreover, there can be no question that the fact itself has all along unconsciously yet strongly affected the opinions and feelings of the entire human family. Who ever saw a man, no matter how uneducated, that did not appear to realize, as if by instinct, that his own standing-place was the true centre of all things? I, for one, never did; and I have often been profoundly impressed with this universal consciousness of personal centrality, particularly when I have been traveling. The train halts for a minute at some rural station, with half a dozen scattered houses in sight, while as many rustics stand about the "depot" gazing into the car windows. These lookers-on always appear to be commiserating the sad condition of us travelers. *They* are at home; they feel it. The rest of us are pilgrims and strangers. Poor souls! we have perhaps never before heard of Huckleberryville. Our abiding places, if indeed we have any, must be far off in foreign parts. We are here at the focus of the world for a minute only; then, like the Wandering Jew, off we must hurry again toward the outer rim. Happy citizens of Huckleberryville! did they but know it, the citizens of Boston and New York cherish precisely the same feelings. They, too, are at the hub. As for Huckleberryville, it is a town up country somewhere, not far from the "jumping-off place," they believe.

Now, if all these self-satisfied people were under a delusion, it would be pitiful to think of; but as we have seen, they have abundant reason for their self-gratulations. And to me, I must

acknowledge, it is extremely consoling to find one of my most natural and indestructible convictions put thus upon an assured mathematical basis. My notion might have proved a mere superstition, a piece of ignorant conceit; but no! it is demonstrable, irrefutable fact. Henceforth, then, I give over attempting to appear unconscious of my exalted destiny and privilege. If I *am* at the centre of the universe, why not recognize the fact, and carry myself accordingly?

Nature's Mind-Cure. — I often wish that every one made use of a sort of "mind-cure" which some persons have found invaluable. Nature has a wondrous power of ministry to a mind diseased, and through avenues of sense can reach and touch and heal the soul. If there are times when grief is too new and its pang too poignant, or when anxiety presses too urgently, for us to find relief in calm communion with the world of unconscious life about us, and we need a human voice to speak and a human hand stretched out to help us, yet there are seasons of very real and special trouble, when Nature may give a sore and wounded spirit a comfort all her own. Pure joy, whatever its source, is a healing essence, and the gladness arising from the perception of beauty is Nature's oil and wine for the soothing and strengthening of our souls. She has infinite means at command, and stores up delights in things small as well as great, so that none need be without them. If it takes money and leisure to compass a visit to Niagara, the Alps, or Como, there are simpler yet choice pleasures to be had nearer home. I go out into the world of a fresh morning, and stray along the country road between the rough walls half hidden with wild vines, and over beyond them see the fields thick with daisies reflecting the sun, and buttercups catching and holding it; and winging his light way before me goes a butterfly, clad in black

velvet with trimmings of glittering blue; and I dip down into a bit of woodland among the ferns and violets, and look about till I find my special darling, the little wind-flower, poised airily on its delicate stem; and then I stretch myself on some sun-warmed old boulder, clothed with lovely mosses, gray and green, and lie there and drink in rest and cheer. An apple-tree throws out an arm to shield my head from the sun, and I thank it; for I like the whole brotherhood, and am sure that if I could have speech with them they would have something to say, in their plain fashion, that would be worth listening to for its sense and originality. Close by, on a slope beside me, stand some great full-leaved chestnuts, and I look down into their masses of green steeped with golden sunshine, and up above to where their shining heads lift into the limitless blue, and my eye has just time to catch the swift flight of a bird across the clear spaces. My mind throws off the burden and fret it may have brought there; it is bathed and refreshed in the lavish light and beauty; its tangle of cares seem swept out of it, as the clouds from the stainless sky, and it rises blithe and free with the breeze and the bird's song.

I think Nature's cure is very helpful, when the patient is suffering from that complaint which may be dignified as the Dejection to which poets write odes, or called in homely phrase "the blues," — a really serious affliction when it tends to become chronic. I believe it is wiser, when we are seeking Nature's aid and comfort, not to analyze our impressions, but to take them as she gives them, in their wholeness and simplicity. Do not ask what it is that charms you in the grouping of those trees on yonder hillside, or why it is you find pleasure in the soft rush of these feathery meadow grasses before the pursuant breeze; the fact of delight is enough; accept it and be thankful.

Cheap and accessible as this nature-cure seems, yet after all it is not to be had but upon conditions. Few persons are without some feeling for the beauty of the external world, but it is one thing to admire Nature as a superficial acquaintance, and another to know and love her dearly as an intimate and friend; and it is only those who have given her their eyes, their time, their heart, to whom she in turn will give the consolation of her joy. Like all our worthiest loves, this love grows in us by loving, and the enjoyment that in youth was mainly sensuous becomes in riper years a closer, more intense, and spiritualized passion. We cannot hope wholly from "outward forms to win the passion and the life whose fountains are within." But the outward form ceases to be merely such to one whose soul's eye has been opened to vision of the divine within the natural life.

"O world as God has made it, all is beauty,
And knowing that is love, and love is duty."

Such is the message Nature brings to Browning, and others too have heard it and found it authentic. We know and feel, though we cannot demonstrate it to the deaf and blind of soul, that beauty is joy, and joy is, because it must be, at the heart of things. Love gives the beauty and the joy, and makes the spirit of man to feel them, and to answer love with love's free service.

— Sometimes it is difficult to keep from believing that the earth has voices, "mystic, wonderful," whose weird message continually tries to get itself delivered to our ear.

Every one has had the experience of standing in the midst of the woods, some still summer day, when the leaves and sprays hung motionless, and the silence was profound. Presently you are aware of a stir in the tree-tops. It is not so much an audible sound, at first, as an invisible movement, apprehended only by the most delicate tentacles of

the sense of hearing. Then it rises to a soft murmur, and dies away. Again you hear it, farther off this time, but approaching. It is the Voice of the woods. But this is not all. I have fancied that beneath this murmurous surf-sound there lurks a still more mysterious undertone; as if there were other Voices, never daring to speak with each other except when the wind is blowing to mask their presence. With each other—or is it not rather that they are trying to communicate with our human spirit? As I hear them, I imagine troops of little eager faces, pressing as near me as they dare, or as they are permitted, watching for the swelling of the wind, and hushing each other as it falls to silence.

But the message, if indeed there be one that the earth-spirit is thus trying to deliver, will hardly be conveyed by these delicate elves of the wood. They are too timid, too fearful of the quiet, and conditioned upon other sounds which mask but confuse their burden.

I think that the message will ultimately be conveyed by the Voices of the river. Their music, for one thing, is nearest that of human speech. I remember one night when we were camped by the McCloud River, deep in the heart of the redwood forest in northern California. There was no moon. Far above us the great plummy tops of the redwoods, own kin to the giant trees of the Sierras, rose like cathedral roof and towers, and hid the starlight. The aisles below were empty and silent, and mysterious with that soul of shadow that haunts the solitary woods at night. The aisles were silent, but not the choir. For, a stone's-throw to the right, the Voices of the clear, deep river were talking and laughing all night long. They were perfectly human tones. There would run on for a few moments an even, continuous babble; then out of it would rise a mingled peal of musical laughter, like bells, or clear pebbles striking together, or tinkling of ice, yet

The Earth-Spirit's
Voices.

all the time human. Then there would run merry chucklings up and down the river; and then a shout would arise, away down stream, and another; and then all the hurrying Voices would talk loudly together; and then a moment's quiet; and then, again, inextinguishable laughter.

If I had lain there alone, perhaps I might have understood some fragment of this inarticulate music, or speech. But perhaps, too, I might have paid for it by never hearing mortal accents more; so weirdly this tumult of elfin syllables wrought upon me, even well companioned as I was, there in the dimness and unearthly solitude of the starlit forest.

I never heard these Voices of the river again till one night they rose from the orchestra, in the Rhine Nymphs' song. I do not think Wagner understood them, any more than I; he merely transcribed them from the river. It was strange to think that there they were, in uncomprehended echo, again appealing to mortal spirits across the barrier of the limited human intelligence.

At sea, also, I once heard this unavailing cry. It was a hundred miles, and more, from the coast of Brazil. The night was clear starlight, the breeze light and steady, so that we were sailing silently. The stillness, indeed, was so unusual that we were all leaning at the weather rail, listening to it, and peering far off into the vanishing waste of waves. Suddenly a distant cry arose from the night; no one could say where, or how. Then it was twice repeated: not a human cry, that is certain; perhaps a sea-bird's, but not like that of any bird or beast I ever heard. If it expressed anything, it was not pain nor fear, but some intense, infinitely lonely desire.

It is no wonder the Greeks felt the earth to be a spirit. If we are not all pantheists, the wonder is that we are

not all mythologists, at least. Sometimes it has seemed to me as these following lines endeavor to express:—

NATURE AND HER CHILD.

As some poor child whose soul is windowless,
Having not hearing, speech, nor sight, sits lone
In her dark, silent life, till cometh one
With a most patient heart, who tries to guess

Some hidden way to help her helplessness;
And, yearning for that spirit shut in stone,
A crystal that has never seen the sun,
Smooths now the hair, and now the hand will
press,

Or gives a key to touch, then letters raised,
Its symbol; then an apple, or a ring,
And again letters, — so, all blind and dumb,

We wait; the kindly smiles of summer come,
And soft winds touch our cheek, and thrushes
sing;
The world-heart yearns, but we stand dull and
dazed.

At another time the relation of the world to the human spirit has seemed to be more truthfully hinted at in lines like these:—

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.

As some poor Indian woman
A captive child receives,
And warms it in her bosom,
And o'er its weeping grieves;

And comforts it with kisses,
And strives to understand
Its eager, lonely babble,
Fondling the little hand, —

So Earth, our foster-mother,
Yearns for us, with her great
Wild heart, and croons in murmurs
Low, inarticulate.

She knows we are white captives,
Her dusky race above,
But the deep, childless bosom
Throbs with its brooding love.

The Breath of the Year. — Some morning in early spring, when the snow still lies heavily on our hillsides, you have by chance opened a window and inhaled the first fragrance which tells you winter is over.

The pleasant chill in the air still binds all less ethereal odors in their winter prison-house. But late in April or early in May, when the hidden bonds have all been loosened, and even the fast-running brook calls out the fresh scent of the mossy stones in its channel, then, if you stand in an open meadow, and give yourself up freely to the full delight of the wakening earth, you will become aware that it is neither delicate blossom nor singing bird which adds the last enchantment to the moment, but the wonderful blending of every shy and vague scent in the world. You cannot rudely extricate one or another from the harmony.

The willows by the stream, in a green haze of unfolding buds, are shedding their yellow pollen even now, and the bees know it, though we may be too dull to guess the source of this heavenly sweetness.

The sweet-gale has already put forth its hundreds of little brown cones, which we often overlook in their unpretentious plainness, though we cannot brush by them so carelessly that they do not retaliate with reproachful fragrance. But even their flowers are worth looking at, particularly the tiny crimson tufts of pistils, which do not grow on the same plant with the sterile catkins. They remind us of the blossoms of their first cousin, the sweet-fern, whose sterile tassels are already in bloom, and add almost as much perfume to the air as their leaves do later in the season. A still nearer relative of the sweet-gale is the bayberry, but this has not yet opened, and it seems to me that its chief virtue lies in its leaves, though that may be because my own senses are obtuse.

Sassafras and benzoin are already in full flower, along the borders of the woods. Now why should good-sized trees bear such tiny blossoms? You will not find the flowers of either sassafras or benzoin unless you look for them. But everybody looks for sassafras for

the sake of the spicy bark and delectable leaves. The "honey-yellow flowers" of *Benzoin odoriferum* have given it not only both its botanical names, but the common ones of wild allspice and spice-bush. Who can tell us why Benjamin-bush and fever-bush have been added to its aliases?

If we are happy enough to be in the region of trailing arbutus, that enchanting odor, rising through the pine needles under our feet, dominates all others. We can find the blossoms by the sense of smell alone, as Tennyson can find wild English violets in the dark.

Mr. Higginson notices an "indescribable fresh and earthy scent" in the little hepatica, which is the earliest flower to welcome the spring, opening its blue eyes among the dead leaves lying on some sunny slope.

Still early in May, as we wander through the woods, we detect a bitter-sweet breath in the air, from the pendulous racemes of the white long-petalled flowers of the shadbush. When the breeze sweeps by, there is a snowstorm of blossoms on the ground beneath it, just as there is beneath the cherry-tree — its near relation — a little later. There are several of these rosaceous plants, whose clusters of white blossoms suggest each other, and whose odors all hint at the sound and healthy flavor of wild black cherry.

By this time the holy-grass is nodding its brown tassels in the meadow. You miss the full richness of its fragrance, perhaps, till after it is mowed. This is the grass which on saints' days is appropriately strewn before church doors in the north of Europe. Why should it also be called Seneca grass, or indeed vanilla grass, for the odor is not like that of vanilla?

The most pervading sweetness of our meadows in May and June comes from the sweet-scented vernal grass, whose internal structure allies it to the holy-grass, though it is much less beautiful,

bearing merely a stiff green spike, relieved a little, however, by its glistening feathery white stigmas when in full flower. Here, handsome is that handsome does, for nothing could be more inconspicuous than this "flower of flowers," and the lens reveals to us that even from a botanical point of view it is imperfect. Let George MacDonald or Mrs. Whitney deduce a moral.

And now the fragrance of unrolling ferns grows and grows upon the delighted sense, till all the woods are filled with the sweetness of the light fronds of the hay-scented fern. But the ferns are not fully opened before June, and there are other tones in the scale of May.

There is the healthful tonic (no pun was intended) of the bitter dandelion; the spiciness of the balm of Gilead, which can metamorphose a dusty street into Araby the blest; and the richness of the lilac, which two poets so different as Walt Whitman and T. W. Parsons have given a place in the foundations of our consciousness.

What perfect words can I find for the loveliness of the white violet, which from every fine purple line upon its pure petals and every clear curve of its leaves to the shy sweetness of every breath is a marvel of simple beauty? Some people do not know that our common purple violet has any fragrance, but the elect know it. When it grows under apple-trees, I have sometimes noticed that it is so "interpenetrated with the light and fragrance its neighbors shed," that the breath of the apple-blossoms survives in it even after I have taken up the sod and carried it home.

Now, who knows the secret of the violet? A recent scientific writer has shown cause for the belief that, in virtue both of its color and its shape, it is one of the most highly organized of flowers; and Leonardo da Vinci was willing to bend the mighty genius which had mastered all the art and science of his time to the task of making those wonder-

ful studies of the violet still to be seen in Venice. We all feel its mysterious kinship to other forms of beauty which Miss Larcom expresses in *A Puzzle of Spring*:—

"For the bluebird's warbled note
Violet odors hither flung,
And the violet curved her throat
Just as if she sat and sung."

By the time the apple-blossoms have fallen, the air is pulsating with the balm of June. The buttercups have come before this, to be sure, but now they make a veritable "field o' the cloth o' gold," with their "million, million drops of gold among the green." Did anybody ever try to make an attar-of-buttercups? This essence is entirely unique, and there is a softness in it which positively affects the senses like a gentle touch. But let no one try to imprison it in phials. It belongs to the wide country meadow and roadside.

Early in June the pretty false Solomon's seal lifts its tufts of white blossoms above its shining green leaves. At the same moment the brilliant pink *arethusa* raises its beautiful head among the grasses in the swamp.

By this time the little pink heads of the *mitchella* are peeping through their handsome leaves, like an echo of our beloved trailing *arbutus*, which has still another echo by the end of June, when

"Beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight *linnæa* hangs its twin-born head."

And yet how much of the sweetness of these dainty things is due to that of the pines among which they grow, and which seem to enfold their slight perfumes in a kind of deep embracing fragrance! At the edge of the wood, the sweet-brier rose is now in bloom, and, for my part, I am a firm believer in the fragrance of other wild roses, let who will say nay.

The strawberries in the meadows now appeal to us with color, form, odor, and rich juiciness at once. The lindens have opened their intoxicating blossoms, the

grapevines fill the air with balm, the locust flowers contribute their spicy breath, the young hay lies on the lawns, and everywhere "the south wind comes o'er gardens, and the flowers that kissed it are betrayed."

Then, there are the clover fields. The very ponds are blooming with water-lilies, rightly named *Nymphæa odorata*. And now the hillsides are magnificent with their wealth of mountain laurel, in whose aroma there is a hint of the ripening strength of the year. We shall get very few ethereal odors after this, in spite of the enchantment of July and August. We shall have the invigorating freshness of spearmint and peppermint and many more of their household; but having once grasped a "good that is good to eat," we seem henceforth to be shut out of the *sanctum sanctorum* of Nature. Middle age has come, and the illusions of youth can no longer throw a veil over our "too, too solid flesh."

Now begins the direful reign of Roman wormwood, which drives half our countrymen mad. Then comes the overpowering Mayweed, and if we are so unfortunate as to live at the West, now is the time when the dysodia, or fetid marigold, makes life a burden. I confess there is something in the pungent yarrow and even in the more pungent tansy which satisfies certain longings of the olfactory nerve; but in spite of that the days of romance are surely over.

Over? Not while the wild bean twines around the bushes in the underwood, with its burden of perfumed purple blossoms; nor while the white clethra (sweet pepperbush) opens its clustering flowers in every dell. There is a fragrance about the horn-bean, too; but few people seem to know it.

The compositæ now almost have the field to themselves; though the pretty but inconspicuous blue curls and the mock pennyroyal add an appreciable flavor of mint to the clear September

air, especially when we carelessly crush them under our feet.

There is a strong family likeness between the odors of flowers belonging to the same order, as well as in other characteristics. This is sometimes startling, and suggests large questions.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies, —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The vast composite family so illustrates this relationship of scent that we may almost describe the September air as the fragrance of the *compositæ*. The *Solidago odora* is not the only golden-rod which contributes to the bouquet of this wine. All of us who love to be outdoors know when the air is full of the golden-rod, though we could not tell how we know. The purple asters blend imperceptibly with it, and the white everlastings, with their pearly, papery rays. Of course, the more obtrusive members of the family, yarrow and Mayweed and tansy, still hold their ground.

The thistles have a sweetish odor of their own, quite unlike that of their relatives, but the texture of their blossoms also differs from that of most of the other autumn *compositæ*. Generally in September there is a certain pleasant vigor in the odors abroad in the air, which has little of the positive sweetness of earlier days, and which is due to the great mass of composite flowers in blossom. The sweetness which does mingle with this vigor comes from the ripening fruit, and is as different from that of spring as a shining red apple is different from a bough of apple-blossoms.

In October, our thoughts are concentrated on the wealth of color. We hear no more birds, we gather no more fragrant flowers. Yet if some day we should lose the cool, slight breath of the

gorgeous leaves in our hands, or the fragrance of those we are treading upon, we should certainly miss the final charm of our ramble, though we might not know why; for this beauty of the old age of the year is as ethereal and impalpable as that of the spring-time.

The snow falls, and covers up the earth for its winter slumber. But we know one gentle secret. We know the

delicious scent of some of the dripping sphagnum in the deep woods during the happy days of a January thaw. Even in winter we have glad moments, when we are "lord of our senses five."

So the year marches on in its eternal round, and from January to January again

"Fragrance in its footing treads."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Theology and Religion. The Dictionary of Religion is an encyclopedia of Christian and other religious doctrines, denominations, sects, heresies, ecclesiastical terms, history, biography, etc., and is edited by the Rev. William Benham, who took up the work begun by the late Rev. J. H. Blunt. (Cassell.) The range of the dictionary is tolerably wide, but it is not especially strong on the American side. Such names as Jonathan Edwards, Murray, and Hopkins are omitted, though Bishop Hopkins appears. The book, while colorless as regards opinion, is nevertheless written from the standpoint of the Church of England, the sects being dismissed with very brief paragraphs. The important body of Congregationalists, for example, is very unsatisfactorily treated in a single column, and there is not a word upon the order in the United States, where it is strongest. Religion in the United States of America is dispatched in a column, and is treated chiefly with reference to the Episcopal Church; but there is no special article on the Episcopal Church, or the Protestant Episcopal Church, while Protestantism itself is very meagrely and unsatisfactorily considered. The book is convenient and useful, but does not strike us as well edited. — *Word Studies in the New Testament*, by Marvin R. Vincent. (Scribners.) The first volume of this work has been published, covering the synoptic Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and epistles of Peter, James, and Jude. Dr. Vincent's method is to follow these writings chapter by chapter, and single out words and phrases which either are critical, or are liable to misinterpretation. The comments are often helpful, and are marked, as a rule, by plain sense and a freedom from straining after effect. Dr. Vincent is a trustworthy guide, even if he does not always point out the more re-

condite values. — *Evolution and Christianity, a Study*, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A not very important little book, in which the author attempts to present an irenicon, but he seems to have left out of account the organic action of Christianity. — *The True Explanation of the Mystery*, which was kept secret since the world began, by James Johnstone. (The author, Edinburgh.) A somewhat confused wrangle by a Scotsman who has been having a wrestling match with the Westminster Confession. — *The New Birth, with a chapter on the Mind Cure*, by L. P. Mercier. (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A little treatise, of a thoughtful character, in which certain general, vague truths are made more general and vague by being distilled in Swedenborgian spirits. — *The Sunny Side of Shadow, Reveries of a Convalescent*, by Fannie Nichols Benjamin. (Ticknor.) A little volume of essays containing a gentle optimism of a religious nature, and occasionally expressing a thought in an attractive way, but on the whole rather to be accepted as a grateful piece of occupation for the author.

Fiction. — *Iván Ilyitch* is the first of a collection of tales by Count Tolstoi, translated by N. H. Dole (Crowell), and taken from the miscellaneous volume referred to by Miss Hapgood in a recent article in *The Atlantic*. The stories are plainly intended to be read by the people, and are, as the translator says, essentially tracts. Indeed, in some instances they are provided with passages from the New Testament, which serve as texts for the sermon in fiction which follows. The reader will gather from these stories a very good notion of Tolstoi's practical faith. — *Forging the Fetters, and Other Stories*, is a collection of three stories by Mrs. Alexander, in the *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt.) The first of the stories is based upon

that favorite absurd invention of novelists, that when a husband and wife have been separated for a number of years, one will remember the other upon again meeting, but the other will not remember the one. Mrs. Alexander does not do herself justice, of late. — *A Lad's Love*, by Arlo Bates (Roberts), is the story of how a lad studied love-making on a widow, and graduated by becoming engaged to her daughter. It is a summer-resort story, bright in spots and reasonably entertaining, but surely Mr. Bates need not waste his cleverness on such trivialty. — *Told at Tuxedo*, by A. M. Emory (Putnams), is the title of a short collection of stories told in the tumultuous privacy of a snowstorm, at a country house. There seems to be a veritable rage just now for decameroning. The stories are of a somewhat sentimental turn, dashed with a masculine bravado, which suggests a feminine authorship. — *Thirteen Stories of the Far West*, by Forbes Heermans. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Stories of the frontier which, stripped of their slang and profanity, amount to short anecdotes; but the slang is often funny, if one has not read too much of the same sort. — Mr. Bynner's clever little story of *Penelope's Suitors* has been issued in a fantastic dress by the Ticknors. — Recent numbers of *Ticknor's Paper Series* are *Eleanor Maitland*, by Clara Erskine Clement; *The House of the Musician*, by Virginia W. Johnson; *Geraldine*; *The Duchess Emilia*, by Barrett Wendell; *Dr. Breen's Practice*, by W. D. Howells; and *Tales of Three Cities*, by Henry James. — *Allan Quatermain*, by H. Rider Haggard, is issued in *Harper's Handy Series*, and in *Harper's Franklin Square Library* recent numbers are *Disappeared*, by Sarah Tytler; *A Lost Reputation*; *A Choice of Change*, by William Dodson; *99 Dark Street*, by F. W. Robinson; and "V. R."

Medicine and Hygiene. *Household Remedies for the Prevalent Disorders of the Human Organism*, by Felix L. Oswald. (Fowler & Wells Co.) Apparently aimed at showing how disease will yield to treatment from which drugs are excluded. The somewhat violent character of the preface scarcely prepares one for the calm sense which seems to prevail through a good part of the book. — *Health of our Children*, and *Health in our Homes* are two small books by "Doctor Frank," issued by the Thayer Publishing Company, Boston. They are sensible and clearly written, free from technicality, yet not professing to be substitutes for the doctor. The author says nothing that has not been said a hundred times in similar books, but he seems to have the art of catching the ear, and that is an important element in such writing. — *A Friend in Need*, by the same author and publisher, is a more con-

siderable work. It is an octavo volume, which aims to be a household guide in health and in disease. However sound the general principles presented in it may be, we distrust such a book when it undertakes to give detailed prescriptions. The human body is not a piece of ready-made manufacture, and no book like this can take individualism into account. We think such a volume should confine itself to general rules of diet and sanitary precaution, and let drugs alone. — *The Cremation of the Dead*, considered from an æsthetic, sanitary, religious, historical, medico-legal, and economical standpoint, by Hugo Erickson. (D. O. Haynes & Co., Detroit.) A plea for cremation by an enthusiast who has worked himself almost into a passion. He offers a very interesting and full survey of the subject, including a report on the present condition of the public mind in America as instanced by the various societies and crematories. He closes with the prediction that cremation will make more rapid progress in the United States than in Europe. It may be so, but we think he underestimates the inert mass of traditional sentiment that will require to be overcome. Perhaps there are graveyards enough in the world, but we are thankful for those that exist. They make up no inconsiderable part of the world as a dwelling-place for humanity. It is refreshing to think of fields which will grow no grain. — *Home Sanitation, a Manual for Housekeepers* (Ticknor), is a rational and simple little volume, prepared by the Sanitary Science Club of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, and especially adapted to the needs of women. The book is valuable for what it omits as well as what it contains. We should suppose, however, that more might have been said regarding the care of a furnace.

Biography. *Dante, a Sketch of his Life and Works*, by May Alden Ward. (Roberts.) An unpretending and not very important contribution to Dante literature. The writer shows an external acquaintance with the subject and a sympathy with it, but her work is scarcely more than a convenient synopsis. — In the series of *Famous Women*, a recent number is *Mrs. Siddons*, by Nina A. Kennard. (Roberts.) A gossip, anecdotal kind of a life, as indeed it could scarcely help being, when the subject was set in the midst of a circle more written about and better known than any literary circle in England. Yet Mrs. Siddons's nobility of nature rises above all the small, bustling activity of the green room. — A new edition of *Henry B. Stanton's Random Recollections* has been issued (Harpers), revised and brought down to date, which was actually the death of the author, who had just corrected his last proofs. — *Life of Leo XIII.* from an

authentic memoir furnished by his order, written with the encouragement, approbation, and blessing of his Holiness the Pope, by Bernard O'Reilly. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.) We are sorry we cannot put in the capitals and red ink, nor communicate the enthusiastic whisper in which this curious and interesting book is written. Leo XIII. is a man of strong individuality, and his life, especially since his elevation to the papacy, connects itself with contemporaneous historic movements. Nevertheless, he is a living Pope, and the book is written by a priest of the Romish communion, and these facts are absolutely prohibitory of anything but a devout eulogy. Father O'Reilly, however, does not forget that he is writing largely for an heretical audience, and it is interesting to see the circumspection with which he treats his subject. Altogether the book is a curiosity in its inception and execution. An American publisher, not unconnected with an American humorist, a Protestant, presumably, brings out an authentic, blessed life of the head of the Roman Church. Verily the force of contrast cannot go farther. — *Reminiscences* by Thomas Carlyle, edited by Charles Eliot Norton. (Macmillan.) A cheaper and more convenient edition of this work, the two volumes being bound in one. — *Readers of Emerson and collectors of Emersoniana* will welcome the choicely printed little volume entitled *Ralph Waldo Emerson, his Maternal Ancestors*, with some *Reminiscences of Him*, by David Green Haskins, D. D. (Cupples & Hurd.)

Poetry. *Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verse*, by Margaret J. Preston. (Houghton.) Mrs. Preston has drawn from varied sources: her *Colonial Ballads* point to incidents in the early days of Massachusetts and Virginia, her *Childhood of the Old Masters* is a series of poetical renderings of familiar tales, and many of her poems are suggested by works of art. Meanwhile, through all the verse runs a strain of courageous acceptance of trouble, and a resolute interpretation of human life in the spirit of trust in God. The verse is clear and limpid, and the objective character of the volume will win readers who are a little weary of the subjective quality which is so persistent in most contemporaneous verse. — *Arteloise*, a *Romance of King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table*, by J. Dunbar Hylton. (The Hylton Publishing Company, Palmyra, N. J.) An octavo volume, in which the Arthurian romance is transmitted to the reader through the medium of a verse over which Scott's shadow has passed. The picture of a Jersey farm which fronts the poem seems at first to strain a point in aptness of illustration, but is justified by the lines in the dedication: —

"Or paint with every rural charm
The pleasures on a Jersey farm,
Where every joy of mortal life
Around has nature scattered rife."

— *The Legend of Delaware Valley, and Other Poems*, by Rev. Thomas J. Macmurray, LL.B. (William Briggs, Toronto.) — *Poems of Ten Years, 1877-1886*, by Matthew Richey Knight. (MacGregor & Knight, Halifax, N. S.) — A translation of Giacomo Leopardi's poems, by Frederick Townsend (Putnam's), will interest readers of Leopardi who cannot have recourse to the Italian; but though Mr. Townsend evidently desired to be faithful in his work, he apparently had not that poetic power which will save a translation from being a mere metrical version. — *The sailing of King Olaf, and other pieces*, by Alice Williams Brotherton (Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago), has a few poems which will be likely to be sifted into anthologies from time to time. There is an interesting passage in the poems from the dramatic to the personal, and we are disposed to think Mrs. Brotherton most successful when she dramatizes. — *The Poets and Poetry of America* (Benjamin & Bell) is a satire reprinted from the edition published in 1847, with an introductory argument by Geoffrey Quartes, intended to prove that the poem was written by Poe. The editor's essay is more convincing than the satire, in which we have been able to find neither Poe nor poetry. — *A Venetian Lover*, by Edward King (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.), is a long narrative poem, which, though it contains many striking passages, does not as a whole seem to us to be a success. The poetry of the context would have to be very strong indeed that could stand such a line as —

"And mopped his brow and eyed me with a look."

— *Columbus, an Historical Play*, by D. S. Preston (Putnam's Sons), is to be added to the very few good dramatic poems produced by Americans. The subject is handled throughout with great skill and dignity. With a slight alteration at the end of the second act, the play would be immensely effective on the stage. We wonder that no American actor has seen the success that lies in this drama.

Books for Young People. *The Blind Brother*, a story of the Pennsylvania Coal Mines, by Homer Greene (Crowell), commends itself by the brevity and compression of its treatment of a conventionally romantic story. It might have been wildly sensational; it is sensational, but with a reserve which argues well for the author. It is, however, a conventional story; such an one we venture to say, as could not have been written had the author not read stories and tried to make one himself. — *Cuore, an Italian Schoolboy's Journal*, by Edmondo

de Amicis. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. (Crowell.) It would apparently be somewhat difficult to extract the real boy from this singular infusion of boy in rhetoric. One may catch at Italian juvenile life, but one never can be sure of getting the real article. Surely, though there is ardor and sentiment in Southern people, there is not such an excessive gesticulation of sentiment. — *Bar Harbor Days*, by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison. (Harpers.) We do not quite see what Mrs. Harrison gains by pretending that this story is told by a dog. There is no special individuality in the dog teller, and the story remains the same, a lively if somewhat idle narrative of youthful life in vacation time.

Education and Text Books. Dr. McCosh publishes a second part of his *Psychology*, treating in this volume of *The Motive Powers*, emotions, conscience, will. (Scribners.) He maintains that the twofold division into cognitive and motive powers is a fundamental one, and recognized not only in philosophy, but in literature and in common usage. The study leads up to a recognition of man in his relations to God. — Professor George T. Ladd has now completed his translation of *Lotze's Philosophical Outlines*, in *Outlines of Logic*, and of *Encyclopædia of Philosophy*. (Ginn.) "In brief," Lotze says in conclusion, "laws, facts, and final purposes (Ideas) are for us three principles, distinct from each other, and not deducible from each other. For this reason philosophy can never be such an unchanging science as to be able to deduce from one supreme principle all its results in uniform sequence; but its investigations will always be separated into (1) those of *Metaphysic*, which concern the possibility of the world's course; (2) into those of the *Philosophy of Nature*, which concern the connection, in fact, of its reality; and (3) into those of the *Philosophy of Religion*, which concern its ideal significance and final purposes." — *Educational Mosaics*, a collection from many writers (chiefly modern) of thoughts bearing on educational questions of the day, by Thomas J. Morgan. (Silver, Rogers & Co., Boston.) The arrangement of these thoughts in an alphabetical order of writers is a singular one, and gives a somewhat unnecessary patchwork character to the work, but it emphasizes authorship rather than subject, and in that respect has its advantage. The work is rather stimulating and suggestive than directly practical. — *English Composition and Rhetoric, Intellectual Elements of Style*, by Alexander Bain. (Appleton.) There is a certain mechanical view of the mind underlying this book, which is strikingly exhibited in Mr. Bain's criticism of Homer's shield of Achilles, because, forsooth,

the shield could not be drawn from Homer's description! — *Sketch of the History of Yale University*, by Franklin Bowditch Dexter. (Holt.) A serviceable little volume by a very painstaking and accurate scholar. The sketch follows chronological lines, and the movement of the institution is marked by the successive administrations. There is a commendable absence of brag, and an appendix contains much curious minute information. — In *Heath's Monographs on Education*, a recent number is *The Study of Rhetoric*, by John F. Genung. It has a special value from the illustrations which it gives of the writer's method with students in Amherst College. — *The Fortunes of Words*, by Federico Garlanda (Lovell), can scarcely be called a text book, but will be most serviceable to those who are teaching the English language. It is in the form of letters to a lady, and takes up almost at random a variety of words which have histories. The writer philosophizes a good deal, but not heavily, and often much to the purpose.

Travel and Nature. China: travels and investigations in the Middle Kingdom. A study of its civilization and possibilities, with a glance at Japan. By James Harrison Wilson. (Appleton.) General Wilson's interesting work gains from the simplicity and directness of his aim. He went to the East to see if it would pay for Americans to build railroads there, and he not only gained valuable information on this point, but incidentally saw a great deal of Chinese life. His book is a capital instance of how much a man will see in traveling who has a special object in view. — *Prose Pastorals*, by Herbert Milton Sylvester (Ticknor), is a collection of amiable reminiscences and reveries of country life. If there is not much that is refreshingly new, the spirit of the book is pleasing and there are many cool and shady places in it. — *By the Way, an Idler's Diary*, is an odd little volume. It is a collection of quotations, familiar and unfamiliar, upon such topics as travel, the sea, the mountains, the farm, leisure, pastime, people, etc., the pages being interleaved with blank pages for the owner's addition in the way of verses, comment, sketches, and photographs. It is a book, therefore, which largely remains to be written. (Clarke & Carruth, Boston.) — *Horsemanship for Women*, by Theodore H. Mead. (Harpers.) A book of practical suggestions, which appear in the main to be sensible, though we should not be prepared to advise a woman, when her horse was running away, to "saw" at the bit.

Manners and the Household. Manners and Social Usages, by Mrs. John Sherwood. (Harpers.) A new and enlarged edition of a book which serves a very good purpose. It owes

its success in part to the fact that it has "grown." Numberless distressed women have written to Harper's Bazaar to know how they ought to behave, and their cases have been codified in this work. Hence if any one scorns the elementary instruction he or she may find here, let him or her remember that some forlorn and shipwrecked brother or sister has seen it and taken heart again. — *Ourselves and our Neighbors*, short chats on social topics, by Louise Chandler Moulton. (Roberts.) A volume of short essays upon familiar topics of our social life, the conversation of a fluent woman solidified into essay form. A basis of good sense and charity and optimism renders the comment on minor morals sane if not especially striking. — *The Universal Cookery Book*, practical recipes for household use, by Gertrude Strohm. (White, Stokes, & Allen.) The characteristic of this book, as distinguished from others of its class, is in its being an anthology. It is a book of elegant extracts from other cook books. It whips the cream from them all.

Politics and Finance. *The American Electoral System*, by Charles A. O'Neill. (Putnams.) Mr. O'Neill confines himself mainly to the system of electing the President, and follows it historically to the present day. We think he is unnecessarily alarmed by figments of the imagination when he conjures up possible difficulties in the case of cabinet officers succeeding to the presidency, and in the case of the election being thrown into the House. The country has passed through several emergencies, and, as the outcome, in each case has modified the system. A system which, originally sound in the general, is modified by the experience gained in special cases is worth more than one which is logically perfect, but is an untried substitute for existing historical methods. — *The Fishery Question*, its origin, history, and present situation, with a map of the Anglo-American fishing grounds, and a short bibliography, by Charles Isham. No. forty-one of *Questions of the Day*. (Putnams.) A careful survey of the subject in its historical relations, and a thoughtful summary of the trend of the question. — *The Margin of Profits*, how it is now divided, what part of

the present hours of labor can now be spared, by Edward Atkinson. (Putnams.) Mr. Atkinson delivered an address on this topic in Boston, to which E. M. Chamberlin replied, and then Mr. Atkinson made a rejoinder to Mr. Chamberlin's address and an additional note; and the addresses and note being all printed in this little book, the reader gets the benefit of the entire discussion. — *Colonial Liquor Laws*; part two of *Liquor Laws of the United States*: their spirit and effect. By G. Thmann. (The United States Brewers' Association, New York.) Incidentally considerable light is thrown on colonial customs and manners. — *The True Philosophy of the Land Question*, by Rev. Edw. A. Higgins. (St. Xavier's Conference, Cincinnati.) A little pamphlet address, which exposes and refutes, so the cover says, the fallacies of Henry George.

Literature and Criticism. *Henry Brooke's The Fool of Quality* has been issued in paper in *The Leisure Moment Series*, two volumes. (Holt.) We should be interested to see the effect upon certain novel-readers who were attracted to it because it looked like a novel of the day. — In the *English Men of Letters Series* (Harpers) the latest volume is Sidney Colvin's *John Keats*. It seems rather a pity that in a book which is not necessarily a biography there should be so little study of the influence of a great poet upon his successors. Keats's life did not stop with his death. — *Obitua Dicta*, second series, by Augustine Birrell (Scribner's Sons), is a delightful collection of brief literary essays. They suffer by comparison with nothing of the kind except the first series, which has a freshness and a charm not easily to be repeated. — *The Victoria Edition of Shakespeare's plays and poems*, in three volumes (Macmillan & Co.), is to be commended for its compactness and its admirable typography. The text selected is that of the *Globe Shakespeare*, edited by Messrs. Clark and Wright. The publishers have added a valuable glossary, prepared expressly for the present work, which is appropriately dedicated to the Queen. — *Imaginary Portraits*, by Walter Porter (Macmillan & Co.), is a collection of four masterly little studies, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer.